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Lucy Palmer

THE READER MAGAZINE

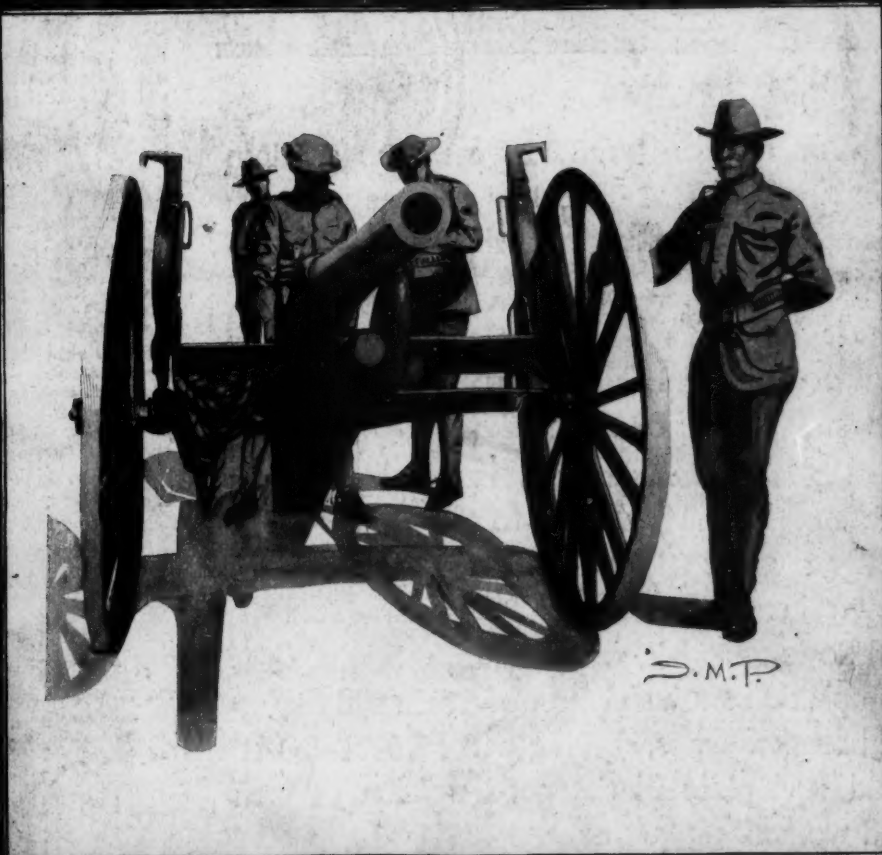
JULY

Lucy Palmer

1905

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THE LOVE OF MARGUERITE MONTMORENCY

By Charles Belmont Davis

AUTHOR OF "THE BORDERLAND OF SOCIETY," ETC.

THE two young men sat with their chairs tilted against the stable-door, and waited the return of the summer boarder who had taken out the run-about for a moonlight drive. They smoked their corn-cob pipes and spoke with that deliberation which seems an essential to all natives of New England villages.

"Do you allow that the boss," asked Tully, "will let us off to-morrow to go to the circus?"

"I don't know," said Bartow, "whether he will or no; and I don't care. I don't want to see the show much anyhow, but some time to-morrow I'm going to call on the manager and ask him for a job."

"With the show? Why, what could you do in a circus troupe?" Tully asked.

"Lots of things," answered Bartow. "I've worked in a stable the best part of two years, and I can pound a stake as far in the ground as most, I imagine. I don't want to be a performer."

"Well, I suppose you do know horses and you're a good, handy man, but—" Tully stopped and pulled slowly on his pipe.

"Well?" asked Bartow.

"Well," his friend answered, "the circus is no place for Dave Bartow. Your father and mother would turn in their graves if they knew their own son was consorting with women who paint their

faces and wear spangles and tights and things. It ain't good, Dave, I tell you; it ain't good."

"Well, is it good here? Is it good to work in a stable all summer and job a few days in the fall at a dollar a day, brushing up leaves in the streets, and then sit in doors all winter and starve and only wait for the summer folks to come again and the stable to open up?"

"Well," answered Tully, "it mayn't be much of a life, but it's clean and its honest. Why, this very town, way back some time, was named after your folks. Why, Davy, you can't leave it."

"I got to leave it," answered Bartow. "I can't help it if it was named after my folks. I'm not like them, not a bit. I tell you, this town of Bartows is no place for me. It's all right for you. You're going to get married and settle down just like the rest of them. I tell you, I'm starving. It's too little for me. I hate the place and I hate the miserable gray houses and I hate the people."

Bartow reached out his hand and laid it gently on the shoulder of his friend.

"But that don't go for you, Tully, and you know it. I know you're my pal always, my good old pal. But I tell you, I'm cramped here, and I've got to get away where there's more breathing space."

Tully looked up and nodded. "I know,

Davy,—I've been afraid of it for a long time. You always were different from the rest of us. You were just like the summer folks; better than some of them. You even dressed like them and talked like them, and some of them were your friends. And why shouldn't they be? There's no better blood in New England?"

"Don't you worry about that," Bartow answered quickly. "I'm going to get rich; my relatives can have the family tree, root and branch, for all I care. Look out, here comes the runabout."

The next day, while the afternoon performance was going on, Bartow hunted up the manager of the circus and told him his wishes. The manager looked over the broad frame in front of him and asked the young man a few questions about his experience with horses. When he learned that David had worked for two years in a livery stable, he engaged him to start in that same night as one of the tentmen of Wilber's Great Allied Shows.

Bartow returned to the livery stable, and at supper time he and Tully walked over to the latter's cottage to take their last meal together. After an hour of almost complete silence, Bartow put on his hat and threw his satchel over his shoulder.

"But after the show closes you'll come back?" asked Tully.

"Not if I can help it. If I can't get a job in the winter quarters, I'll go on to one of the big cities and take a chance. Don't walk back with me. I'd rather begin it alone." And so Tully remained where he was, leaning against the door-frame of their old home, and watched the tall, broad figure of his friend disappear in the shadows of the night.

At the end of a week it seemed to Bartow that he had been in the circus business all of his life,—a state of mind probably brought on by the never-changing routine and the fact that his duties consisted solely in the old work of looking after horses. Neither his natural inclina-

tions nor the glimpse he had already had of his fellow-workers had urged him to anything approaching an intimacy. The tentmen were too rough to be considered; their virtue rested in their ability to drive stakes and fight the toughs in every village they visited, and neither accomplishment, David thought, seemed to fit them for a close companionship. Three times a day he took his place at the long table in the eating tent and ate ravenously of the simple fare provided him. The two long lines of strange people, facing each other at the rough table, had at first mildly interested him, but now it seemed quite right that he should be sitting in uncomfortable proximity to the fat lady and to have the "What-Is-It" across the way, signaling for the bread with the strange, uncanny gestures of the idiot born. The giant had become an unconsidered bully of flabby bulk, and Mlle. Pom-Pom, the "fearless equestrienne," a deaf mother of the red-haired boy who sold the lemonade—just a faded beauty of the South, who spoke forever of the grandeur of her father's place before the war. And so it was that Bartow came to forget the warped forms of those about him; and the white eyelashes and the pink eyelids of the albino boy, and the blue-black leering god on the breast of the tattooed man: he came to see only the pupil in the eyes of these strange people and to hear only the childish prattle of this world apart.

It was not quite a fortnight after Bartow had joined the circus that he and Miss Marguerite Montmorency, slack-wire performer, sat facing each other at a belated breakfast in the eating tent. Two separate combinations of circumstances had made them very late for their morning meal, and the long white tent, bathed in orange sunlight, was otherwise deserted. Miss Marguerite Montmorency was a young woman not yet turned twenty, and her beauty was beyond dispute. As a matter of fact, her legal name was Maggie Durgan, but on account of certain



THE GIRL RAISED HER FACE AND BROKE INTO THE MOST CHARMING OF SMILES

difficulties with her family she had not only broken the usual home ties, but had severed the last remaining link by changing the plebeian Durgan into Montmorency, and substituting the euphonious Marguerite for plain Maggie. The name fitted her person and her personality as gracefully as a giant's coat would fit a pigmy. It wholly enveloped her and would probably have crushed her altogether had not her wonderful spirits and personal charms come to her aid and helped her to carry on this self-imposed burden.

When David had settled himself at the pine board table, Miss Montmorency stopped languidly stirring her mush and milk, and smiled pleasantly at the newcomer.

"I don't think I have ever had the pleasure of speaking to you before, Mr. Bartow."

The man gravely bowed his assent and hammered with his tin-cup on the table, in the hope that some one might come to serve him. Miss Montmorency daintily raised her spoonful of milk and allowed it to trickle over the mush. "There's not much sociability, I fear, between the tent-men and the artists—is there?" she asked.

Bartow looked up suddenly, and the blood crept up over the collar of his flannel shirt. But if the girl had meant to be rude, her look and manner belied her.

"Could you push me over the sugar-bowl?" she asked sweetly. "Now, I don't believe in class distinction in the show business. My people lived in a house that was so large it was afterward turned into a hotel, and they didn't have to put on any additions, either, and we had two bathrooms especially for the help; but I don't believe in talking about how good your people were—especially when they

disown you." Miss Montmorency hesitated, but, getting no reply, rambled on.

"I say we're all performers here together—all equal—some of us because we've got no other place to go, and others because they want to lose themselves and forget, or, perhaps, to be forgotten, and again, some like the open air and the freedom of it, and I suppose the freaks couldn't make a living any other way. Could they?"

Bartow nodded, and gulped down a tablespoonful of steaming coffee.

"When you've been in the business as long as I have," continued Miss Montmorency, "you'll find that people drift into circus business. They never go into it deliberately. They use it as a stop-gap, and sometimes they leave it, and then—well, then they drift back again and die under the white tents. Now, I'll bet you don't think you are going to stick by show business all your life, do you? You think you're just a little bit better than this and you'll get a bundle of money together and try something else, but you'll come back like the rest of us." The girl's voice had gradually risen, until the last words fairly rang out to David as a challenge. The young man, in answer, smiled and continued to eat his modest breakfast. After a few moments of silence, however, he laid down his knife and fork and looked steadily into the eyes of the girl opposite him. Miss Montmorency stared sullenly back at him, and then the blood crept slowly into her cheeks, and she gave a quick toss to the mass of brown curls that covered her pretty head. Then she buried her face deep in her tin coffee-cup.

"I don't pretend," said Bartow, talking to the shining bottom of the coffee-cup, "to be any better than any one in or out of this business. I don't know that I care to look after horses all my days, but if that is the best I can do, then I hope I'll have to do it under the white tents, as you call it. But why do you care, anyhow?"

The girl gradually raised her blushing

face above the rim of the tin-cup and her lips broke into the most charming of smiles—a smile fairly redolent of good fellowship. "Don't you think I'm the prettiest girl in this camp?"

Bartow nodded his head gravely at her.

"Don't you think, then, admitting I'm the belle of the circus, that I have a right to expect the admiration of all the good-looking young men in the show? I took notice of you the first day you joined us, but you didn't pay me any heed at all, did you? I knew you were way above your job the minute I saw you."

"You're very good," interrupted Bartow; "but what makes you think I am better than my job? As a matter of fact, I left a stable to join the circus."

Miss Montmorency shook her head incredulously. Bartow sat still and wondered why he had never noticed the girl before. She had so much real beauty, and socially seemed ready to meet him at least half way.

"How did you become a slack-wire performer?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, that's easy."

"Which," asked Bartow, "the answer or the slack wire?"

"Both," she said. "When I left home I went on the stage as a chorus girl in a cheap burlesque company. There was a team with us called the Darrows, that did a horizontal-bar specialty. They worked with the burlesque show in the winter and with the circus every summer. When the theatrical season was over I went with them as a sort of attendant during their act. I wore full green tights, and handed them the props and the family handkerchief, with a con smile. I was always trying stunts between performances, but this slack-wire game was much the showiest; so I worked it up—it's dead easy when you get the trick. Have you seen me work?"

Bartow admitted that he had not.

"I'm so busy," he said, "I never seem to have time to do anything."

"You must take time," answered the girl, "for my sake. You must break away from the horses and take a walk or a buggy ride with me. These moonlight nights are fine." The girl rose from the table and reached out her hand to Bartow. "Glad to have met you. Don't make yourself so much of a stranger," and the blood rushed into her cheeks again.

The evening performance had long been over and only a few torches lit up the circus grounds. The night watchman had trimmed his lamp and started on his rounds; the quiet of the night was broken only by the shuffling feet of the horses and the heavy breathing of the animals in the cages. A hundred yards from the tents Bartow sat alone on a fallen log, his elbows on his knees and his chin resting in his hands. The moon turned the water of the little creek running at his feet into molten silver and the tents beyond into glistening banks of chalk. In all his quiet life it seemed to David that he had never been quite so lonely before. And then he heard the gentle patter of footsteps behind him, and two little soft hands were clasped tightly over his eyes.

"I know," he said; "Miss Montmorency."

The girl dropped her hands on his shoulders and then, clasping them again about his throat, drew back his head until his eyes looked directly into hers. "Not Miss Montmorency," she said; "Never again. It's just plain Maggie now. Isn't it—Dave?"

It may be the ever-present necessity for a clear eye and a cool head, or perhaps it is the open air, but it is always true that dissipation plays no part in the life of circus people. Had David Bartow and Marguerite Montmorency been members of a traveling theatrical organization, or had they been placed in almost any other surroundings, their friendship could hardly have escaped the breath of scandal. But the members of Wilber's Allied Shows had long known Maggie, and soon

came to know the true worth of David, and so, during all that long hot summer, there were no rumors, no gossip, just pleasant smiles and dull, simple jokes for the two young and good-looking lovers.

Mrs. Garrison's theatrical boarding-house was situated on Forty-second Street, somewhat nearer the river than it was to Broadway—altogether too near the river for the complete satisfaction and comfort of her patrons. It was one of those houses where the brass fittings without are not justified by the quality of the furniture and the carpets within: the parlor doors were always locked against children and the soubrette boarders—it being deemed best to jeopardize the moral reputation of the house by having the young ladies receive their friends in their own rooms rather than take chances with the stamped plush furniture in the parlor. A few elderly ladies (the friends of Mrs. Garrison herself), who were constantly to be seen about the house in wrappers, partially concealed by knit shawls, alone knew where the key to the parlor was hidden and at lengthy intervals entered the favored spot. There they thoroughly enjoyed the exclusive privilege of walking over the heavy carpet, sinking deep into the plush furniture, and admiring the gilt-framed photograph of the lady who was once an humble boarder at Mrs. Garrison's, but now the popular leading woman in the Murray Hill Stock Company. It was near the end of October, the circus had folded its tents, gone into winter quarters, and Miss Montmorency and David Bartow were occupying hall bedrooms on the upper floors of Mrs. Garrison's boarding-house. Miss Montmorency was paying daily visits to the vaudeville agencies, with the purpose of disposing of her services for the coming winter season to the greatest possible advantage to herself. Her act may not have been the best, even of its kind, but few performers had a face and figure which for real beauty

could compare to those of Miss Montmorency. The young lady had been assured of the fact many times, but even without such information Maggie would have been still conscious of her unusual charm. The plans of Bartow were most chaotic. On the road he had received a good salary for his work, and living as he did, constantly with the circus, he had been able to save nearly all of it. He could have gone into winter quarters with the show had he so desired, but he had preferred to go on to New York with Miss Montmorency and see the great city through her knowing eyes. Together they had gone to the second-class theaters, where the girl was known, and to the better theaters, where she was not—and they often went out to the cheaper restaurants, not that the food was as good as it was at Mrs. Garrison's, but it was all so new and interesting to Bartow—so different from the life at Bartows and the towns he had visited with the allied shows.

"What a beautiful couple," remarked Miss Vera Carruth one day to the guests of the large table, as Maggie and David hurried out of the dining-room. "Marrying soon, I suppose?" and she sighed as she raised her heavily-penciled eyebrows in the general direction of Mrs. Garrison, at the head of the table. The boarding-house keeper shrugged her massive shoulders (she had once been the support, financial and physical, of "The Great Garrisons—tumblers and head-balancers") and carefully adjusted her pincenez on its gold hook pinned to her black satin waist.

"Who knows, who knows?" she breathed. "Mag is a charming girl and Mr. Bartow the perfect gentleman. It seems he did some tumbling with the show, and I hear his physique was that of a god of old—the perfect man. 'Whom God hath joined—let no man put asunder.'" Mrs. Garrison was not exactly positive of the bearing of the quotation, but she had for long made it a practice to end all of

her remarks with a few words from the prayer-book, the Bible, or the works of the Immortal Bard.

The much discussed young couple had been in New York something over a fortnight, when David returned to Mrs. Garrison's late one afternoon and bounded up the staircase three steps at a time, until he had reached the room of Miss Montmorency.

"Great news, Maggie," he said, as, gasping for breath, he fell into one of Mrs. Garrison's hair-cloth rocking chairs.

Miss Montmorency gathered her flannel wrapper about her, stuck her toes deeper into her bath slippers, and perched her diminutive body on the well-labeled circus trunk. The pupils of her pretty eyes grew large with expectancy, and she waited with an almost breathless interest for the news that David had brought her.

"Do you remember my telling you," he said in short gasps, "of a cousin of my father who lived here? Walter Allward was his name." Miss Montmorency nodded.

"Well, I looked him up to-day. Father always said he was rich, but, Maggie, I had no idea. He's a stock-broker with an office, with a dozen rooms in it, down on Broad Street. He was fine, and after he had showed me around his place he took me up to his home in his automobile. He has the most beautiful place you ever saw, on Riverside Drive. I tell you it is a palace, and he and a girl, a sort of step-daughter, treated me as if they had known me all my life."

"Did you tell them about the circus?" the girl asked slowly.

David shook his head. "Not yet," he said. "What's the use, anyhow? They think I've come straight from Bartows. You know the tears came into the old man's eyes when he talked about my father, and he told Miss Homans,—that's the step-daughter,—that my father was one of the best friends he ever had, and that they were always together until my



"I SAW YOU ON FIFTH AVENUE WITH A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF MINE"

old man lost his money and buried himself at Bartows. I'm going there to dinner to-morrow. Isn't it fine?"

The girl sat with her arms clasped about her legs and her chin resting on her knees. Her eyes were turned toward the window which looked out on a court crowded with rusty fire-escapes and lines of fluttering underclothes.

"You always had a way with you," she said with her round eyes still fixed on the waving clothes-lines. "You always had it with men and even more you had it with women."

David blushed. "Don't be foolish, Maggie."

"It ain't foolish—it's the truth, and the funny part of it is everybody knows it but you. You're no hostler—you're a natural born swell. We all knowed it in the troupe—and this story of your relations proves it."

"Well, whatever I am," he said, "I've got to wash up for dinner, and then we go to the Fourteenth Street Theater, eh?"

Miss Montmorency nodded and David left the room with the girl still sitting on the trunk and biting white patches in her scarlet lips.

Early the next morning David went to a tailor on Broadway and bought a dress suit and the other paraphernalia necessary for his dinner party, and the result that night came as a pleasant surprise to his host and his host's step-daughter. And David was received into Mr. Allward's home with the true warmth of real hospitality—first on account of the old friendship that Allward had had for the father, and later it happened that this friendship descended to the son. As Maggie had said, all men and women who knew the boy seemed to love him.

David Bartow, in the very beautiful

home of Mr. Allward, might have assumed the rôle of a modern Othello—that is, as far as Miss Alice Homans was concerned. It would have been easy for this particularly good-looking young man to have enlisted the sympathy of almost any girl by well-told tales of his life of hardship and real adventure with the circus. His breeding was so evident that it was impossible to believe Bartow not rising superior to any occupation into which circumstances had forced him. But the young man neither told adventures of the circus nor of the livery stable at Bartows. He was not an Othello—just a strong, young man from a New England village, virile in mind and body, always ready to be amusing or amused and with a perfectly naïve desire for knowledge of this new world where fate seemed to have dropped him, and of which he knew and, best of all, pretended to know so very little.

David had fortunately come into the life of Alice Homans at a moment when circumstances permitted that young woman to give him more of her time than would have been at all possible at any other season of the year. Many of her girl friends had not yet returned to town, and those who had were girding their loins at their own particular dressmaker or husbanding their finances for the more strenuous season to follow. And then David was quite different from the other men she knew—even the few men she knew very well. His way of looking at things was as fresh and as clean from the taint of overcrowded civilization as the breezes that blow in from the sea across the salty meadows of his native town, and he looked on women with a reverence and a belief which Miss Homans had sometimes read of but never met before.

For two months he saw much of the girl who lived in the great house uptown—he used to drop in to see her in the late afternoon and often he dined with her and her stepfather, generally just the three of

them, but sometimes with other of their friends, and David never ceased to wonder how extremely simple all of these rich and important people were and what consideration, even friendliness, they had always shown him. As for Miss Homans, she had at first secretly regarded him from the viewpoint of the Rivington society worker, but in two months that had all changed and now he was as one of themselves.

These months had wrought many changes, although the lives of the people at Mrs. Garrison's and those sheltered by the roof of the house on Riverside Drive, at least on the surface, appeared unruffled. It is true that David had not been so constant in his attentions at the boarding-house, but that was impossible, for Miss Montmorency had been and still was playing a series of engagements at the vaudeville theaters in and about New York. The mornings, however, were still theirs, and David often found time to meet her at the stage door, after Maggie had finished her act, and take her out to a neighboring restaurant for a little supper. The two months had indeed wrought havoc with David's savings—he had bought new clothes and boxes of candy and bunches of violets, which his interests at the house uptown seemed to demand. He had counted the cost many times of late and had failed to suffer one single pang of regret. There was always a place waiting for him at the winter quarters of the circus, and he knew that the day was not far distant when he must say *au revoir* to Miss Montmorency and, perhaps, good-by to the new friends who had been so very good to him.

The trouble all came about just because one bright November afternoon Maggie chose to change her usual mode of procedure, from Proctor's Theater on Fifty-eighth Street, to the boarding-house on Forty-second Street. She had finished her turn on the stage, and by half-past four was ready for the car home. But the sky was so blue and the air so clear and brac-

ing, after the close heated atmosphere of the theater, that Maggie decided she would indulge herself in the luxury of a walk down the avenue and see the gowns and carriages of the truly rich. There was also another reason why Maggie wished to return home by way of Fifth Avenue. That very day, on the way uptown, she had bought a new silk waist, and so pleased was she with her purchase that she had worn it to the theater and had had the old one sent home. Its color was quite a wonderful green—it reminded her the moment she first saw it of the green fields and the hot days in summer when the smell of clover filled the air and the white tents of the Wilber Allied Shows glistened like silver in the rays of the morning sun. It would not be many months now, thought Maggie, as she sauntered along Fifty-eighth Street, before she and David would be back again, tramping over the green fields together. How clear and pure the air was there, sleeping under the white tents! How very different from the stuffy bedrooms at Mrs. Garrison's! With her pretty face crowned by its mass of brown-gold curls and surmounted by a hat, wheel-shape in pattern and of a brilliant scarlet, Maggie swung into Fifth Avenue. Her soft, round cheeks were dimpled and her lips wore a constant smile—a smile not aimed particularly at the passersby, but which enveloped all humanity, as well as the carriages and horses and buildings and fleecy clouds. The bracing air brought the blood tingling to her already rosy cheeks, and just from the pure animal joy of living, Maggie beamed on all about her. Had the avenue been twice as broad and twice as crowded as it was at that, its busiest hour, it is not possible that the flamboyant presence of Maggie Montmorency would have gone unnoticed. Perhaps it was the bright, pretty face, or perhaps it was the green waist and the scarlet hat and the short bicycle skirt, gathered closely about the graceful lit-

tle figure, but whatever it was, there is no question that when Maggie passed on that particular afternoon, Fifth Avenue took notice.

It was most unfortunate, but David, too, had gone for a walk up the avenue, and had met Miss Homans, who had come downtown to do some shopping. When he met her she had just dismissed her carriage and had started to walk briskly home. It was really very unfortunate, for it was, as a matter of fact, the very first time that they had ever met, except at the girl's home. They were approaching Fiftieth Street when the green waist of Maggie first appeared to them. From afar off Maggie recognized David and David recognized Maggie. Their eyes met and shifted. With undisguised interest she turned to the face and the clothes of David's companion. Miss Homans' dress seemed so very simple to Maggie, and yet there was something about the black cloth and sables and the glistening white gloves which caused a little lump to rise in her throat, and in her confusion her eyes turned again to David. They were just passing her then, and David was blowing his nose with great violence, and his handkerchief quite hid his eyes from hers. For one brief moment Maggie stopped short, the moisture gathered on her forehead, the blood from her whole body surged into her head—the only relief possible seemed to be to scream aloud. But the girl did not scream; she just started again on her walk down the avenue, but now there was no smile on the pretty lips. A sob rose and died in her throat behind clenched teeth. And then Maggie gave a convulsive clutch at her reticule.

"Pshaw!" she muttered, "and just to think I had my gloves with me all the time."

In her chosen profession Maggie had learned that if she did not protect her own interests no one was very likely to do it for her, which probably accounted

for her calling the next afternoon on Miss Homans. Dressed in her new green waist, the scarlet hat and a black alpaca skirt, and a new pair of white gloves, Maggie presented herself at the Allward home. The butler received her graciously and told her that Miss Homans was not at home, but that his mistress had asked him to tell any one who called that she would return by five o'clock. Maggie decided to wait and was shown into the drawing room. It was not what she had expected or cared for. The room was unquestionably large, but on the whole presented a most dull appearance. The wood work, and it pretty nearly all seemed to be wood work, was very dark, and the heavy oil paintings on the walls did little toward relieving the general gloom. Maggie had expected a great deal of gold decoration and a handsome display of mirrors, both of which were totally absent. The only things that bore the sign of life were a bunch of roses on a little table by the window and a bright log fire crackling on the broad hearth. The girl walked over to the window, sniffed at the long-stemmed flowers, and then crossing the room again, took up her stand in front of the fire. In a few minutes the heavy maroon velvet curtains, which opened on the hall, separated, and Miss Homans came in to greet her guest. At the sight of Maggie she stopped, while a broad mahogany table in the center of the room still separated them. With a look of interrogation Miss Homans bowed to her visitor.

"I didn't have a card," said Maggie, clasping her hands behind her back, "but my name is Miss Marguerite Montmorency."

Miss Homans inclined her head in the general direction of her guest.

"I saw you yesterday on Fifth Avenue," continued Maggie, "with a particular friend of mine—Dave Bartow."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Miss Homans; "I remember perfectly now having seen you on the avenue. Well?"

"Well, there's some things I wanted to tell you about Dave Bartow which I thought perhaps you didn't know."

Miss Homans looked up and smiled pleasantly. "That is hardly necessary, I fear, Miss Montmorency. Mr. Bartow is a relative of Mr. Allward—that, I think, is all I care to know. Was that your only object in coming to see me?"

Maggie felt the collar of her new waist suddenly tightening about her throat and her hands clasped back of her swelling in the already too tight gloves.

"You can't bluff me that way, Miss Homans," she said, catching her breath and lowering her voice, which was trying to scream out. "You can't insult me. I know that you're rich; I know that you wear fine clothes, and that you live in a big house, and that you don't work for your living. Neither did I, always, but I work for my living now—I'm an artist, I am. I'm Marguerite Montmorency—if you doubt it go and look at the frames in front of Proctor's. I took up with Dave Bartow when he was only a tentman and a hostler. And before that he worked in a stable at Bartows, but I didn't care. I took up with him and made him what he is to-day in the troupe."

Miss Homans turned from her visitor and walked toward the door.

"Are you going to quit me?" said Maggie.

"No," answered Alice, "I'm going to ring for the man to show you to the door."

Maggie threw up her hand protestingly: "Don't, for God's sake, don't," she whispered. "You don't understand."

Miss Homans stopped and turned back toward the visitor. In the glare of the fire stood the frail, pitiable figure of Maggie, dressed in all her garish finery. In her life she had known many battles—her fiery temper was for ever getting beyond her control, and she had had many quarrels with many women. But they had answered her back with the same foul names which she had cried out to them.

Maggie remembered even now how one woman had struck her full in the mouth with her open hand. But now this was quite different. Here was a woman who would neither answer her nor strike her—who would not even change her look of complete indifference to any thing she might say to her. Maggie put her hands up to her temples and pressed them until the buttons on her gloves sank deep into her flesh and brought her back to her situation.

"I never knew a woman like you," Maggie muttered. "You don't fight fair, you don't."

"If you have recovered your temper," said Miss Homans, "and are quite ready—"

"Don't ring that bell," Maggie broke in; "don't ring that bell. You can't treat me as if I was a bad woman or a beggar or a book agent. You don't fight fair, I tell you."

Maggie started toward the door, and then, when she had reached the table, the little figure suddenly seemed to waver, and she fell on her knees—crushed and impotent, and throwing her arms on the table, buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud.

Miss Homans for a moment hesitated, and then walked over to the window and took the bunch of roses from the vase. Then she went back to where Maggie was kneeling and laid her hand gently on the girl's shoulder.

"Come, my dear," she said,—"I fear you must be going now. Take these with you, won't you?"

Maggie pulled herself to her feet, and with her head lowered, mechanically reached out for the flowers. Then she started to grope her way to the doorway, but before she reached it the curtains were separated and the servant announced Mr. Bartow.

And then Maggie heard Miss Homans saying, as though she were quite a long way off, "I have had a visit from a little

friend of yours. She is not very well, I am afraid. I think, perhaps, you had better take her home."

When they left the house Maggie took David's arm, and together they walked in silence over toward the river, until they came to a bench, where they could talk and where there was no fear of being overheard.

For some moments they sat together in silence. Then Maggie suddenly dug her heel viciously into the earth.

"I told her—everything," she whispered.

David nodded and continued to follow with his eyes a clumsy barge puffing its way slowly up the river.

Maggie waited for him to ask what Miss Homans had said in answer, and she had determined to be quite fair and to tell him everything. But David chose to remain silent and look out dully on the river lying below them.

"I couldn't help it, Davy," Maggie sobbed; "I couldn't help it, after seeing you and her together yesterday, and me going to Buffalo on Sunday. I couldn't bear to think of leaving you here alone with her. Won't you come with me, Davy?"

"You mean—marry you?" he said.

The girl raised her face wet with tears close up to his, and reaching out, took one of his hands in both of hers.

"All right, little one," he said cheerfully, "that'll be all right."

When they reached the boarding-house David found a letter waiting on the hall table, and while he read it under the dim light of the one flickering gas-jet, Maggie sat swinging her legs from the shelf of the hall mirror.

"Is it from her?" Maggie asked.

David shook his head and read the letter again from the beginning to the end.

"Who then?" she asked.

But David only nodded his head and stuck the letter in his pocket.

"You know we're engaged, now, Davy,"

she said, putting her hand on his arm, "and we shouldn't have any secrets, should we? You'll make me right unhappy if you don't let me see that letter."

"It would make you very unhappy if you did," he said. "It isn't from a girl, I promise you."

They went to their rooms, but Maggie did not forget the letter that David would not let her see. She thought of it at dinner, and she thought of it as she was dressing to go on the stage, and even when she was before the audience she could not forget it or the expression of David's face as he had read and reread the letter that afternoon in Mrs. Garrison's hallway. That night he came to fetch her home from the theater after her performance, and he was apparently in the best of spirits, but Maggie only clung to his arm and refused to smile even at his brightest sayings—the unread letter was still before her.

It was well past midnight when Maggie decided that she could no longer endure the uncertainty of the contents of the unforeseen barrier which had suddenly arisen in the path of their extreme happiness. There was nothing that any one could possibly say in writing, at least so Maggie argued with herself, that could possibly be so unbearable as this uncertainty. And so she got out of her bed and put on a wrapper and her slippers and lightly tip-toed down the narrow stairs until she had reached David's door. Then she held her breath and listened to the long, even breathing of the sleeping man inside. Cautiously she opened the door and groped her way about the dark room until she found the chair on which David had hung his coat. She found the letter in the inside pocket, just where he had placed it. Then she returned to her room and locked the door behind her, threw off her wrapper, turned the gas full on, and with her hands trembling, tore the letter out of its envelope.

It read:

"My Dear David: I always believed that you were your father's own son,—when you told us about your life in the lively stable and the circus I was sure of it. But now that you have shown the kind of stuff you are made of I see no reason why you should return to your former position. Had your father lived I believe he would have been pleased to have had you with me, and I hope you will be. I have made a place for you at the office, and you will be given every opportunity to advance yourself. We are ready for you at any time, but I think you perhaps had best dine with Alice and myself to-morrow (Sunday) and talk it over, and even drink a toast to the new financier.

"Sincerely yours,

"WALTER ALLWARD."

Maggie read the letter several times and then tossed it on her dressing table. She threw herself on the bed and for a long time lay on her back and stared wide-eyed at the yellow gas flame above her. It was dawn when the girl, cold and aching in every muscle, got up from the bed and began mechanically to throw a few necessary clothes into a dress suit case. This task completed she dressed herself and then looked about for the paper and pen necessary to write the letter she had already composed many times. But, finding neither, she took a stub of a pencil and scribbled a few words on the back of David's letter. This is what Maggie wrote:

"Dear Friend Davy: I am leaving on the early morning train for Buffalo to-day instead of to-morrow, so I will not see you again. I couldn't stand not seeing your letter, so I stole it after you were asleep. Do you remember a tintype we had taken together on the road? Mine got cracked, so I wish you would send me yours—you won't need it now. Mail it to me at Buffalo, Shea's Music Hall, or Iroquois Hotel. I know the Iroquois is

pretty rich for a slack-wire performer, but I'm going to drink to your success in the new job to-night myself, and I want to do it right."

There were several other things Maggie would like to have said, but the lead of the pencil had worn down so that it was quite useless, and there was no penknife at hand. She put the letter back in its envelope, and carrying it in one hand and her suit case in the other, she descended the stairs until she had reached the landing at David's door. From his breathing she knew that he was still sleeping soundly, and so she pushed the letter under the door and passed down through the dark hallway and out of the front door into Forty-second Street. It was barely daylight, and

the street lamps were still shining dully through a drizzling rain, but Maggie did not seem to notice this. She crossed the pavement, and resting her valise, stood for some moments looking up at the gloomy front of the boarding house.

Of course she would come back to it next winter, after the circus had closed, perhaps before then. Yet, as she looked up at the brown-stone house with the drawn blinds that morning she knew that the place would never be quite the same to her again. And then a milk cart rattled by over the rough cobble-stones, and Maggie suddenly realized where she was, and so she brushed the sleeve of her coat across her eyes and, picking up the valise, started out again on her way to the railway station.

CAMPING SONG

By Bliss Carman

HAS your dinner lost its savor,
Has your greeting lost its cheer?
Is your daily stunt a burden?
Is your laughter half a sneer?
There's a medicine to cure you,
There's a way to lift your load,
With a horse and a saddle and a mile of open road.

Is your eyeball growing bilious?
Is your temper getting short?
Is this life a blind delusion,
Or a grim, unlovely sport?
There's a world of health and beauty,
There's a help that can not fail,
In a day behind the burros
On a dusty mountain trail.

Come out, old man, we're going
To a land that's free and large,
Where the rainless skies are resting
On a snowy mountain marge.
When we camp in God's own country,
You will find yourself again,
With a fire and a blanket and the stars upon the plain!

THE LANGUAGE OF THE MACHINES

By Gerald Stanley Lee

AUTHOR OF "CONFESSIONS OF AN UNSCIENTIFIC MIND," ETC.

ONE is always hearing it said that if a thing is to be called poetic, it must have great ideas in it, and must successfully express them. The idea that there is poetry in machinery has to meet the objection that, while a machine may have great ideas in it, "it does not look it." The average machine not only fails to express the idea that it stands for, but it generally expresses something else. The language of the average machine, when one considers what it is for, what it is actually doing, is not merely irrelevant or feeble: it is often absurd. It is a rare machine which, when one looks for poetry in it, does not make itself ridiculous.

The only answer that can be made to this objection is that a steam engine (when one thinks of it) really expresses itself as well as the rest of us. All language is irrelevant, feeble and absurd. We live in an organically inexpressible world. The language of everything in it is absurd. Judged merely by its outer signs, the universe over our heads—with its cunning little stars in it—is the height of absurdity, as a self-expression. The sky laughs at us. We know it when we look in a telescope. Time and space are God's jokes. Looked at strictly in its outer language, the whole visible world is a joke. To suppose that God has ever expressed Himself to us in it, or to suppose that He could express Himself in it, or that any one can express anything in it, is not to see the point of the joke.

We can not even express ourselves to one another. The language of everything we use or touch is absurd. Nearly all of the tools we do our living with—even the

things that human beings amuse themselves with—are inexpressive and foolish-looking. Golf and tennis and football have all been accused in turn, by people who do not know them from the inside, of being meaningless. A golf-stick does not convey anything to the uninitiated, but the bare sight of a golf-stick lying on a seat is a feeling to the one to whom it belongs, a play of sense and spirit to him, a subtle thrill in his arms. The same is true of a new fiery-red baby, which, considering the fuss that is made about it, to a comparative outsider like a small boy, has always been from the beginning of the world a ridiculous and inadequate object. A man could not possibly imagine, even if he gave all his time to it, a more futile, reckless, hapless expression of or pointer to an immortal soul than a week-old baby wailing at Time and Space. The idea of a baby may be all right, but in its outer form, at first, at least, a baby is a failure, and always has been. The same is true of our other musical instruments. A horn caricatures music. A flute is a man rubbing a black stick with his lips. A trombone player is a monster. We listen solemnly to the violin—the voice of an archangel with a board tucked under his chin—and to Girardi's 'cello—a whole human race laughing and crying and singing to us between a boy's knees. The eye-language of the violin has to be interpreted, and only people who are cultivated enough to suppress whole parts of themselves (rather useful and important parts elsewhere) can enjoy a great opera—a huge conspiracy of symbolism, every visible thing in it standing for something that can not be seen, beckoning at some-

thing that can not be heard. Nothing could possibly be more grotesque, looked at from the outside or by a tourist from another planet or another religion, than the celebration of the Lord's Supper in a Protestant church. All things have their outer senses, and these outer senses have to be learned one at a time by being flashed through with inner ones. Except to people who have tried it, nothing could be more grotesque than kissing, as a form of human expression. A reception—a roomful of people shouting at each other three inches away—is comical enough. So is handshaking. Looked at from the outside, what could be more unimpressive than the spectacle of the greatest dignitary of the United States put in a vise in his own house for three hours, having his hand squeezed by long rows of people? And, taken as a whole, scurrying about in its din, what could possibly be more grotesque than a great city—a city looked at from almost any adequate, respectable place for an immortal soul to look from—a star, for instance, or a beautiful life?

Whether he is looked at by ants or by angels, every outer token that pertains to man is absurd and unfinished until some inner thing is put with it. Man himself is futile and comic-looking (to the other animals), rushing empty about space. New York is a spectacle for a squirrel to laugh at, and, from the point of view of a mouse, a man is a mere stupid, sitting-down, skull-living, desk-infesting animal.

All these things being true of expression—both the expression of men and of God—the fact that machines which have poetry in them do not express it very well does not trouble me much. I do not forget the look of the first ocean-engine I ever saw—four or five stories of it; nor do I forget the look of the ocean-engine's engineer as in its mighty heart-beat he stood with his strange, happy, helpless "Twelve thousand horse-power, sir!" upon his lips.

That first night with my first engineer still follows me. The time seems always

coming back to me again when he brought me up from his whirl of wheels in the hold to the deck of stars, and left me—my new wonder all stumbling through me—alone with them and with my thoughts.

The engines breathe
No sound but cinders on the sails
And the ghostly heave,
The voice the wind makes in the mast—
And dainty gales
And fluffs of mist and smoking stars
Floating past—
From night-lit funnels.

In the wild of the heart of God I stand.
Time and Space
Wheel past my face.
Forever. . . . Everywhere. . . .
I alone.
Beyond the Here and There
Now and Then
Of men,
Winds from the unknown
Round me blow
Blow to the unknown again.

Out in its solitude I hear the prow
Beyond the silence-crowded decks
Laughing and shouting
At Night,
Lashing the heads and necks
Of the lifted seas,
That in their flight
Urge onward
And rise and sweep and leap and sink
To the very brink
Of Heaven.

Timber and steel and smoke
And Sleep
Thousand-souled
A quiver,
A deadened thunder,
A vague and countless creep
Through the hold,
The weird and dusky chariot lunges on
Through Fate.
From the lookout watch of my soul's eyes

Above the houses of the deep
 Their shadowy haunches fall and rise
 —O'er the glimmer-gabled roofs
 The flying of their hoofs,
 Through the wonder and the dark
 Where skies and waters meet
 The shimmer of manes and knees
 Dust of seas. . . .
 The sound of breathing, urge, confusion
 And the beat, the starlight beat
 Soft and far and stealthy-fleet
 Of the dim unnumbered trampling of
 their feet.

II

One of the hardest things about being an inventor is that the machines, excepting the poorer ones, never show off. The first time that the phonograph (whose talking had been rumored of many months) was allowed to talk in public, it talked to an audience in Metuchen, New Jersey, and, much to Mr. Edison's dismay, everybody laughed. Instead of being impressed with the real idea of the phonograph—being impressed because it could talk at all—people were impressed because it talked through its nose.

The more modern a machine is, when a man stands before it and seeks to know it, the more it expects of the man, the more it appeals to his imagination and his soul,—the less it is willing to appeal to the outside of him. If he will not look with his whole being at a twin-screw steamer, he will not see it. Its poetry is under water. This is one of the chief characteristics of the modern world, that its poetry is under water. The old sidewheel steamer floundering around in the big seas, pounding the air and water both with her huge, showy paddles, is not so poetic-looking as the sailboat, and the poetry in the sailboat is not so obvious, so plainly on top, as in a gondola.

People who do not admit poetry in machinery in general admit that there is poetry in a Dutch windmill, because the

poetry is in sight. A Dutch windmill flourishes. The American windmill, being improved so much that it does not flourish, is supposed not to have poetry in it at all. The same general principle holds good with every machine that has been invented. The more the poet—that is, the inventor—works on it, the less the poetry in it shows. Progress in a modern machine, if one watches it in its various stages, always consists in making a machine stop posing and get down to work. The earlier locomotive, puffing helplessly along with a few cars on its crooked rails, was much more fire-breathing, dragon-like and picturesque than the locomotive that came next, and the locomotive that came next, while very different, was more impressive than the present one. Every one remembers it,—the important-looking, bell-headed, woodpile-eating locomotive of thirty years ago, with its noisy steam-blowing habits and its ceaseless water-drinking habits, with its grim, spreading cowcatcher and its huge plug-hat—who does not remember it—fussing up and down stations, ringing its bell forever and whistling at everything in sight? It was impossible to travel on a train at all thirty years ago without always thinking of the locomotive. It shoved itself at people. It was always doing things—now at one end of the train and now at the other, ringing its bell down the track, blowing in at the windows, it fumed and spread enough in hauling three cars from Boston to Concord to get to Chicago and back. It was the poetic, old-fashioned way that engines were made. One takes a train from New York to San Francisco now, and scarcely knows there is an engine on it. All he knows is that he is going, and sometimes the going is so good he hardly knows that.

The modern engines, the short-necked, pin-headed, large-limbed, silent ones, plunging with smooth and splendid leaps down their aisles of space—engines with-

out any faces, blind, grim, conquering, lifting the world—are more poetic to some of us than the old engines were, for the very reason that they are not so poetic-looking. They are less showy, more furtive, suggestive, modern and perfect.

In proportion as a machine is modern it hides its face. It refuses to look as poetic as it is; and if it makes a sound, it is almost always a sound that is too small for it, or one that belongs to some one else. The trolley-wire, lifting a whole city home to supper, is a giant with a falsetto voice. The large-sounding, the poetic-sounding, is not characteristic of the modern spirit. In so far as it exists at all in the modern age, either in its machinery or its poetry, it exists because it is accidental or left over. There was a deep bass steamer on the Mississippi once, with a very small head of steam, which any one would have admitted had poetry in it—old-fashioned poetry. Every time it whistled it stopped.

III

It is not true to say that the modern man does not care for poetry. He does not care for poetry that bears on—or for eloquent poetry. He cares for poetry in a new sense. In the old sense he does not care for eloquence in anything. The lawyer on the floor of Congress who seeks to win votes by a show of eloquence is turned down. Votes are facts, and if the votes are to be won, facts must be arranged to do it. The doctor who stands best with the typical modern patient is not the most agreeable, sociable, jogging-about man a town contains, like the doctor of the days gone by. He talks less. He even prescribes less, and the reason that it is hard to be a modern minister (already cut down from two hours and a half to twenty or thirty minutes) is that one has to practise more than one can preach.

To be modern is to be suggestive and

symbolic, to stand for more than one says or looks—the little girl with her loom clothing twelve hundred people. People like it. They are used to it. All life around them is filled with it. The old-fashioned prayer-meeting is dying out in the modern church because it is a mere speciality in modern life. The prayer-meeting recognizes but one way of praying, and people who have a gift for praying that way go, but the majority of people—people who have discovered that there are a thousand other ways of praying, and who like them better—stay away.

When the telegraph machine was first thought of, the words all showed on the outside. When it was improved it became inner and subtle. The messages were read by sound. Everything we have which improves at all improves in the same way. The exterior conception of righteousness of a hundred years ago—namely, that a man must do right because it is his duty—is displaced by the modern one, the morally thorough one—namely, that a man must do right because he likes it—do it from the inside. The more improved righteousness is, the less it shows on the outside. The more modern righteousness is, the more it looks like selfishness, the better the modern world likes it, and the more it counts.

On the whole, it is against a thing rather than in its favor, in the twentieth century, that it looks large. Time was when if it had not been known as a matter of fact that Galileo discovered heaven with a glass three feet long, men would have said that it would hardly do to discover heaven with anything less than six hundred feet long. To the ancients, Galileo's instrument, even if it had been practical, would not have been poetic or fitting. To the moderns, however, the fact that Galileo's star-tool was three feet long, that he carried a new heaven about with him in his hands, was half the poetry

and wonder of it. Yet it was not so poetic-looking as the six-hundred-foot telescope invented later, which never worked.

Nothing could be more impressive than the original substantial typewriter. One felt, every time he touched a letter, as if he must have said a sentence. It was like saying things with pile-drivers. The machine obtruded itself at every point. It flourished its means and ends. It was a gesticulating machine. One commenced every new line with his foot.

The same general principle may be seen running alike through machinery and through life. The history of man is traced in water wheels. The overshot wheel belonged to a period when everything else—religion, literature and art—was overshoot. When, as time passed on, common men began to think, began to think under a little, the Reformation came in—and the undershot wheel, as a matter of course. There is no denying that the overshot wheel is more poetic-looking—it does its work with twelve quarts of water at a time and shows every quart—but it soon develops into the undershot wheel, which shows only the drippings of the water, and the undershot wheel develops into the turbine wheel, which keeps everything out of sight—except its work. The water in the six turbine wheels at Niagara has sixty thousand horses in it, but it is not nearly as impressive and poetic-looking as six turbine wheels' worth of water would be—wasted and going over the Falls.

The main fact about the modern man as regards poetry is that he prefers poetry that has this reserved turbine-wheel trait in it. It is because most of the poetry the modern man gets a chance to see to-day is merely going over the Falls that poetry is not supposed to appeal to the modern man. He supposes so himself. He supposes that a dynamo (forty street-cars on forty streets, flying through the dark) is not poetic, but its whirl holds him, sense and spirit, spellbound, more than any poetry that is being written. The things

that are hidden—the things that are spiritual and wondering—are the ones that appeal to him. The idle, foolish look of a magnet fascinates him. He gropes in his own body silently, harmlessly with the X-ray, and watches with awe the beating of his heart. He glories in inner essences, both in his life and in his art. He is the disciple of the X-ray, the defier of appearances. Why should a man who has seen the inside of matter care about appearances, either in little things or great? Or why argue about the man, or argue about the man's God, or quibble with words? Perhaps he is matter. Perhaps he is spirit. If he is spirit, he is matter-loving spirit, and if he is matter, he is spirit-loving matter. Every time he touches a spiritual thing, he makes it (as God makes mountains out of sunlight) a material thing. Every time he touches a material thing, in proportion as he touches it mightily he brings out inner light in it. He spiritualizes it. He abandons the glistening brass knocker—pleasing symbol to the outer sense—for a tiny knob on his porch door and a far-away tinkle in his kitchen. The brass knocker does not appeal to the spirit enough for the modern man, nor to the imagination. He wants an inner world to draw on, to ring a door bell with. He loves to wake the unseen. He will not even ring a door bell if he can help it. He likes it better, by touching a button, to have a door bell rung for him by a couple of metals down in his cellar chewing each other. He likes to reach down twelve flights of stairs with a thrill on a wire and open his front door. He may be seen riding in three stories along his streets, but he takes his engines all off the tracks and crowds them into one engine and puts it out of sight. The more a thing is out of the sight of his eyes the more his soul sees it and glories in it. His fireplace is underground. Hidden water spouts over his head and pours beneath his feet through his house. Hidden light creeps through the dark in it. The more

might, the more subtlety. He hauls the whole human race around the crust of the earth with a vapor made out of a solid. He stops solids—sixty miles an hour—with invisible air. He photographs the tone of his voice on a platinum plate. His voice reaches across Death with the platinum plate. He is heard of the unborn. If he speaks in either one of his worlds he takes two worlds to speak with. He will not be shut in with one. If he lives in either he wraps the other about him. He makes men walk on air. He drills out rocks with a cloud and he breaks open mountains with gas. The more perfect he makes his machines the more spiritual they are, the more their power hides itself. The more the machines of the man loom in human life the more they reach down into Silence, and into Darkness. Their foundations are infinity. The infinity which is the man's infinity is their infinity. The machines grasp all Space for him. They lean out on ether. They are the man's machines. The man has made them and the man worships with them. From the first breath of flame, burning out the secret of the Dust to the last shadow of the Dust—the breathless, soundless shadow of The Dust, which he calls Electricity—the man worships the invisible, the intangible. Electricity is his prophet. It sums him up. It sums up his modern world and the religion and the arts of his modern world. Out of all the machines that he has made the electric machine is the most modern because it is the most spiritual. The empty and futile look of a trolley wire does not trouble the modern man. It is his instinctive expression of himself. All the habits of electricity are his habits. Electricity has the modern man's temperament—the passion of being invisible and irresistible. The electric machine fills him with brotherhood and delight. It is the first of the machines that he can not help seeing is like himself. It is the symbol of the man's

highest self. His own soul beckons to him out of it.

And the more electricity grows the more like the man it grows, the more spirit-like it is. The telegraph wire around the globe is melted into the wireless telegraph. The words of his spirit break away from The Dust. They envelop the earth like ether and Human Speech, at last, unconquerable, immeasurable, subtle as the light of stars,—fights its way to God.

The man no longer gropes in the dull helpless ground or through the froth of heaven for the spirit. Having drawn to him the X-ray, which makes spirit out of dust, and the wireless telegraph, which makes earth out of air, he delves into the deepest sea as a cloud. He strides heaven. He has touched the hem of the garment at last of **ELECTRICITY**—the archangel of matter.

IV

Religion consists in being proud of the Creator. Poetry is largely the same feeling—a kind of personal joy one takes in the way the world is made and is being made every morning. The true lover of nature is touched with a kind of cosmic family pride—every time he looks up from his work—sees the night and morning, still and splendid, hanging over him. Probably if there were another universe than this one, to go and visit in, or if there were an extra Creator we could go to—some of us—and boast about the one we have, it would afford infinite relief among many classes of people—especially poets.

The most common sign that poetry, real poetry, exists in the modern human heart is the pride that people are taking in the world. The typical modern man, whatever may be said or not said of his religion, of his attitude toward the maker of the world, has regular and almost daily habits of being proud of the world.

In the twentieth century the best way for a man to worship God is going to be to realize his own nature, to recognize what he is for, and be a god, too. We believe to-day that the best recognition of God consists in recognizing the fact that He is not a mere God who does divine things himself, but a God who can make others do them.

Looked at from the point of view of a mere God who does divine things himself, an earthquake, for instance, may be called a rather feeble affair, a slight jar to a ball going 68,040 miles an hour—a Creator could do little less, if He gave a bare thought to it—but when I waked a few mornings ago and felt myself swinging in my own house as if it were a hammock, and was told that some men down in Hazardville, Connecticut, had managed to shake the planet like that, with some gunpowder they had made, I felt a new respect for Messrs. Hazard and Co. I was proud of man, my Brother. Does he not shake loose the Force of Gravity—make the very hand of God to tremble? To his thoughts the very hills, with their hearts of stone, make soft responses—when he thinks them.

The Corliss engine of Machinery Hall in '76, under its sky of iron and glass, is remembered by many people the day they saw it first as one of the great experiences of life. Like some vast, Titanic spirit, soul of a thousand, thousand wheels, it stood to some of us, in its mighty silence there, and wrought miracles. To one twelve-year-old boy, at least, the thought of the hour he spent with that engine first is a thought he sings and prays with to this day. His lips trembled before it. He sought to hide himself in its presence. Why had no one ever taught him anything before? As he looks back through his life there is one experience that stands out by itself in all those boyhood years—the choking in his throat—the strange grip upon him—upon his body and upon

his soul—as of some awful unseen Hand reaching down Space to him, drawing him up to Its might. He was like a dazed child being held up before It—held up to an infinite Fact, that he might look again and again.

The first conception of what the life of man was like, of what it might be like, came to at least one immortal soul not from lips that he loved, or from a face behind a pulpit, or a voice behind a desk, but from a Machine. To this day that Corliss engine is the engine of dreams, the appeal to destiny, to the imagination and to the soul. It rebuilds the universe. It is the opportunity of beauty throughout life, the symbol of freedom, the freedom of men, and of the unity of nations, and of the worship of God. In silence—like the soft far running of the sky it wrought upon him there,—like some heroic human spirit, its finger on a thousand wheels, through miles of aisles, and crowds of gazers it wrought. The beat and rhythm of it was as the beat and rhythm of the heart of man mastering matter, of the Clay conquering God.

Like some wonder-crowded chorus its voices surrounded me. It was the first hearing of the psalm of life. The hum and murmur of it was like the spell of ages upon me—and the vision that floated in it—nay, the vision that was builded in it, was the vision of the age to be—the vision of Man, My Brother, after the singsong and dance and drone of his sad four thousand years, lifting himself to the stature of his soul at last, lifting himself with the sun, and with the rain, and with the wind, and the heat and the light, into comradeship with Creation morning, and into something (in our far-off, wistful fashion) of the might and gentleness of God.

There seem to be two ways to worship Him. One way is to gaze upon the great Machine that He has made, to watch it running softly above us all, moonlight

and starlight, and winter and summer,
rain and snowflakes and growing things.
Another way is to worship Him not only
because He has made the vast and still
Machine of Creation, in the beating of
whose days and nights we live our lives,
but because He has made a Machine
that can make machines—because out of
the dust of the earth He has made a

Machine that shall take more of the dust
of the earth, and of the vapor of heaven,
crowd it into steel and iron and say, "Go
thou now, depths of the earth—heights
of heaven—Serve thou me. I too, am
God, stones and mists, winds and waters
and thunder—the spirit that is in thee
is my spirit. I also—even I also—am
God?"

THE VOICE OF PEACE

By James Whitcomb Riley

THOUGH now forever still
Your voice of jubilee—
We hear—we hear, and ever will,
The Bell of Liberty!
Clear as the voice to them
In that far night ago
Pealed from the heavens o'er Bethlehem,
The voice of Peace peals on!

Stir all your memories up,
O Independence Bell,
And pour from your inverted cup
The song we love so well.
As you rang in the dawn
Of Freedom—toll'd the knell
Of Tyranny,—ring on—ring on!—
O Independence Bell!

Ring numb the wounds of wrong
Unhealed in brain and breast;
With music like a slumber song
Lull tearful eyes to rest.—
Ring! Independence Bell!
Ring on till worlds to be
Shall listen to the tale you tell
Of Love and Liberty!



Celebratin' the



'Twas the Fourth! An' the dye of the blue mornin' sky,
 An' the red o' the sun risin' fast,
 An' the white o' the mist—made a flag that was kissed
 By the breeze dilly-dallyin' past;
 While the quail's meller fife stirred the echoes to life,
 An' the drum o' the pheasant beat time,
 An' all nature was gay in respect fer the day—
 An' the weather was proper an' prime.



'Long the broad country road rattled load after load
 Of good people—a lengthy parade:
 Little rosy-cheeked girls all in flounces an' curls,
 Little boys dressed in gay cottonade;
 Happy sweethearts an' beaus, older folks in good clo'es—
 Lookin' ever so starchy an' glum;
 An' the teams all a-prance in a side-steppin' dance,
 To the tune o' the fife an' the drum.

Down the long Bailey hill, past the ol Newsome mill,
 'Cross the creek—an' a turn to the right;
 An' the grounds an' the stand an' the crowd was at hand—
 An' the whole celebration in sight.
 There was people from Brun, there was folks from Dutch Run—
 A respectable showin' from Cly;
 An' a batch from Green Vale, an' another from Dale—
 Celebratin' the Fourth o' July.





Fourth o' July

Ev'rybody was there! All the homely an' fair—
 All the wise an' the feeble o' mind;
 All the timid an' bold, an' the young an' the old—
 An' the lame an' the halt an' the blind.
 An' the older folks chaffed, an' the younger folks laughed;
 An' the children, the birds an' the bees,
 In a frolicsome way spent the sunshiny day—
 In the shade o' the shelterin' trees.

There was visions an' dreams—there was oceans an' streams
 Of the best grub that ever was cooked;
 There was ol'-fashioned cakes like no bakery bakes—
 There was melons as good as they looked.
 An' the poor an' the proud, and the lowly an' loud
 Eat of chicken an' pickles an' pie;
 An' the lout an' the lord sat at one common board—
 Celebratin' the Fourth o' July.

Then the speakers all spoke—crackin' many a joke,
 An' the ol' Declaration was read;
 An' the rigs rumbled home in the gatherin' gloam—
 An' the people went happy to bed.
 Up the east the moon crept, to keep guard while they slept;
 An' the streaks an' the stars in the sky
 Spread a banner o' love 'cross the dark vault above—
 Celebratin' the Fourth o' July.

—James Ball Naylor



JUNIA

By Sally Cowlam

FRONTISPIECE ILLUSTRATION BY HUGH STUART CAMPBELL

I

I HAVE conscientious scruples about keeping a good story from the world; therefore, if I have withheld this one for eleven years, it is because I have been unable to relate it sooner without personal discomfort.

Junia's people, what were left of them, were Kentuckians dyed in the wool. She herself was born across the border, to her sorrow—for she resented the idea of being a Hoosier. There were her mother, and an older sister with whom I was constantly being paired off in well-meant attempts at matrimony, until we positively disliked each other: and then there was her Aunt Mary Williamson.

If I wrote the story of all Junia's love affairs, I should undoubtedly be called a prejudiced prevaricator; so I shall simply say that her train of admirers reached into vanishing perspective. She was none of your disdainful beauties, either, making a boast and display of her powers; she knew very well that people can't do that sort of thing and have adoration, and adoration was to her soul what the Scriptural waterbrook was to the panting hart.

So she was catalogued "Flirt," and she resented that, too.

One day I asked her why she made such a specialty of the masculine heart; "Because," said she, "because the masculine heart doesn't criticize—for the terror of my life is criticism." Then she sparkled her black eyes at me as though daring me to tell her that the reason was because she was a vain image, and wanted admiration purely for its own sake.

How she could sing! She had a voice as sweet as nitre, that sank in deep and rankled, and made a man wish he were either dead or young. Whoever was not captivated by her personal loveliness was sure to fall and worship after she had sung to him, thus was she certain of her victims by one means or another.

Now we are coming to the story.

There was in that town a young man who had positively never been in love in his life—and he twenty-five. He was rather an inscrutable youth, living like the little boy in the story book, alone with his widowed mother, of whose eye he was the apple. He was of society, too; that is, he regularly received cards to people's entertainments and went, taking some girl with him—in compliance with the traditions of the town: usually it was some quiet girl who wouldn't have "got company" otherwise. But he was often a silent partner, and he never was a shining light. Once he took Junia to a dance, and she reached home full of pique, or disgust, or something harder to define, because she, who had always such unflinching success with men, had hardly got a sentiment out of him. He did not admire her dress, he did not praise her dancing, he did not wait to be asked into the house to get warm, though the night was cold and the rules of society not so strict as they might have been. He did not even beg her to set an evening for him to come; he opened the door for her, handed out her silk bag of slippers and fan, lifted his hat and departed.

Junia was, as I have said, in a frame of

mind new in her experience. She lay awake for an hour, thinking about it. At the end of that time she reverted to the fact of how much she liked Dan Ashley—really *liked* him, clear to the bottom of her frisky little heart, and decided not to distress herself further about young Kilbright, but to lay it up against him, and settle him sometime when she had nothing better to do.

Then, shortly, his uncle died, leaving him money and a business, and the Kilbrights, with some reluctance, emerged gradually into social lions, and Dave was considered a catch and a fine fellow. But no one knew then that he was of the sort of material that goes into the hero make-up,—at least some of us didn't.

All this happened about two years before the crisis.

Dan Ashley and Dave had always been the best of friends. They lived in neighboring houses, belonged to the same club, and, when devoutly inclined, attended the same church, to say nothing of having been educated together. Dan made no secret of his liking for Junia, and Dave—but I mustn't anticipate and spoil the climax.

On this particular summer Junia had a visitor, a fat, jolly little girl, who enjoyed life, and teased me without mercy,—openly accusing me of an unrequited affection for Junia, when every one else fancied that my frequent visits to the house were for the express purpose of persuading her older sister, Lilah Somerset, to be mine own.

Among the many men who besieged Dolly Vraid during her stay was Dave Kilbright. He came, not once, but three separate and distinct times; on each visit devoting himself entirely to Dolly,—to Junia's bewilderment, not to say chagrin, for the novelty of being ignored in that sweeping fashion was disturbing; it annoyed her, even though it was in favor of her guest.

When Dolly perceived this, which she

did at once, she left me in peace and began to torment Junia. The result was the laying of a wager—so Dolly told me: Junia declaring that she could and would anchor Dave at the proposal point before cold weather, Dolly declaring she couldn't. Thus it stood, with a box of silk stockings to stake it down. So I, being to some extent on the inside of things, looked with comprehending eyes at performances which otherwise must have amazed me.

I was too sophisticated not to know that Junia would never look upon me in the light of a lover. Riches had no fascinations for her; neither had the idea of being an old man's darling (it pleased her to call me old, though I had but just turned forty, and though my heart could trip it with the youngest when she was by), so I put the thought away from me—as far as I could, getting what comfort I might out of the open house they kept,—looking on, as an old man should, while she managed her affairs according to her lights—they very like those bursting from a sky rocket.

Sometimes she confided a little secret to me; generally it amounted to nothing at all, but it had the effect of projecting me always into the seventh age of uplifted ass for a week. After Dolly's departure I waited for Junia to tell me about the wager, but this she did not do. Then to incite her to confession I expressed much wonder at her conduct toward Dave,—sometimes as if he were Lord Dunraven himself, and again barely noticing him; (he had by degrees become a not infrequent visitor) but she only said she reckoned he would have to put up with it.

People began to say that Miss Somerset had met her match—that Dave Kilbright never had cared for any woman, and never would. If I had not been on the inside, I should have believed the gossips. It always looks suspicious when a woman makes eyes at a man one minute and turns her back on him the next. Then, too, she

said unheard of disagreeable things to him, she who generally took such pains not to hurt one by word or act—after which she sang to him till I, out on the moonlit porch with my cigar, was ready to throw myself into the river. But Dave was cooler than a cucumber.

One night they had been dancing till a late hour. From my position on the porch I could see her shamelessly throwing herself at Dave's head, while he played devotion to Sally Afton. Lilah sat at the other end of the veranda, rocking. She wasn't there because I was,—perish the thought! She had not even said good evening to me. It was too hot to sleep, and the porch was comfortable, so she sat and rocked, and paid no more attention to me than to Shep, dreaming blissfully of dog-fights on the bottom step.

Presently Junia appeared at my side.

"Come and walk around the square with me," she demanded.

"Junia," remonstrated her sister, "it isn't polite to leave your guests."

"Isn't it?" she returned; "come, Mr. Moreland, walk around the square with me."

"Certainly," I cried, putting my cigar into a notch I knew of and hunting my hat. It was sweet to outdo Lilah, and heaven itself to have such an accomplice.

"Junia, I shall speak to Mah if you don't come right back—" but we were in the street by that time, and she had put her hand into my coat pocket instead of taking my arm.

"Lilah can be so aggravating," she said; "she's always talking about the proprieties, and think of *her* sitting out on a dark porch at midnight, alone and unprotected, with a man of your age,—and reputation!" and she giggled impudently.

"Lilah always makes me contrariness itself," she went on; "now to-day, she was trying to convince Mah that I run after you, and even make you my confidant,—and Mah was horrified and lectured me. Do I run after you, Mr. More-

land? Do I try my tricks and manners on you—do I *ever* tell you anything?"

"Never!" said I, promptly.

"So I made up my mind that I would just for spite—because I surely think—" wickedly, "that Lilah wants you herself."

"God forbid!" I murmured.

"Besides," said Junia, "I really do need your advice—you are old enough to see clearly in such matters."

It was not easy for her to tell me; she was not a little ashamed of herself—I could see that; but finally it was all out. In all the pride of her beautiful youth, in the knowledge of past conquests, there stood my little girl, imploring an old man to tell her how to break a young one's heart!

"Why don't you think of something?" she said, shaking my pocket in her impatience. "Suppose you were young and it was you—what could I do to make you fall in love with me—oh, desperately!"—laughing at her own vehemence.

"You would only have to be just as you are, my dear," I answered.

"Nonsense! I've done everything I know. I never tried so hard for anything in my life—but he's simply stone, and there's that box of lovely stockings!"

Now I knew very well that the stockings were of small importance. There were other stockings, but where can be found a salve for a lacerated vanity?

"Shall I tell you how I fell in love with you, and where?" I inquired warmly.

"What, you in love?" she rallied, "yes, tell me; it may give me an idea."

"It was three years ago."

"I was in school."

"Is there anything to prevent a school girl's being charming?"

"I wore short dresses."

"The prettiest feet in the world."

"You are hopeless," she said resignedly.

"I'm that—" I sighed.

"It was this time in the year;" I went on, "or a little later. We were all on the

farm for the winemaking; we went to the wine-house after lunch; the grapes were piled high on the floor,—red and purple; through the windows came a wide view of the vineyard; trumpet-vines climbed the stone walls and reached long, rosy throats over the sills, as if asking a draught. In the duskiess at the far end the cider-mill ground out its drinking-song, crushing the grapes for the press. With a 'Hup-o-hup-o,' the Irishman tugged the great iron lever and the bubbling juice gushed forth. And you sat upon the three-legged stool and sang. You wore a blue dress—with ruffles." She was looking at me curiously.

"The idea of your remembering all those things! What did I sing?"

"You sang 'The Stirrup Cup,' 'The Purty Girl Milkin' her Cow,' and 'Twere Vain to Tell Thee all I Feel.'" We had come back to the gate.

"Mr. Moreland," she spoke softly, so that Lilah might not hear one word, "you are worth all the young men put together. Thank you very much indeed—I have really enjoyed this walk."

"And I am to know the outcome?" I held my pocket lest she escape without promising.

"Perhaps," unwillingly, "there won't be any outcome."

"But I am to know, in any case," I persisted, "or I may enter suit for plagiarism—no, I'm not coming in; I'm going home to bed like a nice old man,—good night."

II

Dan Ashley was more in love than any man of his age I ever knew. He was positively infatuated with Junia. The more he saw of her the worse it became, until we all knew that a refusal would mean something very serious, indeed.

For my part, I didn't see how she could refuse him. From a settled masculine standpoint he seemed everything desirable, and to crown all, he had blessed

youth. To be sure, he was not quite in a position to take Junia from a luxurious home, but things were coming his way very fast,—another year, perhaps,—and he waited patiently, keeping up his courage with the thought that she seemed to prefer no one else, and going about his business honestly and happily, until her unheard of behavior put trouble into his eyes?

He used frequently to dine with me that summer: of course I knew that he liked and respected me, but I knew, too, how much pleasanter it was to be dining in my cottage just around the corner from the Somersets than in his own home ten squares away. I judged him by myself. One night he was so quiet and abstracted that I made bold to say, as we smoked in the grape arbor at dusk:

"Anything wrong, boy—markets acting badly?" And when he did not answer I went on: "You know I stand ready to be called on at all times, don't you?"

"It isn't that. I've been thinking what a mockery it would be if things should keep on doing as well as they have lately, and that presently, when I have no further need for worry, the reason for worrying should be no longer a reason."

"Rather mixed, isn't that?" I said lightly, knowing only too well what he meant.

I believed, nay, was convinced, that if Kilbright had showed an interest in Junia from the first, like other men, she would never have given him a second thought; but I could not help feeling that his unusual attitude might, from its sheer novelty, extend beyond the pique and touch her unwary heart. I was sure his game was as deep as her own. How little I knew!

Dan smoked in silence for a while; then to my concern, he told me the whole story: first of the affection that had made him and Dave almost brothers—an affection with which nothing should ever interfere; then of his love for Junia, and his discov-

ery of Dave's love for her; how Dave had refused to tell her, or to meet her in any manner other than casual, until Dan's affairs should permit his offering himself honorably, and how, when Dan had recoiled at such a sacrifice of his friend, Dave had thrown an arm around his neck, saying:

"Am I in the habit of taking advantage of you, that I should be so keen about it now? It's unfortunate, of course, but we must play fair—it's your right, you know, to take the initiative." Nor would he listen to any other arrangement, and threatened to relinquish her entirely if not allowed to have his way.

So one year had gone by, and then another, and neither had spoken a word of love to Junia. Dan's attachment showed, however, in every look and word—but Dave made no sign.

"Lately," here Dan threw away his cigar and I saw its light go out under a pink rose bush; "she is carrying on with Dave like all possessed. I never saw her take so much interest in any man; sometimes I feel that I ought to give up and go away—oh, my cursed poverty! Besides, Dave deserves her, if any one does, and he might have had her, long ago, for all I know; but see how he has stayed with me and waited till I could stand a fair chance. Why, he wouldn't even call on her till I made a row with him. I ought to be glad for him—and I am. Of course you don't know, Mr. Moreland, what it means to love a girl like Junia, and then give her up to some other fellow, even if he is your best friend."

"I can imagine," said I.

On a hot September day, Dan's desk was filled with telegrams. That night he came to dine, and to tell me that his fortune had come at last.

"I wonder what it will be worth to me?" he mused. I answered nothing; I had often wondered what good my own fortune was, but that was very much beside the question now.

"Dave says," he went on, "that I am to

try my fate to-night. We have never been so near to a quarrel. I had determined that he should be the first—he has been so patient—but he raved and swore, and said he'd waited quite long enough on me, and that if I didn't go to-night he'd go and do it for me—you know he's quite capable of that. He says he has no hope himself, anyway, but he reserves the right to say a few things to her if she should accept me. Hope! Why he has every hope; it's I whose hopes are zero. But I'm going presently,—she said she would be there—that's why I'm so dressed up," he added, boyishly, looking down at his white clothes.

And presently he went, and I watched him out of sight in the twilight, trying not to envy his youth and his errand, and wishing with all my might for his happiness. As for Dave, how could I but wish for his happiness, too? What a pity there were not two Junias, or *three!*

If I had been one of those young fellows in that race for love, instead of a settled old bachelor-man supposed to have outgrown such follies long ago, I could not have been more nervously interested in the affair. Junia had never mentioned the subject of the wager again, but from all appearances she had not abandoned one jot of her determination to win it. Lilah was as cattish as ever, and vintage-time was passing at the hill farm.

The next day but one was Saturday. My business hours did not include those of Saturday afternoon, and as the weather was too fine to stay at home, I decided to drive out to the Somerset place, just to see how the wine was doing. Besides, my heart felt unpleasantly heavy, and I needed diversion. At any other time I should have taken Junia with me, but on that day I dreaded seeing her; I supposed that she belonged to some one who, in any case, was not James Moreland, and I rather avoided even thinking of her under those conditions. So I drove along up the hill, beneath the drooping trees, whose summer days were nearly done, al-

ready beginning—ah, how soon it begins with us all—to take on the sere and yellow leaf. There had been a tiny midday shower, not enough to lay the dust, but sufficient to freshen the smell of the earth, and to set astir all sorts of idle fancies; dangerous fancies, too, and vain longings. As I rounded the curve that leads to the big gate, I perceived Dan Ashley walking briskly ahead. I whistled—he turned and came toward me, waving his cap; and I knew by the spring of his step, by the look of his face, that my love was his—was lost to me forever. He climbed into the trap before I could stop the horse.

"How are you?" he said.

"Same as ever," said I, "and you—congratulations?"

"Yes," he answered, gripping my hand, "congratulations—but you're not supposed to know it, nor Dave, either. I took that into my own hands, however; it was only fair."

"What are you doing here, then? I should think the house on the Avenue had more attraction—it holds the pearl!"

"No, she's here. I got off early to-day and thought I'd see her a minute, but found she has been here since morning with her aunt, so I just came on."

"Then I'm *de trop*, and won't stop at the house; I didn't mean to, anyway; the wine-making brought me. I shall quaff your health in a mild glass or two and go back to town, since I'm not to be aware of your blissful state."

In his happiness Dan never thought of disagreeing with me, and, after I had hitched, rushed off to the house, while I sauntered leisurely along the drive in the other direction. What a day it was! Even the droning locusts more asleep than usual. As I paced by the rose garden a mocking-bird mewed in a neighboring lilac. Ah, yes, mock me, you rascal, a poor old man with a broken heart—what a day, what a day! but here Dan overtook me:

"I'm going with you—she's over in the wine-house, Aunt Mary says," he

cried audaciously, "they are about finishing to-day."

My heart suddenly grew cold within me. I knew, somehow, that Kilbright was there, and that it would be cruel to look upon his unhappiness.

The way grew narrower amid the denseness of the trees; across the little log bridge, along the foot path, through blackberry and alder bushes and tall weeds, whose sickeningly sweet presence seemed to match the feeling in my breast,—up the grass-covered stone steps, and around the last clump of cedars, the mocking-bird crying, derisively behind us. Dan pushed aside a long branch so impatiently that it swung back and struck me across the face, blinding me for a second, and I ran full against him as he paused, rooted to the earth, in view of the wine-house door.

There stood Junia on the top step, shading her eyes with her hand. (I have seen her unwinking in many a stronger light.) There stood Dave, clasping her other hand and gazing up at her. There also stood Dan and I.

Dave turned, not even startled: I doubt if he saw me at all.

"I'm glad you came, Dan," he said quietly, "I wouldn't do this and you not here," drawing Junia close and pressing her lips with his own:

"*I kissed you in the sun,*" he said.

Then he came bravely away. Dan's face was drawn with sympathy; one instant he hesitated, with a longing glance toward Junia:

"Tell her I'll be back," he whispered, and thrusting his arm through Dave's, they two vanished together, down the stone steps and through the concealing trees.

I entered the wine-house; absently I held a glass beneath the stream trickling from the press. Even now I hate the taste of new wine. Junia sat upon the high, three-legged stool. She wore a blue dress, with ruffles.

"What did you sing?"

"He asked me to sing, himself," she said miserably.

"Tell me," I commanded.

"He asked me to sing a toast—and then he said I needn't exert myself any further, that he had understood it all from the beginning—that I flirted beautifully—but that—he had cared long before—"

"What did you sing?"

"I sang 'Idyl'."

"I never heard it."

"Please don't ask me to sing it, I couldn't."

I was silent.

"Oh, Mr. Moreland—"

"Sing it—" I said roughly, with my back to the window and my heart misbehaving painfully.

"I don't think I can—it has hurt me so—the knowing—I am so ashamed—"

"Yes, it has hurt me, too."

"A fresh wind blew the rain-clouds all away,

And touched the clover-tips,—

Caressing them and whispering, till they

Lifted their willing lips.

The blue spread wide and wider in the sky,

Till shadows there were none;

The wind fell sweet across my face, and I—

I kissed you in the sun."

Her voice was as soft as a west wind's note, because of the tears. My very soul ached—yet I said nothing; what should an old man say? So she fled past me, away into the deserted vineyard, and I was alone—the silent dusk within, and the sunshine and the mocking-bird outside.

THE LOVE LIGHT

By Thomas Wood Stevens

IT is not always what we find,
Madonna, in the questing years,
That brings the gentle touch and kind,
With smiling mouth, yet quickening tears:
Some dawns there are without a thrill,
Some sunsets leave us colder still.

For us the lights have come to shine
Clear through the windows of the East;
For us the ancient, sweetest sign,
The word whose ringing never ceased;
For us, on morning seas impearled,
The waiting spring-song of the world.

Sweet, till our winged years have flown
We shall be learning still how far
Deeper is love than we have known,
Dearer the hearth-light than the star.

And all the wayward bits of song
Love bade me make, to thee belong.

PANAMA—ITS PEOPLE AND ITS PROBLEM

By Dr. Albert B. Hale

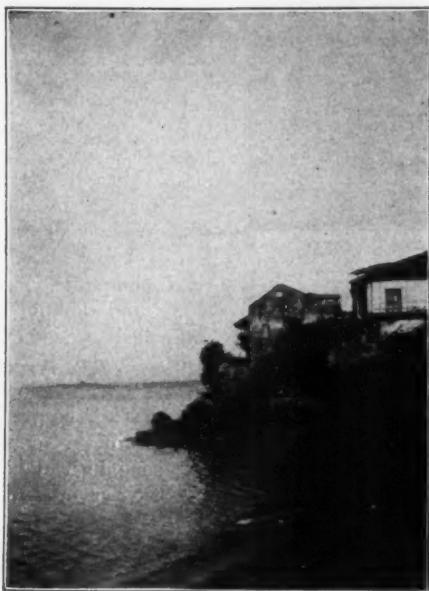
ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY
DR. HALE FOR THIS ARTICLE

AS I was leaving for the Isthmus, one of my good friends said to me: "Please, when you return, tell us something about what is there besides the canal. We hear canal every day; nobody knows much of the country itself."

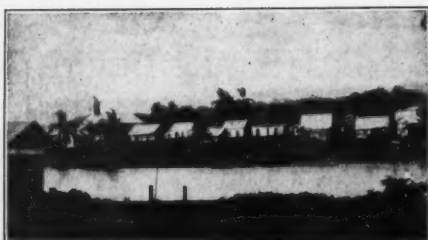
In the main this is true. The encyclopedias will tell you—and it is news, too—that Panama has the oldest continuous history of any spot in the Western hemisphere. From its discovery, its settlement in 1518, to the present, there hasn't been a day without incident and human struggle. The names attached to that narrow strip of land represent much of the march of civilization. Columbus, Bilboa, Pizarro, Morgan, Huntington, Lesseps, Aspinwall, Roosevelt, each represents a different phase of never-ceasing activity. Panama vieja, on the coast of the Pacific, and San Lorenzo at the mouth of the Chagres River stand for the decayed past; the primitive huts of Chagres town and the resort to birds of the air to remove men's refuse are the present; and the mighty industry abandoned by the French but now vitalized by our government, will become the future.

But in all this we see only influence of foreign forces upon the land. Can the land speak for itself? Indeed, no. There isn't any trace of the native in the whole country. The little republic, which was the tail of Columbia and finally managed to wag itself free, has never had any history of its own. It has never produced anything except mosquitoes and freebooters, and seems to have been predestined to become a land of passage, with one of the best-known names in the world given to only two things: a hat which is not made there and a canal that belongs to some one else.

There is scarcely a spot upon earth which has so little native tracings. The Spanish, the English, the French and the American have left their impress, but there is no native stock. Old residents will tell you that the San Blas Indians, in the mountains to the east of Colon and beyond Porto Belo are the only indigenous element. So they are; they are undoubtedly aborigines, but they have had no influence; they never flavored the soil of Panama; they never mingled with the alien and they never became assimilated. Their independence is remarkable; it is



VIEW TOWARD PACIFIC, PANAMA



TOWN OF GATUN



EMPIRE BARRACKS



CATHEDRAL, PANAMA

told on good authority that no foreigner has ever seen a San Blas woman. One venturesome explorer invaded their village life and spent a night among them, but the next morning he was killed for his trouble. To be sure, there are inhabitants enough in Panama, although the census report of two million is ridiculous; I am certain that three hundred thousand will include every man, woman and child within the thirty-one thousand square miles of the Republic, and with the exception of the isolated town of David, west of Panama, and the new banana port of Bocas del Toro west of Colon, practically all life and industry are embraced by the railroad and the canal. In general it may be said that our zone of five miles each side the cut is the whole country. Now what are these inhabitants? Unquestionably, Africans, negroes, Jamaica niggers. The Spaniards brought in a few Caribs and a great many more of their black slaves from Cuba; the English probably added their share; the railroad company employed thousands of them; and we know that the French were compelled to use blacks in their construction. To-day the great majority of laborers on the Isthmus are from Jamaica and most of the work in the cities and villages is in the hands of negroes. Some of them jabber at you in the island patois and are very proud of their papers certifying to their British citizenship; others have been born there or their families have an ancestry even two or three generations back, so that Spanish is the language of choice; but the race is black, and though it has received enough Caucasian corpuscles from the Spanish, English, American and French masters, the African predominates, and will continue to do so as long as the labor demand is best met by the supply from the adjacent West Indian Islands.

A few high-class families, cultured and Spanish-speaking, are long resident there, but not natives in the true sense of the

word. They represent the influence of Colombia when that Castilian country possessed the land; they came here as office-holders or as business men and found it more profitable to domicile permanently than to return. Panamenians they call themselves, but would laugh if you spoke of them as natives. If—as seems not improbable—we are compelled to import Chinese or Japanese labor to complete our task, we shall have a new stream to add to the luxuriant but stagnating blood of to-day. Chinese there are in plenty already, who keep the small shops, are retail traders and do some washing, but they are not numerous enough noticeably to affect the characteristics of the people. They are rather absorbed by the negro. But if once they enter the field in large numbers and live there long enough to modify the African race, the result will be most interesting for the ethnologist.

The native races of Mexico and Peru were extremely susceptible to the stronger civilization of Spain; therefore the stranger who has visited other Spanish-American countries will be perplexed at the lack here of what may be called "Spanish atmosphere." The cathedral in the city of Panama is the only real mark of Spanish domination. A few houses there show traces; bits of the ruined or half-completed structures have some ornateness in the Spanish style, but otherwise Cartagena or LaGuayra are less remembered than Key West or New Orleans or any seaport that has merely grown. And poor Colon! The less said of it the better. Its slatternly streets; its shabby frame houses, tin-roofed with thin board partitions; its general ugliness, unavoidably recall any town of our Northwest that has boomed and "bust" and is only waiting a new boom to be torn down before it can be decently built all over again. I very gladly except two distinct areas—let me call them suburbs—of Colon. The residence portion of the railroad employes,



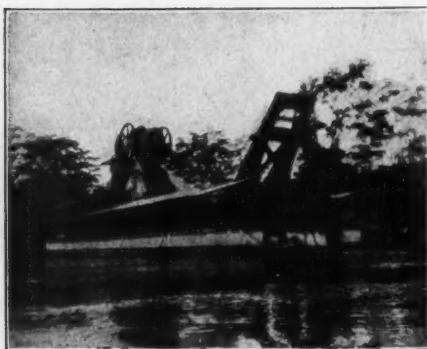
RAILWAY STATION, PANAMA



DE LESSEPS HOUSE AND COLUMBUS STATUE



STATUE TO ASPINWALL, COLON



ABANDONED DREDGE IN CHAGRES RIVER



SCAVENGER SYSTEM, PANAMA

of the foreign consuls and wealthier business men; and the strip of land called Cristobal Point, made by the French to divide the more open harbor from that portion of the bay into which the canal debouches. The former is clean, wholesome and truly tropical; lying exposed to the Caribbean Sea, it receives and enjoys every breeze that blows. Each house is well built, has a trim garden, is shaded by luxuriant palms, the roads are well paved, there is a pretty park about the statue of Aspinwall, and the pure Protestant Church on the beach offers in itself enough to blot out the sights and sounds and odors of the seaport at its backyard. Still more inviting to the American, not so much because of relative superiority, but rather because we have a patriotic feeling that it belongs to us, is that other

suburb, Cristobal. Whatever iniquity contributed to its building—and we hear tales of whole engines with other “graft” machinery dumped into its substratum—is to-day out of sight. Nothing here offends the eye. The rows of French chateaux or bungalows, the smooth shell roads shaded by avenues of leafy palms, the concrete protection against the sometimes troublesome surf of the sea, can never be visited too often or forgotten. At the end of the point is the large de Lesseps mansion, once French headquarters, now soon to be remodeled into apartments for canal employes; and crowning this, is the statue of Columbus protecting the Indian. It is all so attractive. No wonder the clerk, sweltering day and night in the stuffy city of Panama, envies his confrere who is privileged to live on



STREET SCENE, COLON



RAILWAY OFFICES, PANAMA



AMERICAN RESIDENCE, COLON



HEADSTONE, MONKEY HILL (MT. HOPE)

Cristobal. The temperature may be no higher or lower there, but one can breathe; there is space and air, companionship and relative freedom from mosquitoes. Even when Colon is re-made, it can never expect to rival Cristobal.

The French left a good example for us in their architecture. I dare not say that it is a pure style or exactly suited to the requirements of the country, but the houses are comforting to the eye. They are not ugly, as are many of the American edifices. They are not barracks or sheds. And if we learn the lesson that beauty can be combined with utility, it will go far toward making life endurable.

Between the Caribbean and the Pacific are numerous villages, some merely stations on the railway, others settlements where important work on the canal must

be done. Gatun is the type of the latter. It lies near the railway on a strip of land between the Chagres River and the canal bed and is picturesque enough as one sees it from the train, with its cluster of nipa huts, the grass-grown streets untrodden except by men, children, chickens and pigs, its funny wooden church and background of dense forest.

Culebra is a town of the other type, with more business, though be it always remembered that there is no genuine industry on the Isthmus. Everything spells railroad or canal. There is some native fishing, fruit growing and scant market gardening, but remove the above great stimulus and the country would sink into emptiness. Culebra lies back of the station over a hill. Its purpose is to supply refreshments and amusement to canal em-



PALM AVENUE, CRISTOBAL POINT



PROTESTANT CHURCH, COLON



RUIN IN PANAMA



RUINS OF GATE, SAN LORENZO, AT MOUTH OF CHAGRES RIVER

ployes. Its buildings are shanties; its streets, irregular and stony; its supplies are the cheapest of clothing and articles for consumption from tins and bottles. In either place, one looks in vain for real work, for truly original products, for anything that is characteristic of the country. Even in Panama and Colon shopping is a dreary pastime. Necessities one can, of course, find—all imported. Luxuries are rarer, but silk pajamas or slippers or metal ornaments or pottery come from China and France, and the hardest task of the day is to discover something to send home as a souvenir. Even the cigarettes come from Jamaica, and though a native Bolivar rum is produced, one never asks a friend to drink it a second time.

In Panama one craves scenery because it seems impossible to think of the Cordilleras or the Andes without it. At Colon we have the blue sea, palm trees, and a faint hint of mountains, inaccessible, away to the eastward. Crossing southeast we find only jungle with rank vegetation,

then a hill and more jungle, the Chagres River here and there, till we reach Culebra, where the broken-backed ridge of the vast American mountain chain is just evident, and then we come to the city of Panama and the Pacific Ocean.

The town itself scarcely bears description; a solemn article on it may be read, but not enjoyed in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. It is as yet rough, traditional, with ruins and bad houses, no good water supply, no drainage, and wears an air of expectation that acknowledges the sad need of the modern improvements promised by us. But it has possibilities, and this means much. Its actual present attraction is the broad vista upon the bay. Everywhere one looks for the water without disappointment. To the north is the coast line, and five miles in the distance the ruins of the old city; we catch the sun rising out of the water to the east; to the south is the Bay and the innumerable islands, chiefest of which is beautiful Taboga, twelve miles out, but offering



STREET SCENE, PANAMA



FRENCH HOSPITAL, ANCON

a refuge for any one who feels confined within the narrow bounds of the point. There are a few inland places away from the city, but they have little charm; the country is hot, the rank vegetation of the tropics is not kept in check, and the insects are a veritable plague. But at Taboga it is cool and healthy, the fruits and fish are of the finest; one can, for the time, actually escape the oppression of one idea, and it is a suburb in the true sense.

And so I have tried to comply with my friend's request, but the result is hardly a success. One can't keep away from the canal either in body or in mind. The canal is the whole thing. But it is possible to divide the thought of it into two rather different but associated parts, the first being the mere engineering feature of construction, dredging, locking and managing; the second being the more modern feature of any such enterprise—sanitation.

Panama has for years back heard enough of canal construction. Even be-

fore it was seriously purposed, Spain, England, Colombia and the United States dreamed of cutting the Isthmus. The French, after their success at Suez, boldly attacked the problem, and their skill has left us a task partly finished. No blame need attach to their engineers; we find that they knew their business and would have completed the work had they not been submerged by the debauchery of what we to-day call "graft." The first sight to which attention is called is not scenery, but machinery—miles of it, tons of it, abandoned before it was used by the contractors. This belongs to us, and we may reclaim about half of it. But we must avoid the evil of which it is the silent witness. We must be honest in our contracts. At present there is no reason to doubt our honesty, for we haven't begun to spend much money on supplies and the men at the head of the business are beyond suspicion; but Panama herself is an apt pupil, even if she had not inherited from Spain the tricks of the politician.



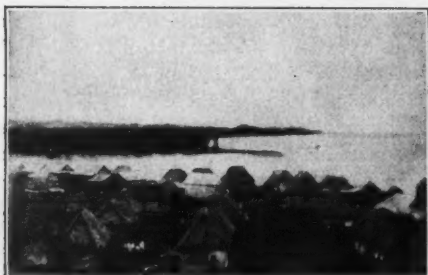
SLUMS OF COLON



DREDGE IN ACTION, CULEBRA



CRISTOBAL POINT



THE TOWN OF CHAGRES

They have commenced to expend their bonus on such trivialities as a new coinage that was not needed. To be sure, it is wise to abolish the Colombian silver (monkey or tin money), but the practical substitute is American dollars, which find eager acceptance; yet a national currency meant a dip into the treasury, and so it was adopted.

And then the toy Republic is gaily establishing an army of office-holders. Every hamlet has its alcalde and postmaster, although it is a mystery what they can find to do. There could hardly be any crime there; I saw one policeman arrested for sleeping on duty, and he had another policeman to watch him, and they were exchanging village gossip together. The army has been discharged and most of the men are at work upon the canal, but the police corps, patterned after our marines, does good service when needed.

It is a saying used to shock the stranger that every tie along the track represents a human soul. The death rate during railroad and canal construction times was fearfully high, and we assume by tradition that the climate of Panama is deadly. For that reason we have begun well by establishing a sanitary department, with a function equal in scope to that of the engineering department.

This means more than appears on the face of it. Hitherto all great construction enterprises have had attached to them as a matter of course a certain number of physicians, and they have built hospitals or camps in which individuals when sick or injured might find lodgment and treatment. This was the case with the French company, and we see their hospitals in the pretty quarters on Ancon Hill. But the humanitarian spirit has changed and sanitary science has so developed within the last twenty-five years that we are guided in the care of large bodies of men by a somewhat different principle; we wish to prevent illness, and so to adjust the environment that the individual may escape diseases which even

a few years ago were considered indissolubly associated with climate. Now no one can expect to alter the temperature or the rainfall on the Isthmus. It is hot there, from 72 degrees to 84 degrees F. all the year around, day and night, rainy season and dry. The moisture is unavoidable, and one feels sticky in all circumstances. These unvarying conditions make the climate itself a relatively unhealthful one for the individual who is obliged to remain and work during a period of months. There is no use dodging that fact. Some old timers will tell you that it is nonsense, that any person by proper care can live forever in this part of the tropics. If mere existence is the standard, this may be so, but if there is bodily and mental work required, it is untrue. The physique and morale are bound to suffer unless there is a rather frequent escape to a colder region.

But there are tropical diseases hitherto considered indigenous, of the soil, so that a fever, Chagres, for instance, often becomes known by its neighborhood. Medical science no longer accepts these as necessary. The conditions of the tropics only favor their spread; the tropical country itself can be made relatively as free from infectious agents as can a northern city from typhoid.

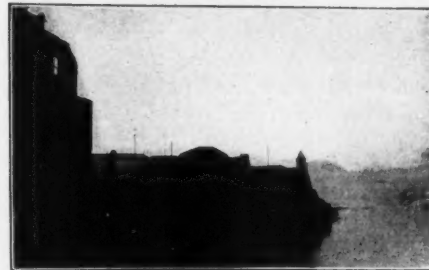
Now, this is the task that the sanitary commission undertakes in the canal zone on the Isthmus of Panama. Just think what it means. Never before has the physician had such a virgin field. In no other construction project in history has he been given equal authority with the engineer, to act hand in hand with him, to assume charge of his own department and, with quite as trustworthy scientific data and tools, to perform his functions so that at the completion of the work he shows that man can live in health where hitherto he was condemned to illness; just as the engineer shows that where was formerly a wilderness barren of man, there is created a structure offering a new source of activity to thousands.



NATIVES ON RIVER CHAGRES



STREET SCENE, NATIVE VILLAGE



VIEW TOWARD PACIFIC, PANAMA



ABANDONED MACHINERY, GORGONA



NATIVE WOMAN, GATUN

We all know how to prevent typhoid fever (but alas our corrupt politics does not always allow us to put this knowledge into practice), and typhoid is but the type of other diseases that can be prevented in Panama as well as elsewhere. Part of the scheme of construction in which both the engineer and sanitarian are interested is a pure water supply all along the zone. This can and will be successfully offered. And with this go the well understood schemes of proper drainage, sewerage and sewage disposal, paving, house construction, electric lighting. Panama will have to be re-made and Colon nearly destroyed, but we may take it for granted that the result will be creditable.

But what about the two great Isthmian diseases, malaria and yellow fever? Practically every other disease can be obliterated

by the supply of pure water and the simple obedience to hygienic rules; but these are of a different nature and demand more radical attacks. They are both parasitic in nature; both, before they invade man, must pass through an intermediate host, and that host is the mosquito; *stegomyia* for yellow fever, and *anopheles* for malaria. One should no longer doubt the essentially important rôle of the mosquito. To-day all scientists agree that to exterminate the mosquito is to destroy these diseases; that no other means excepting this insect has been demonstrated as a carrier of either. Cling to old beliefs as we may, we can render the country free from epidemics



STREET SCENE, COLON

only by killing the host. And it can be done here in Panama. It has been done in Ismaila on the Suez Canal. It has been done—to be sure, in more favorable circumstances and a smaller area—in Havana. We *must do it*. It will be an eternal disgrace to our government if we shirk our responsibility, for it is as much a part of our canal project as is digging

the ditch. We are not a commercial concern, cutting a highway between two oceans merely for profit. If we are, better let out the task by contract at once. But we are a nation, the people of that nation pay the taxes that supply the money for canal construction, and we should demand that this sanitary scheme be an integral part. But it means work. To take a strip of land ten miles wide and fifty long and to free it from mosquitoes means brains as well as kerosene, and money to back the brains. It means to clean the dirty towns all at once by concerted action—not bit by bit. It means destruction of nasty houses in Panama and Colon and the filling in of slimy pools



SLUMS OF COLON

which to-day render futile so much of the effort of disinfection. It means action as we acted in Cuba, as Mexico acted at Mazatlan, as Japan acts to-day. There must be no short-sighted policy or broken promises about it. The employes must be protected at any cost. It will not do to send down there our young men to live in any sort of habitation they may select



TRINIDAD NEGRESS, COLON

or that their income may allow. Sanitary quarters must be provided and the workers must be compelled to live there. This step is quite as important as canal construction. We can not get good men to work for us if we do not treat them decently or show them that their welfare is not subordinated even to the Culebra Cut. Nor is it a valid excuse to say that all this takes time, costs money and may delay the canal. Of course it takes time and money, but the money we have, and the time is now. Plans are already prepared; we have on the spot the best men of our country eager to go ahead with method and system, but they are obstructed by red tape. To look after the employes first is rather to hasten than to hinder canal progress. There is no good reason why the unsightly slums of the towns should be there a month longer; or why employes should be compelled or

allowed to expend almost all their pay in lodgings unfit for them. Give them decent quarters. If the marine camp at Empire can be so successfully established, a canal settlement on the same basis is equally feasible. Although the anti-canteen law works havoc among the marines and permits a row of wretched grogeries about the skirts of Empire and Culebra, that law need not apply to employes on the canal, who do not belong to the army. Surely some agreement with the Republic of Panama could be reached, whereby the drinking shops would be under sanitary control. I found our young men there temperate and abstemious to a commendable degree, but homesick, pining for many of the comforts and innocent amusements so accessible in the United States. These should be furnished. Every effort should be made to encourage the employe and to stimulate his ambition. Under such conditions as prevail on the Isthmus something is needed besides salary. Living expenses are high, very high,

much above the increase percentage in pay held as an allurements to candidates in the north; but even equivalent pay is not enough. They must be made to feel that both their souls and their bodies are receiving care from authoritative principals. If we are to get the best work done in the best manner, we must not haggle over price. Spend the money; only see that it is spent wisely.

To bear in mind this feature of sanitation is the only way to prevent the growth of Monkey Hill. What a sad place is this cemetery of Mount Hope at Colon. The hurry of the funeral to the gates; the interment; the still greater hurry from its depressing silence, and the sometimes primitive token that another American has succumbed to the climate. We, with our expanded knowledge of disease and our sanitary commission so capable of accomplishing reform, do not wish a continuance of this story. We must show the world that we understand our responsibilities and can solve our problems.



THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By *Meredith Nicholson*

AUTHOR OF "THE MAIN CHANCE," "ZELDA DAMERON," ETC.

CHAPTER IV

A VOICE FROM THE LAKE

I RAN to the window and peered out into the night. The wood through which we had approached the house seemed to encompass it. The branches of a great tree brushed the panes. I was tugging at the fastening of the window when I became aware of Bates at my elbow.

"Did something happen, sir?"

His unbroken calm angered me. Some one had fired at me through a window and I had narrowly escaped being shot. I resented the unconcern with which this servant accepted the situation.

"Nothing worth mentioning. Somebody tried to assassinate me, that's all," I said, in a voice that failed to be calmly ironical. I was still fumbling at the catch of the window.

"Allow me, sir,"—and he threw up the sash with an ease that increased my irritation.

I leaned out and tried to find some clue to my assailant. Bates opened another window and surveyed the dark landscape with me.

"It was a shot from without, was it, sir?"

"Of course it was; you didn't suppose I shot at myself, did you?"

He examined the broken pane and picked up the bullet from the table.

"It's a rifle-ball, I should say."

The bullet was half-flattened by its contact with the wall. It was a cartridge ball of large caliber that might have been fired from either rifle or pistol.

"It's very unusual, sir!" I wheeled

upon him angrily and found him fumbling with the bit of metal, a troubled look on his face. He at once continued, as though anxious to allay my fears. "Quite accidental, most likely. Probably boys on the lake are shooting at ducks."

I laughed out so suddenly that Bates started back in alarm.

"You idiot!" I roared, seizing him by the collar with both hands and shaking him fiercely. "You fool, do the people around here shoot ducks at night? Do they shoot water-fowl with elephant guns and fire at people through windows just for fun?"

I threw him back against the table so that it leaped away from him, and he fell prone on the floor.

"Get up!" I commanded, "and fetch a lantern."

He said nothing, but did as I bade him. We traversed the long cheerless hall to the front door, and I sent him before me into the woodland. My notions of the geography of the region were the vaguest, but I wished to examine for myself the premises, that evidently contained a dangerous prowler. I was very angry and my rage increased as I followed Bates, who had suddenly retired within himself. We stood soon beneath the lights of the refectory window.

The ground was covered with leaves which broke crisply under our feet.

"What lies beyond here?" I demanded.

"About a quarter of mile of woods, sir, and then the lake."

"Go ahead," I ordered, "straight to the lake."

I was soon stumbling through rough underbrush similar to that through which we had approached the house. Bates swung along confidently enough ahead of me, pausing occasionally to hold back the branches. I began to feel, as my rage abated, that I had set out on a foolish undertaking. I was utterly at sea as to the character of the grounds; I was following a man whom I had not seen until two hours before, and whom I began to suspect of all manner of designs upon me. It was wholly unlikely that the person who had fired into the windows would lurk about, and, moreover, the light of the lantern, the crackle of the leaves and the breaking of the boughs advertised our approach loudly.

A bush slapped me sharply and I stopped to rub the sting from my face.

"Are you hurt, sir?" asked Bates solicitously, turning with the lantern.

"Of course not," I snapped. "I'm having the time of my life. Are there no paths in this jungle?"

"Not just here, sir. It was Mr. Glenarm's idea not to disturb the wood at all. He was very fond of walking through the timber."

"Not at night, I hope! Where are we now?"

"Quite near the lake, sir."

"Then go on."

I was out of patience with Bates, with the pathless woodland, and, I must confess, with the spirit of John Marshall Glenarm, my grandfather.

We came out presently upon a gravelly beach, and Bates stamped suddenly on planking.

"This is the Glenarm dock, sir; and that's the boat-house."

He waved his lantern toward a low structure that rose dark beside us. As we stood silent, peering out into the starlight, I heard distinctly the dip of a pad-

dle and the soft gliding motion of a canoe.

"It's a boat, sir," whispered Bates, hiding the lantern under his coat.

I brushed past him and crept to the end of the dock. The paddle dipped on silently and evenly in the still water, but the sound grew fainter. A canoe is the most graceful, the most sensitive, the most inexplicable contrivance of man. With its paddle you may dip up stars along quiet shores or steal into the very harbor of dreams. I knew that furtive splash instantly, and knew that a trained hand wielded the paddle. My boyhood summers in the Maine woods were not, I find, wholly wasted.

The owner of the canoe had evidently stolen close to the Glenarm dock, but had made off when alarmed by the noise of our approach through the wood.

"Have you a boat near here, Bates?" I asked.

"The boat-house is locked and I haven't the key with me, sir," he replied, without excitement.

"Of course you haven't it," I rejoined, full of anger at his tone of irreproachable respect, and at my own helplessness. I had not even seen the place by daylight, and the woodland behind me and the lake at my feet were things of shadow and mystery. In my rage I stamped my foot.

"Lead the way back," I roared.

I had turned toward the woodland when suddenly there stole across the water a voice,—a woman's voice, deep, musical and deliberate.

"Really, I shouldn't be so angry if I were you!" it said, with a lingering note on the word angry.

"Who are you? What are you doing there?" I bawled.

"Just enjoying a little tranquil thought!" was the drawling, mocking reply.

Far out upon the water I heard the dip and glide of the canoe, and saw faintly

its outline for a moment; then it was gone. The lake, the surrounding wood, were an unknown world,—the canoe, a boat of dreams. Then again came the voice:

"Good night, merry gentlemen!"

"It was a lady, sir," remarked Bates, after we had waited silently for a full minute.

"How clever you are!" I sneered. "I suppose ladies prowls about here at night, shooting ducks or into people's houses."

"It would seem quite likely, sir."

I should have liked to cast him into the lake, but he was already moving away, the lantern swinging at his side. I followed him, back through the woodland to the house.

My spirits quickly responded to the cheering influence of the great library. I stirred the fire on the hearth into life and sat down before it, tired from my tramp. I was mystified and perplexed by the incident that had already marked my coming. It was possible, to be sure, that the bullet which narrowly missed my head in the little dining-room had been a wild shot that carried no evil intent. I dismissed at once the idea that it might have been fired from the lake; it had crashed through the glass with too much force to have come so far; and, moreover, I could hardly imagine even a rifle-ball finding an unimpeded right of way through so dense a strip of wood. I found it difficult to get rid of the idea that some one had taken a pot shot at me.

The woman's mocking voice from the lake added to my perplexity. It was not, I reflected, such a voice as one might expect to hear from a country girl; nor could I imagine any errand that would justify a woman's presence abroad on an October night whose cool air inspired first confidences with fire and lamp. There was something haunting in that last cry across the water; it kept repeating itself over and over in my ears. It was a voice of quality, of breeding and charm.

"Good night, merry gentlemen!"

In Indiana, I reflected, rustics, young or old, men or women, were probably not greatly given to salutations of just this temper.

Bates now appeared.

"Beg pardon, sir; but your room's ready whenever you wish to retire."

I looked about in search of a clock.

"There are no timepieces in the house, Mr. Glenarm. Your grandfather was quite opposed to them. He had a theory, sir, that they were conducive, as he said, to idleness. He considered that a man should work by his conscience, sir, and not by the clock,—the one being more exacting than the other."

I smiled as I drew out my watch,—as much at Bates' solemn tone and grim lean visage as at his quotation from my grandsire. But the fellow puzzled and annoyed me. His unobtrusive black clothes, his smoothly-brushed hair, his shaven face, awakened an antagonism in me.

"Bates, if you didn't fire that shot through the window, who did—will you answer me that?"

"Yes, sir; if I didn't do it, it's quite a large question who did. I'll grant you that, sir."

I stared at him. He met my gaze without flinching; nor was there anything insolent in his tone or attitude. He continued:

"I didn't do it, sir. I was in the pantry when I heard the crash in the refectory window. The bullet came from out of doors, as I should judge, sir."

The facts and conclusions were undoubtedly with Bates, and I felt that I had not acquitted myself creditably in my effort to fix the crime on him. My abuse of him had been tactless, to say the least, and I now tried another line of attack.

"Of course, Bates, I was merely joking. What's your own theory of the matter?"

"I have no theory, sir. Mr. Glenarm always warned me against theories. He

said—if you will pardon me—there was great danger in the speculative mind.”

The man spoke with a slight Irish accent, which in itself puzzled me. I have always been attentive to the peculiarities of speech, and his was not the brogue of the Irish servant class. Larry Donovan, who was English born, affected at times an exaggerated Irish dialect that was wholly different from the smooth liquid tones of Bates. But more things than his speech were to puzzle me in this man.

“The person in the canoe? How do you account for her?” I asked.

“I haven’t accounted for her, sir. There’s no women on these grounds, or any sort of person except ourselves.”

“But there are neighbors,—farmers, people of some kind must live along the lake.”

“A few, sir; and then there’s the school quite a bit beyond your own west wall.”

His slight reference to my proprietorship, my own wall, as he put it, pleased me.

“Oh, yes; there is a school—girls?—yes: Mr. Pickering mentioned it. But the girls hardly paddle on the lake at night, at this season—hunting ducks—should you say, Bates?”

“I don’t believe they do any shooting, Mr. Glenarm. It’s a pretty strict school, I judge, sir, from all accounts.”

“And the teachers—they are all women?”

“They’re the Sisters of St. Agatha, I believe they call them. I sometimes see them walking abroad. They’re very quiet neighbors, and they go away in the summer usually, except Sister Theresa. The school’s her regular home, sir. And there’s the little chapel just beyond the wall; the young minister lives there; and the gardener’s the only other man on the grounds.”

“Show me my cell,” I said, rising, “and I’ll go to bed.”

He brought from somewhere a great brass candelabrum that held a dozen lights, and explained:

“This was Mr. Glenarm’s habit. He always used this one to go to bed with. I’m sure he’d wish you to have it, sir.”

He led the way, holding the cluster of lights high for my guidance up the broad stairway.

The hall above shared the generous lines of the whole house, but the walls were white and hard to the eye. Rough planks had been laid down for a floor, and beyond the light of the candles lay a dark region that gave out ghostly echoes as the loose boards rattled under our feet.

“I hope you’ll not be too much disappointed, sir,” said Bates, pausing a moment before opening a door. “It’s all quite unfinished, but comfortable, I should say, quite comfortable.”

“Open the door!”

He was not my host and I did not relish his apology. I walked past him into a small sitting-room that was, in a way, a miniature of the great library below. Open shelves filled with books lined the apartment to the ceiling on every hand, save where a small fireplace and a cabinet broke the line of shelving. In the center of the room was a long table with writing materials in nice order. I opened a handsome case and found that it contained a set of draftsman’s instruments.

I groaned aloud.

“Mr. Glenarm preferred this room for working. The instruments were his very own, sir!”

“The devil they were!” I exclaimed irascibly. I snatched a book from the nearest shelf and threw it open on the table. It was “The Tower: Its Early Use for Purposes of Defense. London: 1816.”

I closed it with a slam.

“The sleeping-room is beyond, sir. I hope—”

“Don’t you hope any more?” I growled; “and it doesn’t make any difference whether I’m disappointed or not.”

“Certainly not, sir!” he replied in a tone that made me ashamed of my anger.

The adjoining bedroom was small and

meagerly furnished. The walls were untinted and were relieved only by prints of the English cathedrals, French châteaux, and like suggestions of the best things known to architecture. The bed was of the commonest iron type; and the other articles of furniture were chosen with a strict regard for utility. My trunks and bags had been carried in, and Bates asked from the door for my commands.

"Mr. Glenarm always breakfasted at seven-thirty, sir, as near as he could hit it without a timepiece; and he was quite punctual."

"My grandfather's breakfast hour will suit me exactly, Bates."

"If there's nothing further, sir—"

"That's all;—and Bates—"

"Yes, Mr. Glenarm."

"Of course you understood that I didn't really mean to imply that you had fired that shot at me?"

"I beg you not to mention it, Mr. Glenarm."

"But it *was* a little queer. If you should gain any light on the subject, let me know."

"Certainly, sir."

"And I believe, Bates, that we'd better keep the blinds down at night. These duck hunters hereabouts are apparently reckless. You might attend to them now,—and every evening hereafter."

He gravely bade me good night, and I followed him to the outer door and watched his departing figure, lighted by a single candle that he had produced from his pocket.

I stood for several minutes listening to his step, tracing it through the hall below—as far as my knowledge of the house would permit. Then, in unknown regions, I could hear the closing of doors and drawing of bolts. Verily, my jailer was a person of painstaking habits.

I opened my traveling-case and distributed its contents on the dressing-table. I had carried through all my adventures a folding leather photograph-holder, con-

taining portraits of my father and mother and of John Marshall Glenarm, my grandfather, and this I set up on the mantel in the little sitting-room. It was with a new and curious interest that I peered into my grandfather's shrewd old eyes. He used to come and go fitfully at my father's house; but my father had displeased him in various ways that I need not recite, and my father's death had left me with an estrangement which I had widened by my own acts.

Now that I had reached Glenarm, my mind reverted to Pickering's estimate of the value of my grandfather's estate. Although John Marshall Glenarm was an eccentric man, he had been able to accumulate a large fortune; and yet I had tamely permitted the executor to tell me that he had died comparatively poor. In so readily accepting the terms of the will and burying myself in a region of which I knew nothing, I had cut myself off from the usual channels of counsel. If I left the place to return to New York I should simply disinherit myself. At Glenarm I was, and there I must remain to the end of the year. I grew bitter against Pickering as I reflected upon the ease with which he had got rid of me. I had always satisfied myself that my wits were as keen as his, but I felt now that I had stupidly put myself in his power.

CHAPTER V

A RED TAM-O'-SHANTER

I looked out on the bright October morning with a renewed sense of isolation. Trees crowded about my windows, many of them still wearing their festal colors, scarlet and brown and gold, with the bright green of some stubborn companion standing out here and there with startling vividness. I put on an old corduroy outing suit and heavy shoes, ready for a tramp abroad, and went below.

The great library seemed larger than

ever when I beheld it in the morning light. I opened one of the French windows and stepped out on a stone terrace, where I gained a fair view of the exterior of the house, which proved to be a modified Tudor, with battlements and two towers. One of the latter was only half-finished, and to it and to other parts of the house the workmen's scaffolding still clung. Heaps of stone and piles of lumber were scattered about in great disorder. The house extended partly along the edge of a ravine, through which a slender creek ran toward the lake. The terrace became a broad balcony immediately outside the library, and beneath it the water bubbled pleasantly around heavy stone pillars. Two pretty rustic bridges spanned the ravine, one near the front entrance, the other at the rear. My grandfather had projected his house on a generous plan, but buried as it was among the trees, it suffered the lack of perspective. However, on one side toward the lake was a fair meadow, broken by a water-tower, and just beyond the west dividing wall I saw a little chapel; and still farther, in the same direction, the outlines of the buildings of St. Agatha's were vaguely perceptible in another strip of woodland.

The thought of gentle nuns and school-girls as neighbors amused me. All I asked was that they should keep to their own side of the wall.

I heard behind me the careful step of Bates.

"Good morning, Mr. Glenarm. I trust you rested quite well, sir."

His figure was as austere, his tone as respectful and colorless as by night. The morning light gave him a pallid cast. He suffered my examination coolly enough; his eyes were, indeed, the best thing about him.

"You may breakfast when you like, sir,"—and thus admonished I went into the refectory.

A newspaper lay at my plate; it was the morning's issue of a Chicago daily.

I was, then, not wholly out of the world, I reflected, scanning the headlines.

Bates had placed me so that I faced the windows, an attention to my comfort and safety that I appreciated. The broken pane told the tale of the shot that had so narrowly missed me the night before.

"I'll repair that to-day, sir," Bates remarked, seeing my eyes upon the window.

"You know that I'm to spend a year on this place; I assume that you are acquainted with the circumstances," I said, feeling it wise that we should understand each other.

"Quite so, Mr. Glenarm."

"I'm a student, you know, and all I want is to be let alone."

This I threw in to reassure myself rather than for his information. It was just as well, I reflected, to assert a little authority, even though the fellow undoubtedly represented Pickering and received orders from him.

"In a day or two, or as soon as I have got used to the place, I shall settle down to work in the library. You may give me breakfast at seven-thirty; luncheon at one-thirty and dinner at seven."

"Those were my late master's hours, sir."

"Very good. And I'll eat anything you please, except mutton broth, meat pie and canned strawberries. Strawberries in tins, Bates, are not well calculated to lift the spirit of man."

"I quite agree with you, sir, if you will pardon my opinion."

"And the bills—"

"They are provided for by Mr. Pickering. He sends me an allowance for the household expenses."

"So you are to report to him, are you, as heretofore?"

I blew out a match with which I had lighted a cigar and watched the smoking end intently.

"I believe that's the idea, sir."

It is not pleasant to be under compulsion,—to feel your freedom curtailed, to

be conscious of espionage. I rose without a word and went into the hall.

"You may like to have the keys," said Bates, following me. "There's two for the gates in the outer wall and one for the St. Agatha's gate; they're marked, as you see. And here's the hall-door key and the boat-house key that you asked for last night."

After an hour spent in unpacking I went out into the grounds. I thought it well to wire Pickering of my arrival, and I set out for Annandale to send him a telegram.

I found the gate through which we had entered the grounds the night before without difficulty, and started off in an amiable state of mind. My perplexity over the mysterious shot was passing away under the benign influences of blue sky and warm sunshine. A few farm-folk passed me in the highway and saluted me in the fashion of the country, inspecting my knickerbockers at the same time with frank disapproval. When I reached the lake I gazed out upon its quiet waters with satisfaction. At the foot of Annandale's main street was a dock where several small steam-craft and a number of catboats were being dismantled for the winter. As I passed, a man approached the dock in a skiff, landed and tied his boat. He passed at a quick pace, then turned and eyed me with rustic directness.

"Good morning!" I said. "Any ducks about?"

He paused, nodded and fell into step with me.

"No,—not enough to pay for the trouble."

"I'm sorry for that. I'd hoped to pick up a few."

"I guess you're a stranger in these parts," he remarked, eying me again,—my knickerbockers no doubt marking me as an alien.

"Quite so. My name is Glenarm, and I've just come."

"I thought you might be him. We've rather been expecting you here in the vil-

lage. I'm John Morgan, caretaker of the resorters' houses up the lake."

"I suppose you all knew my grandfather hereabouts."

"Well, yes; you might say as we did, or you might say as we didn't. He wasn't just the sort that you got next to in a hurry. He kept pretty much to himself. He built a wall there to keep us out, but he needn't have troubled himself. We're not the kind around here to meddle, and you may be sure the summer people never bothered him."

There was a tone of resentment in his voice, and I hastened to say:

"I'm sure you're mistaken about the purposes of that wall. My grandfather was a student of architecture. It was a hobby of his. The house and wall were in the line of his experiments, and to please his whims. I hope the people of the village won't hold any hard feelings against his memory or against me. Why, the labor there must have been a good thing for the people hereabouts."

"It ought to have been," said the man gruffly; "but that's where the trouble comes in. He brought a lot of queer fellows here under contract to work for him,—Italians, or Greeks, or some sort of foreigners. They built the wall, and he had 'em at work inside for half a year. He didn't even let 'em out for air; and when they finished his job he loaded 'em on to a train one day and hauled 'em away."

"That was quite like him, I'm sure," I said, remembering with amusement my grandfather's secretive ways.

"I guess he was a crank all right," said the man conclusively.

It was evident that he did not care to establish friendly relations with the resident of Glenarm. He was about forty, light, with a yellow beard and pale blue eyes. He was dressed roughly and wore a shabby soft hat.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to assume responsibility for him and his acts," I remarked, piqued by the fellow's surliness.

We had reached the center of the village, and he left me abruptly, crossing the street to one of the shops. I continued on to the railway station, where I wrote and paid for my message. The station-master inspected me carefully as I searched my pockets for change.

"You want your telegrams delivered at the house?" he asked.

"Yes, please," I answered, and he turned away to his desk of clicking instruments without looking at me again.

It seemed wise to establish relations with the post-office, so I made myself known to the girl who stood at the delivery window.

"You already have a box," she advised me. "There's a boy carries the mail to your house; Mr. Bates hires him."

Bates had himself given me this information, but the girl seemed to find pleasure in imparting it with a certain severity. I then bought a cake of soap at the principal drug store and purchased a package of smoking-tobacco, which I did not need, at a grocery.

News of my arrival had evidently reached the villagers; I was conceited enough to imagine that my presence was probably of interest to them; but the station-master, the girl at the post-office and the clerks in the shops treated me with an unmistakable cold reserve. There was a certain evenness of the chill with which they visited me, as though a particular degree of frigidity had been agreed on in advance.

I shrugged my shoulders and turned toward Glenarm. My grandfather had left me a cheerful legacy of distrust among my neighbors, the result, probably, of importing foreign labor to work on his house. The surly Morgan had intimidated as much; but it did not greatly matter. I had not come to Glenarm to cultivate the rustics, but to fulfil certain obligations laid down in my grandfather's will. I was, so to speak, on duty, and I much preferred that the villagers should let me alone. Comforting myself

with these reflections I reached the wharf, where I saw Morgan sitting with his feet dangling over the water, smoking a pipe.

I nodded in his direction, but he feigned not to see me. A moment later he jumped into his boat and rowed out upon the lake.

When I returned to the house Bates was at work in the kitchen. This was a large square room with heavy timbers showing in the walls and low ceiling. There was a great fireplace in an enormous chimney, fitted with a crane and hobs, but for practical purposes a small range was provided.

Bates received me placidly.

"Yes; it's an unusual room, sir. Mr. Glenarm copied it from an old kitchen in England. He took quite a pride in it. It's a pleasant place to sit in the evening, sir."

He showed me the way below, where I found that the cellar extended under every part of the house, and was divided into large chambers. The door of one of them was of heavy oak, bound in iron, with a barred opening at the top. A great iron hasp with a heavy padlock and grilled area windows gave further the impression of a cell, and I fear that at this, as at many other things in the curious house, I swore—if I did not laugh—thinking of the money my grandfather had expended in realizing his whims. The room was used, I noted with pleasure, as a depository for potatoes.

In another of these rooms I found a curious collection of lanterns of every conceivable description, grouped on shelves; and next door to this apartment was another store-room filled with brass candle-sticks of many odd designs.

I returned to the main floor, and sought the comforts of the library, where I smoked a pipe over a very tedious chapter in an exceedingly dull book on "Norman Revivals and Influences." Then I went out, assuring myself that I should get steadily to work in a day or two.

Bates was soberly chopping wood at a rough pile of timber at the rear of the house. His industry had already impressed me. He had the quiet ways of an ideal serving man.

"Well, Bates, you don't intend to let me freeze to death, do you? There must be enough wood in the pile there to last all winter."

"Yes, sir; I am just cutting a little more of the hickory, sir. Mr. Glenarm always preferred it to beech or maple."

I turned toward the unfinished tower in the meadow, from which a windmill pumped water to the house. The iron frame was not wholly covered with stone, but material for the remainder of the work lay scattered at the base. I went on through the wood to the lake and inspected the boat-house; then I followed the pebbly shore to the stone wall where it marked the line of the school-grounds. The wall, I observed, was of the same solid character here as along the road. I tramped beside it, reflecting that my grandfather's estate, in the heart of the Republic, would some day give the lie to foreign complaints that we have no ruins in America.

The buildings of St. Agatha's were well hidden by the intervening wood, and I climbed upon the wall at the iron gate for an ampler view. The pillars at either side of the gate were of huge dimensions and were higher than I could reach. The little Gothic church near at hand was built of stone similar to that used in Glenarm House. As I surveyed the scene a number of young women appeared, and, forming in twos and fours, walked back and forth before the chapel. A sister clad in a brown habit lingered near or walked first with one and then another group of students. It was all very pretty and interesting and not at all the ugly school for paupers I had expected to find. The students were not the charity children I had carelessly pictured; they were not so young, for one thing, and they seemed to be appareled decently enough.

I smiled to find myself adjusting my scarf and straightening my collar as I beheld my neighbors for the first time.

As I sat thus on the wall I heard the sound of angry voices back of me on the Glenarm side, and a crash of underbrush marked a flight and pursuit. I crouched down on the wall and waited. In a moment a man plunged through the wood and stumbled over a low hanging vine and fell, not twenty feet away from me. To my great surprise it was Morgan, my acquaintance of the morning. He rose, cursed his ill luck and, hugging the wall close, ran toward the lake. Instantly the pursuer broke into view. It was Bates, evidently much excited and with an ugly cut across his forehead. He carried a heavy club, and, after listening for a moment for sounds of the enemy, he hurried after the caretaker.

It was not my row, though I must say it wakened my curiosity. I straightened myself out, threw my legs over the school side of the wall and lighted a cigar, feeling cheered by the opportunity the stone barricade offered for observing the world.

As I looked off toward the little church I found two other actors appearing on the scene. A girl stood in a little opening of the wood, talking to a man. Her hands were thrust into the pockets of her covert coat; she wore a red tam-o'-shanter, that made a bright bit of color in the wood. They were not more than a dozen yards away, but a wild growth of young maples lay between us. Their profiles were toward me, and the tones of the girl's voice reached me clearly as she addressed her companion. He wore a clergyman's high waistcoat, and I assumed that he was the chaplain whom Bates had mentioned. I am not by nature an eavesdropper, but the girl was clearly making a plea of some kind, and the chaplain's stalwart figure awoke in me an antagonism that held me to the wall.

"If he comes here I shall go away, so you may as well understand it and tell him. I shan't see him under any circum-

stances, and I'm not going to Florida or California or anywhere else on a private car, no matter who chaperones it."

"Certainly not, unless you want to—certainly not," said the chaplain. "You understand that I'm only giving you his message. He thought it best—"

"Not to write to me or to Sister Theresa!" broke in the girl contemptuously. "What a clever person he is!"

"And how unclever I am!" said the clergyman, laughing. "Well, at any rate, I thank you for giving me the opportunity to present his message."

She smiled, nodded and turned swiftly toward the school. The chaplain looked after her for a few moments, then walked soberly away toward the lake. He was a young fellow, clean-shaven and dark, and with a pair of shoulders that gave me a twinge of envy. I could not guess how great a factor that vigorous figure was to be in my own affairs. As I swung down from the wall and walked toward Glenarm House, my thoughts were not with the athletic chaplain, but with the girl, whose youth was, I reflected, marked by her short skirt, the unconcern with which her hands were thrust into the pockets of her coat, and the irresponsible tilt of the tam-o'-shanter. There is something jaunty, a suggestion of spirit and independence, in a tam-o'-shanter, particularly a red one. If the red tam-o'-shanter expressed, so to speak, the key-note of St. Agatha's, the proximity of the school was not so bad a thing after all.

In high good-humor and with a sharp appetite I went in to luncheon.

CHAPTER VI

THE GIRL AND THE CANOE

Bates did not refer to his encounter with the caretaker, and I resolved to keep my knowledge of it to myself. I always prefer to let a rascal hang himself, and here was a case, I reasoned, where, if

Bates was disloyal to the duties Pickering had imposed upon him, the fact of his perfidy was bound to disclose itself eventually. Glancing around at him when he was off guard I surprised a look of utter dejection upon his face as he stood with folded arms behind my chair.

He flushed and started, then put his hand to his forehead, where a strip of plaster covered his wound.

"I met with a slight accident this morning, Mr. Glenarm. The hickory's very tough, sir. A piece of wood flew up and struck me."

"Too bad!" I said with sympathy. "You'd better rest a bit this afternoon."

"Thank you, sir; but it's only a small matter,—only, you might think the cut a trifle disfiguring."

He struck a match for my cigarette, and I left without looking at him again. But as I crossed the threshold of the library I formulated this note: "Bates is a liar, for one thing, and a person with active enemies for another; watch him."

All things considered the day was passing well enough. I picked up a book, threw myself on a comfortable divan to smoke and reflect before continuing my explorations. As I lay there, Bates brought me a telegram, a reply to my message to Pickering. It read:

"Yours announcing arrival received and filed."

It was certainly a queer business, my errand to Glenarm. I lay for a couple of hours dreaming, and counted the candles in the great crystal chandelier until my eyes ached. Then I took my cap and was soon tramping toward the lake.

There were several small boats and a naphtha launch in the boat-house. I dropped a canoe into the water and paddled off toward the summer colony, whose gables and red roofs were plainly visible from the boat-house.

I landed and roamed idly over leaf-strewn walks past nearly a hundred cottages, to whose windows and verandas



Drawing by
Howard Chandler Christy
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The Bobbs-Merrill Company

Howard Chandler Christy, 1905

"LIKE A FLASH HE SWUNG THE HAMMER, AND AT THE SAME MOMENT I FIRED"

the winter blinds gave a dreary and inhospitable air. There was, at one point, a casino, whose broad veranda hung over the edge of the lake, while beneath, on the water-side, was a boat-house.

I walked back to the wharf, where I had left my canoe, and was about to step into it when I saw, rocking at a similar landing-place near-by, another slight craft of the same type as my own, but painted dark maroon. I was sure the canoe had not been there when I landed. Possibly it belonged to Morgan, the caretaker! I walked over and examined it. I even lifted it slightly to test its weight. The paddle lay on the dock beside me and it, too, I weighed critically, deciding that it was a trifle light for my own taste.

"Please—if you don't mind—"

I turned to stand face to face with the girl in the red tam-o'-shanter.

"I beg your pardon," I said, stepping away from the canoe.

She did not wear the covert coat of the morning, but a red knit jacket, buttoned tight about her. She was young with every emphasis of youth. A pair of dark blue eyes examined me with good-humored curiosity. She was on good terms with the sun—I rejoiced in the brown of her cheeks, so eloquent of companionship with the outdoor world—a certificate indeed of the favor of Heaven. Show me, in October, a girl with a face of tan, whose hands have plied a paddle or driven a golf-ball or cast a fly beneath the blue arches of summer; and I will suffer her scorn in joy. She may vote me dull and refute my wisest word with laughter; for hers are the privileges of the sisterhood of Diana; and that soft bronze, those daring fugitive freckles beneath her eyes, link her to times when Pan whistled upon his reed and all the days were long.

Her rubber-soled outing shoes had made possible her silent approach, and she enjoyed, I was sure, my discomfiture at being taken unawares.

I had snatched off my cap and stood waiting beside the canoe, feeling, I must admit, a trifle guilty at being caught in the unwarrantable inspection of another person's property—particularly a person so wholly pleasing to the eye.

"I believe—I believe that is my paddle," she said, a little timidly I thought, and yet with definiteness.

I looked down and found to my annoyance that I held her paddle in my hand,—was in fact leaning upon it with a cool air of proprietorship.

"Again, I beg your pardon," I said. "I hadn't expected—"

She eyed me calmly, with the stare of the child that arrives at a drawing-room door by mistake and scrutinizes the guests without awe. I didn't know what I had expected or had not expected, and she manifested no intention of helping me to explain. Her short skirt suggested fifteen or sixteen—not more—and such being the case there was no reason why I should not be master of the situation. As I fumbled my pipe the hot coals of tobacco burned my hand and I cast the thing from me.

She laughed a little, then caught herself and gravely watched the pipe bound from the dock into the water.

"Too bad!" she said, her eyes upon it; "but if you hurry you may get it before it floats away."

"Thank you for the suggestion," I said. But I did not relish the idea of kneeling on the dock to fish for a pipe before a strange school-girl who was, I felt sure, anxious to laugh at me.

She took a step toward the line by which her boat was fastened.

"Allow me."

"If you think you can,—safely," she said; and the laughter that lurked in her eyes annoyed me.

"The feminine knot is designed for the confusion of man," I observed, twitching vainly at the rope, which was tied securely in unfamiliar loops.

She was singularly unresponsive. The thought that she was probably laughing at my clumsiness did not make my fingers more nimble.

"The nautical instructor at St. Agatha's is undoubtedly a woman. This knot must come in the post-graduate course. But my gallantry is equal, I trust, to your patience."

The maid in the red tam-o'-shanter continued silent. The wet rope was obdurate, the knot more and more hopeless, and my efforts to make light of the situation awakened no response in the girl. I tugged away at the rope, attacking its tangle on various theories.

"A case for surgery, I'm afraid. A truly gordian knot, but I haven't my knife."

"Oh, but you wouldn't!" she exclaimed. "I think I can manage."

She bent down—I was aware that the sleeve of her jacket brushed my shoulder—seized an end that I had ignored, gave it a sharp tug with a slim brown hand and pulled the knot free.

"There!" she exclaimed with a little laugh; "I might have saved you all the bother."

"How dull of me! But I didn't have the combination," I said, steadying the canoe carefully to mitigate the ignominy of my failure.

She scorned the hand I extended, but embarked with light confident step and took the paddle. It was growing late. The shadows in the wood were deepening; a chill crept over the water, and, beyond the tower of the chapel, the sky was bright with the glow of sunset.

With a few skilful strokes she brought her little craft beside my pipe, which she deftly caught on the paddle blade and tossed to the wharf.

"Perhaps you can pipe a tune upon it," she said, dipping the paddle.

"You put me under great obligations," I declared. "Are all the girls at St. Agatha's as amiable?"

"I shouldn't say so! I'm a great ex-

ception,—and—I really shouldn't be talking to you at all! It's against the rules! And we don't encourage smoking."

"The chaplain doesn't smoke, I suppose."

"Not in chapel; I believe it isn't done! And we rarely see him anywhere else."

She had idled with the paddle so far, but now she lifted her eyes and drew back the blade for a long stroke.

"But in the wood,—this morning—by the wall!"

I hate myself to this day for having so startled her. The poised blade dropped into the water with a splash; she brought the canoe a trifle nearer to the wharf with an almost imperceptible stroke, and turned toward me with wonder and dismay in her eyes.

"So you are an eavesdropper and detective, are you? I beg that you will give your master my compliments! I really owe you an apology; I *thought* you were a gentleman," she exclaimed with withering emphasis, and dipped her blade deep in flight.

I called, stammering incoherently, after her, but her light argosy skimmed the water steadily. The paddle rose and fell with trained precision, making scarcely a ripple as she stole softly away toward the fairy towers of the sunset. I stood looking after her, goaded with self-contempt. A glory of purple and scarlet and gold filled the west. Suddenly the wind moaned in the wood behind the line of cottages, swept over me and rippled the surface of the lake. I watched its flight until it caught her canoe and I marked the flimsy craft's quick response, as the shaken waters bore her alert figure upward on the swell, her blade still maintaining its regular dip, until she disappeared behind a little peninsula, that made a harbor near the school grounds.

The red tam-o'-shanter seemed at last to merge in the red sky, and I turned cheerlessly to my canoe.

CHAPTER VII

THE MAN ON THE WALL

I was so thoroughly angry with myself that after idling along the shores for an hour I lost my way in the dark wood when I landed and brought up at the rear door used by Bates for communication with the villagers who supplied us with provender. I readily found my way to the kitchen and to a flight of stairs beyond, which connected the first and second floors. I stumbled up the unfamiliar way in the dark, with, I fear, a malediction upon my grandfather, who had built and left incomplete a house so utterly preposterous. My unpardonable fling at the girl still rankled; and I was cold from the quick descent of the night chill on the water and anxious to get into some comfortable clothes. Once on the second floor I was sure of the location of my room, and I was feeling my way toward it over the rough floor when I heard low voices rising apparently from my sitting-room.

It was pitch dark in the hall. I stopped short and listened. The door of my room was open and a faint light flashed once into the hall and disappeared. I heard now a sound as of a hammer tapping upon wood-work.

Then it ceased, and a voice whispered:

"He'll kill me if he finds me here. I'll try again to-morrow. I swear to God I'll help you, but no more now—"

Then the sound of a scuffle and again the tapping of the hammer. After several minutes more of this there was a whispered dialogue which I could not hear.

Whatever was occurring two or three points struck me on the instant. One of the conspirators was an unwilling party to an act as yet unknown; second, they had been unsuccessful and must wait for another opportunity; and third, the business, whatever it was, was clearly of some importance to myself, as my own apartments in my grandfather's strange

house had been chosen for the investigation.

Clearly I was not prepared to close the incident, but the idea of frightening my visitors appealed to my sense of humor. I tiptoed to the front stairway, ran lightly down, found the front door, and, from the inside, opened and slammed it. I heard instantly a hurried scamper above, and the heavy fall of one who had stumbled in the dark. I grinned with real pleasure at the sound of this mishap, hastened to the great library, which was as dark as a well, and, opening one of the long windows, stepped out on the balcony. At once from the rear of the house came the sound of a stealthy step, which increased to a run at the ravine bridge. I listened to the flight of the fugitive through the wood until the sounds died away toward the lake.

Then, turning to the library window, I saw Bates, with a candle held above his head, peering about.

"Hello, Bates," I called cheerfully. "I just got home and stepped out to see if the moon had risen. I don't believe I know where to look for it in this country."

He began lighting the tapers with his usual deliberation.

"It's a trifle early, I think, sir. About eight o'clock, I should say, was the hour, Mr. Glenarm."

There was, of course, no doubt whatever that Bates had been one of the men I heard in my room. It was wholly possible that he had been compelled to assist in some lawless act against his will; but why, if he had been forced into aiding a criminal, should he not invoke my own aid to protect himself? I kicked the logs in the fireplace impatiently at my uncertainty. The man slowly lighted the many candles in the great apartment. He was certainly a deep one, and his case grew more puzzling as I studied it in relation to the rifle-shot of the night before, his collision with Morgan in the

wood, which I had witnessed; and now the house itself had been invaded by some one with his connivance. The rifle shot might have been innocent enough; but taken in connection with these other matters it could hardly be brushed aside.

Bates lighted me to the stairway, and said as I passed him:

"There's a baked ham for dinner. I should call it extra delicate, Mr. Glenarm. I suppose there's no change in the dinner hour, sir?"

"Certainly not," I said with asperity; for I am not a person to inaugurate a dinner hour one day and change it the next. Bates wished to make conversation,—the sure sign of a guilty conscience in a servant,—and I was not disposed to encourage him.

I closed the doors carefully and began a thorough examination of both the sitting-room and the little bed-chamber. I was quite sure that my own effects could not have attracted the two men who had taken advantage of my absence to visit my quarters. Bates had helped unpack my trunk and undoubtedly knew every item of my simple wardrobe. I threw open the doors of my three closets and found them all in the good order established by Bates. He had carried my trunks and bags to a store-room, so that everything I owned must have passed under his eye. My money even, the remnant of my fortune that I had drawn from the New York bank, I had placed carelessly enough in the drawer of a chiffonnier otherwise filled with collars. It took but a moment to satisfy myself that this had not been touched. And, to be sure, a hammer was not necessary to open a drawer that had, from its appearance, never been locked. The game was deeper than I had imagined; I had scratched the crust without result, and my wits were busy with speculations as I brushed my clothes, pausing frequently to examine the furniture, even the bricks on the hearth.

One thing only I found—the slight

scar of a hammer-head on the oak paneling that ran around the bedroom. The wood had been struck near the base and at the top of every panel, for though the mark was not perceptible on all, a test had evidently been made systematically. With this as a beginning, I found a moment later a spot of tallow under a heavy table in one corner. Evidently the furniture had been moved to permit of the closest scrutiny of the paneling.

Glenarm House really promised to prove exciting. I took from a drawer a small revolver, filled its chambers with cartridges and thrust it into my hip pocket, whistling meanwhile Larry Donovan's favorite air, "The Marche Funèbre de Marionnettes." My heart went out to Larry as I scented adventure, and I wished him with me; but speculations as to Larry's whereabouts were always profitless, and quite likely he was in jail somewhere.

The ham of whose excellence Bates had hinted was no disappointment. There is, I have always held, nothing better in this world than a properly baked ham, and the specimen Bates placed before me was a delight to the eye,—so adorned was it with spices so crisply brown its outer coat; and a taste,—that first tentative taste, before the sauce was added,—was like a dream of Lucullus come true. I felt that I could forgive a good deal in a cook with that touch,—anything short of arson and assassination!

"Bates," I said, as he stood forth where I could see him, "you cook amazingly well. Where did you learn the business?"

"I can hardly say I know it, sir. Your lamented grandfather grew very capacious, Mr. Glenarm. I had to learn to satisfy him, and I believe I did it, sir, if you'll pardon the conceit."

"He didn't die of gout, did he? I can readily imagine it."

"No, Mr. Glenarm. It was his heart. He had his warning of it."

"Ah, yes; to be sure. The heart or the

stomach,—one may as well fail as the other. I believe I prefer to keep my digestion going as long as possible. Those grilled sweet potatoes again, if you please, Bates."

The game that he and I were playing appealed to me strongly. It was altogether worth while, and as I ate guava jelly with cheese and toasted crackers, and then lighted one of my own cigars over a cup of Bates' unfailing coffee, my spirit was livelier than at any time since a certain evening on which Larry and I had escaped from Tangier with our lives and the curses of the police.

The day had offered much material for fireside reflection, and I reviewed its history calmly. There was, however, one incident that I found unpleasant in the retrospect. I had been guilty of most unchivalrous conduct toward one of the girls of St. Agatha's. It had certainly been unbecoming in me to sit on the wall, however unwillingly, and listen to the words—few though they were—that passed between her and the chaplain. I forgot the shot through the window; I forgot Bates and the interest my room possessed for him and his unknown accomplice; but the sudden distrust and contempt I had awakened in the girl by my clownish behavior annoyed me increasingly.

I rose presently, found my cap and went out into the moon-flooded wood toward the lake. The tangle was not so great when you knew the way, and there was indeed, as I had found, the faint suggestion of a path. The moon glorified a broad highway across the water; the air was sharp and still. I followed the wall of St. Agatha's to the gate, climbed up and sat down in the shadow of the pillar farthest from the lake. I drew out a cigarette and was about to light it when I heard a sound as of a step on stone. There was, I knew, no stone pavement at hand, but peering toward the lake I saw a man walking boldly along the top of

the wall toward me. The moonlight threw his figure into clear relief. Several times he paused, bent down and rapped upon the wall with an object he carried in his hand.

Tap, tap, tap! The man with the hammer was examining the farther side of the gate, and very likely he would carry his investigations beyond it. I drew up my legs and crouched in the shadow of the pillar, revolver in hand. I was not anxious to invite an encounter; I much preferred to wait for a disclosure of the purpose that lay behind this mysterious tapping upon walls.

But the matter was taken out of my own hands before I had a chance to debate it. The man dropped to the ground, sounded the stone base under the gate, likewise the pillars, evidently without results, struck a spiteful crack upon the iron bars, then stood up abruptly and looked me straight in the eyes. It was Morgan, the caretaker of the summer colony.

"Good evening, Mr. Morgan," I said, settling the revolver into my hand.

There was no doubt about his surprise; he fell back, staring at me hard, and instinctively drawing the hammer over his shoulder as though to fling it at me.

"Just stay where you are a moment, Morgan," I said pleasantly, and dropped to a sitting position on the wall for greater ease in talking to him.

He stood sullenly, the hammer dangling at arm's length, while my revolver covered his head.

"Now, if you please, I'd like to know what you mean by prowling about here and rummaging my house!"

"Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Glenarm? Well, you certainly gave me a bad scare."

His air was one of relief and his teeth showed pleasantly through his beard.

"It certainly is I. But you haven't answered my question. What were you doing in my house to-day?"

He smiled again, shaking his head.

"You're really fooling, Mr. Glenarm. I wasn't in your house to-day; I never was in it in my life!"

His white teeth gleamed in his light beard; his hat was pushed back from his forehead so that I saw his eyes, and he wore unmistakably the air of a man whose conscience is perfectly clear. I was confident that he lied, but without appealing to Bates I was not prepared to prove it.

"But you can't deny that you're on my grounds now, can you?" I had dropped the revolver to my knee, but I raised it again.

"Certainly not, Mr. Glenarm. If you'll allow me to explain—"

"That's precisely what I want you to do."

"Well, it may seem strange,"—he laughed, and I felt the least bit foolish to be pointing a pistol at the head of a fellow of so amiable a spirit.

"Hurry," I commanded.

"Well, as I was saying, it may seem strange; but I was just examining the wall to determine the character of the work. One of the cottagers on the lake left me with the job of building a fence on his place, and I've been expecting to come over to look at this all fall. You see, Mr. Glenarm, your honored grandfather was a master in such matters, and I didn't see any harm in getting the benefit—to put it so—of his experience."

I laughed. He had denied having entered the house with so much assurance that I had been prepared for some really plausible explanation of his interest in the wall.

"Morgan—you said it was Morgan, didn't you?—you are undoubtedly a scoundrel of the first water."

"Men have been killed for saying less," he said.

"And for doing less than fire through windows at a man's head. It wasn't friendly of you."

"I don't see why you center all your

suspensions on me. You exaggerate my importance, Mr. Glenarm. I'm only the man-of-all-work at a summer resort."

"I wouldn't believe you, Morgan, if you swore on a stack of Bibles as high as this wall."

"Thanks!" he ejaculated mockingly.

Like a flash he swung the hammer over his head and drove it at me, and at the same moment I fired. The hammer-head struck the pillar near the outer edge and in such a manner that the handle flew around and smote me smartly in the face. By the time I reached the ground the man was already running rapidly through the park, darting in and out among the trees, and I made after him at hot speed.

The hammer-handle had struck my mouth, and the whole lower half of my face stung from the blow. I abused myself roundly for managing the encounter so stupidly, and in my rage fired twice with no aim whatever after the flying figure of the caretaker. He clearly had the advantage of familiarity with the wood, striking off boldly into the heart of it, and quickly widening the distance between us; but I kept on, even after I ceased to hear him threshing through the undergrowth, and came out presently at the margin of the lake about fifty feet from the boat-house. I waited in its shadow for some time, expecting to see the fellow again, but he did not appear.

I found the wall with difficulty and followed it back to the gate. It would be just as well, I thought, to possess myself of the hammer; and I dropped down on the St. Agatha side of the wall and groped about among the leaves until I found it.

Then I walked home, went into the library, alight with its many candles just as I had left it, and sat down before the fire to meditate. I had been absent from the house only forty-five minutes.

(To be continued)

HOW JIMABOY FOUND HIMSELF

By Francis Lynde

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAFTERS," "THE MASTER OF APPELBY," ETC.

WHEN Jimaboy began to live by his wits—otherwise, when he set up author and proposed to write for bread and meat—it was a time when the public appetite demanded names and *naïveté*. And since Jimaboy was fresh enough to satisfy both of these requirements, the editors looked with favor upon him, and his income, for a little while, exceeded the modest figure of the railroad clerkship upon which he had ventured to ask Isobel to marry him.

But afterward there came a time of dearth; a period in which the new name was no longer a thing to conjure with, and artlessness was a drug on the market. Cleverness was the name of the new requirement, and Jimaboy's gift was glaringly sentimental. When you open your magazine at "The Contusions of Peggy, by James Augustus Jimaboy," you are justly indignant when you find melodrama and predetermined pathos instead of the clever clowneries which the sheer absurdity of the author's signature predicts.

"Item," said Jimaboy, jotting it down in his note-book while Isobel hung over the back of his chair: "It's a perilous thing to make people cry when they are out for amusement. Did the postman remember us this morning?"

Isobel nodded mournfully.

"And the crop?" said Jimaboy.

"Three manuscripts; two from New York and one from Boston."

"So flee the works of men
Back to the earth again,"

quoted the sentimentalist, smiling from the teeth outward. "Is that all?"

"All you would care about. There were some fussy old bills."

"Whose, for instance?"

"Oh, the grocer's and the coal man's and the butcher's and the water company's, and some other little ones."

"Some other little ones," mused Jimaboy. "There's pathos for you. If I could ever get that into a story, with your intonation, it would be cheap at fifteen cents the word. We're up against it, Bella, dear."

"Well?" she said, with an arm around his neck.

"It isn't well; it's confoundedly ill. It begins to look as if it were 'back to the farm' for us."

She came around to sit on the arm of the chair.

"To the railroad office? Never! Jimmy, love. You are too good for that."

"Am I? That remains to be proved. And just at present the evidence is accumulating by the ream on the other side—reams of rejected MS."

"You haven't found yourself yet; that is all."

He forced a smile. "Let's offer a reward. 'Lost: the key to James and Isobel Jimaboy's success in life. Finder will be suitably recompensed on returning same to 506 Hayward Avenue, Cleland, Ohio.'"

She leaned over and planted a soft little kiss on the exact spot on his forehead where it would do the most good.

"I could take the city examination and teach, if you'd let me, Jimmy."

He shook his head definitively. That was ground which had been gone over before.

"Teach little babies their a b c's? I'm

afraid that isn't your specialty, heart of mine. Now if you could teach other women the art of making a man believe that he has cornered the entire visible supply of ecstatic thrills in marrying the woman of his choice—by Jove, now! there's an idea!"

Now Jimaboy had no idea in particular; he never had an idea that he did not immediately coin it into words and try to sell it. But Isobel's eyes were suspiciously bright, and the situation had to be saved.

"I was just thinking: the thing to do successfully is the—er—the thing you do best, isn't it?"

She laughed, in spite of the unpaid bills.

"Why can't you put clever things like that into your stories, Jimmy, dear?"

"As if I didn't!" he retorted. "But don't step on my idea and squash it while it's in the soft-shell-crab stage. As I said, I was thinking: there is just one thing we can give the world odds on and beat it out of sight. And that thing is our long suit—our specialty."

"But you said you had an idea," said Isobel, whose private specialty was singleness of purpose.

"Oh—yes," said Jimaboy. Then he smote hard upon the anvil and forged one on the spur of the moment. "Suppose we call it The Post-Graduate School of W. B., Professor James Augustus Jimaboy, principal; Mrs. Isobel Jimaboy, assistant principal. How would that sound?"

"It would sound like the steam siren on the planing mill. But what is the 'W. B.'?"

"'Wedded Bliss,' of course. Here is the way it figures out. We've been married three years, and—"

"Three years, five months and fourteen days," she corrected.

"Excellent! That accuracy of yours would be worth a fortune on the faculty. But let me finish—during these three years, five months and fourteen days we

have fought, bled and died on the literary battle-field; dined on bath-mitts and *café hydraulique*, walked past the opera-house entrance when our favorite play was on, and all that. But tell me, throb of my heart, have we ever gone shy on bliss?"

She met him half-way. It was the spirit in which they had faced the bill collector since the beginning of the period of leanness.

"Never, Jimmy, dear; not even hardly ever."

"There you are, then. Remains only for us to tell others how to do it; to found the Post-Graduate School of W. B. It's the one thing needful in a world of educational advantage; a world in which everything but the gentle art of being happy, though married, is taught by the postman. We have solved all the other problems, but there has been no renaissance in the art of matrimony. Think of the ten thousand divorces granted in a single state last year! My dear Isobel, we mustn't lose a day—an hour—a minute!"

She pretended to take him seriously.

"I don't know why we shouldn't do it, I'm sure," she mused. "They teach everything by mail nowadays. But who is going to die and leave us the endowment to start with?"

"That's the artistic beauty of the mail scheme," said Jimaboy, enthusiastically. "It doesn't require capitalizing; no buildings, no campus, no football team, no expensive university plant; nothing but an inspiration, a serviceable typewriter, and a little old postman to blow his whistle at the door."

"And the specialty," added Isobel, "though some of them don't seem to trouble themselves much about that. Oh, yes; and the advertising; that is where the endowment comes in, isn't it?"

But Jimaboy would not admit the obstacle.

"That is one of the things that grow by what they are fed upon: your ad.

brings in the money, and then the money buys more ad. Now, there's Blicher, of the *Woman's Uplift*; he still owes us for that last story—we take it out in advertising space. Also Dormus, of the *Home World*, and Amory, of the *Storylovers*—same boat—more advertising space. Then the *Times* hasn't paid for that string of space-fillers on "The Lovers of All Nations." The *Times* has a job office, and we could take that out in prospectuses and application blanks."

By this time the situation was entirely saved and Isobel's eyes were dancing.

"Wouldn't it be glorious?" she murmured. "Think of the precious, precious letters we'd get; real letters like some of those pretended ones in Mr. Blicher's correspondence column. And we wouldn't tell them what the 'W. B.' meant until after they'd finished the course, and then we'd send them the degree of 'Master of Wedded Bliss,' and write it out in the diploma."

Jimaboy sat back in his chair and laughed uproariously. The most confirmed sentimentalist may have a saving sense of humor. Indeed, it is likely to go hard with him in the experimental years, if he has it not.

"It's perfectly feasible—perfectly," he chuckled. "It would be merely pounding sand into the traditional rat-hole with all the implements furnished—teaching our specialty to a world yearning to know how. You could get up the lectures and question schedules for the men, and I could make some sort of a shift with the women."

"Yes; but the text-books. Don't these 'Fit-yourself-at-Home' schools have text-books?"

"Um, y-yes; I suppose they do. That would be a little difficult for us—just at the go-off. But we could get around that. For example, 'Dear Mrs. Blank: Replying to your application for membership in the Post-Graduate School of W. B., would say that your case is so peculiar'—



ISOBEL APPLAUDED LOYALLY. "WHY, THAT DOESN'T CREAK A LITTLE BIT!"

that would flatter her immensely—"your case is so peculiar that the ordinary text-books cover it very inadequately. Therefore, with your approval, and for a small additional tuition fee of \$2 the term, we shall place you in a special class to be instructed by electrographed lectures dictated personally by the principal."

Isobel clapped her hands. "Jimmy, love, you are simply great, when you are not trying to be. And, after a while, we could print the lectures and have our own text-books copyrighted. But don't you think we ought to take in the young people, as well?—have a—a collegiate department for beginners?"

"Sh!" said Jimaboy, and he got up and closed the door with ostentatious caution. "Suppose somebody—Lantermann, for instance—should hear you say such things as that: 'take in the young people'! Shades of the Rosicrucians! we wouldn't 'take in' anybody. The very life of these mail things is the unshaken confidence of the people. But, as you suggest, we really ought to include the frying size."

It was delicious fooling, and Isobel found a sketch-block and dipped her pen.

"You do the letter-press for the 'collegiate' ad., and I'll make a picture for it," she said. "Hurry, or I'll beat you."

Jimaboy laughed and squared himself at the desk, and the race began. Isobel had a small gift and a large ambition: the gift was a cartoonist's facility in line drawing, and the ambition was to be able, in the dim and distant future, to illustrate Jimaboy's stories. Lantermann, the *Times* artist, whose rooms were just across the hall, had given her a few lessons in caricature and some little gruff, Teutonic encouragement.

"Time!" she called, tossing the sketch block over to Jimaboy. It was a happy thought. On a modern davenport sat two young people, far apart; the youth twiddling his thumbs in an ecstasy of embarrassment; the maiden making rabbit's

ears with her handkerchief. Jimaboy's note of appreciation was a guffaw.

"I couldn't rise to the expression on those faces in a hundred years!" he lamented. "Hear me creak!"

DON'T MARRY

until you have taken the Preparatory Course in the Post-Graduate School of W. B. Home Study in the Science of Successful Heart-Throbs. Why earn only ten kisses a week when one hour a day will qualify you for the highest positions? Our Collegiate Department confers degree of B. B.; Post-Graduate Department that of M. W. B. Members of Faculty all certificated Post-Graduates.

A postal card brings Prospectus and application blank.

Address: The Post-Graduate School of W. B., 506 Hayward Avenue, Cleland, Ohio.

Isobel applauded loyally. "Why, that doesn't creak a little bit! Try it again; for the Unhappy T. M.'s, this time. Ready? Play!"

Her picture was done while Jimaboy was still nibbling his pen and scowling over the scratch-pad. It was a drawing-room interior, with the wife in tears and the husband struggling into his overcoat. To them, running, an animated United States mail-bag, extending a huge envelope marked: "From the Post-Graduate School of W. B."

Jimaboy scratched out and rewrote, with the pen-drawing for an inspiration:

HEARTS DIVIDED

BECOME

HEARTS UNITED

when you have taken a Correspondence Course in Wedded Bliss. A Scholarship in the Post-Graduate School of W. B. is the most acceptable wedding gift or Christmas present for your friends. Curriculum includes Matrimony as a Fine Art, Post-Marriage Courtship, Elementary and Advanced Studies in Conjugal

Harmony, Easy Lessons in the Gentle Craft of Eating Her Experimental Bread, Practical Analysis of the Club-Habit, with special course for wives in the Abstract Science of Honeyfugling Parsimonious Husbands. Diploma qualifies for highest positions. Our Gold Medalists are never idle.

The Post-Graduate School of W. B., 506 Hayward Avenue, Cleland, Ohio.

N. B.—Graphophone, with Model Conversations for Married Lovers, furnished free with lectures on Post-Marriage Courtship.

They pinned the pictures each to its "copy" and had their laugh over the conceit.

"Blest if I don't believe we could actually fake the thing through if we should try," said Jimaboy. "There are plenty of people in this world who would take it seriously."

"I don't doubt it," was Isobel's reply. "People are so ready to be gold-bricked—especially by mail. But it's twelve o'clock! Shall I light the stove for luncheon?—or can we stand Giuseppe's?"

Jimaboy consulted the purse.

"I guess we can afford stuffed macaroni, this one time more," he rejoined. "Let's go now, while we can get one of the side tables and be exclusive."

They had barely turned the corner in the corridor when Lantermann's door opened and the cartoonist sallied out, also luncheon-stirred. He was a big German, with fierce military mustaches and a droop in his left eye that had earned him the nickname of "Bismarck" on the *Times* force. He tapped at the Jimaboy door in passing, growling to himself in broken English.

"I like not dis light housegeeping for dese babies mit der wood. Dey starf von day und eat nottings der next. I choost take dem oud once und gif dem sauerkraut und wiener."

When there was no answer to his rap he pushed the door open and entered, be-

ing altogether on a brotherly footing with his fellow-lodgers. The pen-drawings with their pendant squibs were lying on Jimaboy's desk; and when Lantermann comprehended he sat down in Jimaboy's chair and dwelt upon them.

"*Himmel!*" he gurgled; "dot's some of de liddle voman's fooling. Goot, *sehr* goot! I mus' show dot to Hasbrouck." And when he went out, the copy for the two advertisements was in his pocket.

Jimaboy got a check from the *Story-lovers* that afternoon, and in the hilarity consequent upon such sudden and unexpected prosperity the Post-Graduate School of W. B. was forgotten. But not permanently. Late in the evening, when Jimaboy was filing and scraping laboriously on another story,—he always worked hardest on the heels of a check,—Isobel thought of the pen-drawings and looked in vain for them.

"What did you do with the W. B. jokes, Jimmy?" she asked.

"I didn't do anything with them. Don't tell me they're lost!"—in mock concern.

"They seem to be; I can't find them anywhere."

"Oh, they'll turn up again all right," said Jimaboy; and he went on with his polishing.

They did turn up, most surprisingly. Three days later, Isobel was glancing through the thirty-odd pages of the swollen *Sunday Times*, and she gave a little shriek.

"Horrors!" she cried; "the *Times* has printed those ridiculous jokes of ours, and run them as advertisements!"

"What?" shouted Jimaboy.

"It's so; see here!"

It was so, indeed. On the "Wit and Humor" page, which was half reading matter and half advertising, the Post-Graduate School of W. B. figured as large as life, with very fair reproductions of Isobel's drawings heading the displays.

"Heavens!" ejaculated Jimaboy; and

then his first thought was the jealous author's. "Isn't it the luckiest thing ever that the spirit didn't move me to sign those things?"

"You might as well have signed them," said Isobel. "You've given our street and number."

"My kingdom!" groaned Jimaboy. "Here—you lock the door behind me, while I go hunt Hasbrouck. It's a duel with siege guns at ten paces, or a suit for damages with him."

He was back again in something under the hour, and his face was haggard.

"We are lost!" he announced tragically. "There is nothing for it now but to run."

"How ever did it happen?" queried Isobel.

"Oh, just as simply and easily as rolling off a log—as such things always happen. Lantermann saw the things on the desk, and your sketches caught him. He took 'em down to show to Hasbrouck, and Hasbrouck, meaning to do us a good turn, marked the skits up for the 'Wit and Humor' page. The intelligent make-up foreman did the rest: says of course he took 'em for ads. and run 'em as ads."

"But what does Mr. Hasbrouck say?"

"He gave me the horse laugh; said he would see to it that the advertising department didn't send me a bill. When I began to pull off my coat he took it all back and said he was all kinds of sorry and would have the mistake explained in to-morrow's paper. But you know how that goes. Out of the hundred and fifty thousand people who will read those miserable squibs to-day, not five thousand will see the explanation to-morrow. Oh, we've got to run, I tell you; skip, fly, vanish into thin air!"

But sober second thought came after a while to relieve the panic pressure. 506 Hayward Avenue was a small apartment-house, with a dozen or more tenants, lodgers, or light housekeepers, like the Jimaboys. All they would have

to do would be to breathe softly and make no mention of the Post-Graduate School of W. B. Then the other tenants would never know, and the postman would never know. Of course, the non-delivery of the mail might bring troublesome inquiry upon the *Times* advertising department, but, as Jimaboy remarked maliciously, that was none of their funeral.

Accordingly, they breathed softly for a continuous week, and carefully avoided personal collisions with the postman. But temporary barricades are poor defenses at the best. One day as they were stealthily scurrying out to luncheon—they had acquired the stealthy habit to perfection by this time—they ran plump into the laden mail carrier in the lower hall.

"Hello!" said he; "you are just the people I've been looking for. I have a lot of letters and postal cards for The Post-Graduate School of something or other, 506 Hayward. Do you know anything about it?"

They exchanged glances. Isobel's said, "Are you going to make *me* tell the fib?" and Jimaboy's said, "Help!"

"I—er—I guess maybe they belong to us"—it was the man who weakened. "At least, it was our advertisement that brought them. Much obliged, I'm sure." And a breathless minute later they were back in their rooms with the fateful and fearfully bulky packet on the desk between them and such purely physical and routine things as luncheon quite forgotten.

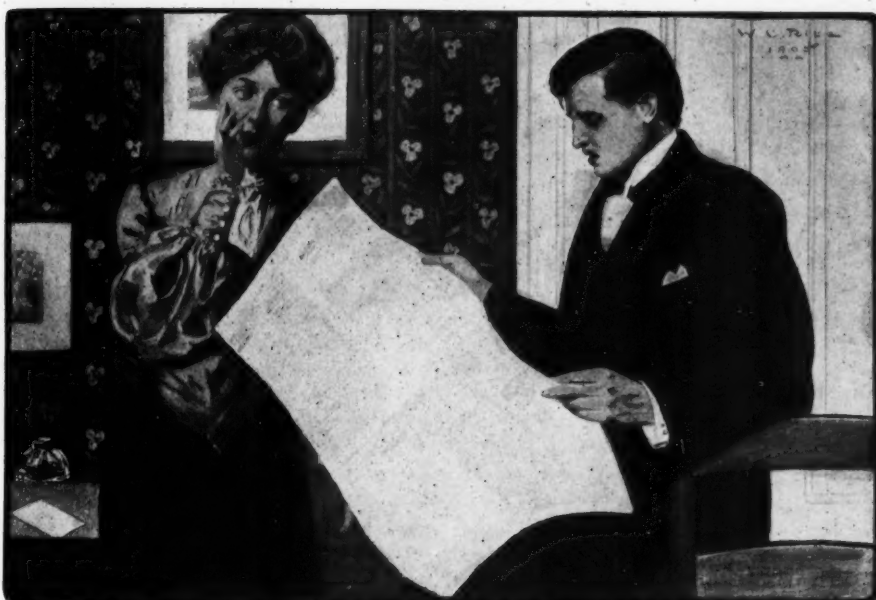
"James Augustus Jimaboy! What have you done?" demanded the accusing angel.

"Well, somebody had to say something, and you wouldn't say it," retorted Jimaboy.

"Jimmy, did you want me to lie?"

"That's what you wanted me to do, wasn't it? But perhaps you think that one lie, more or less, wouldn't cut any figure in my case."

"Jimmy, dear, don't be horrid. You



"MY KINGDOM," GROANED JIMABOY, "YOU LOCK THE DOOR WHILE I GO HUNT HASBROUCK"

know perfectly well that your curiosity to see what is in those letters was too much for you."

Jimaboy walked to the window and shoved his hands deep into his pockets. It was their first quarrel, and being unfamiliar with the weapons of that warfare, he did not know which one to draw next. And the one he did draw was a tin dagger, crumpling under the blow.

"It has been my impression all along that curiosity was a feminine weakness," he observed to the window-panes.

"James Jimaboy! You know better than that! You've said a dozen times in your stories that it was just the other way about—you know you have. And, besides, I didn't let the cat out of the bag."

Here was where Jimaboy's sense of humor came in. He turned on her quickly. She was the picture of righteous indignation trembling to tears. Whereupon he took her in his arms, laughing over her as she might have wept over him.

"Isn't this rich!" he gasped. "We—we built this thing on our specialty, and here we are qualifying like cats and dogs for our great mission to a quarrelsome world. Listen, Bella, dear, and I'll tell you why I weakened. It wasn't curiosity, or just plain, every-day scare. There is sure to be money in some of these letters, and it must be returned. Also, the other people must be told that it was only a joke."

"B-but we've broken our record and qu-quarreled!" she sobbed.

"Never mind," he comforted; "maybe that was necessary, too. Now we can add another course to the curriculum and call it the Exquisite Art of Making Up. Let's get to work on these things and see what we are in for."

They settled down to it in grim determination, cutting out the down-town luncheon and munching crackers and cheese while they opened and read and wrote and returned money and explained

and re-explained in deadly and wearisome repetition.

"My land!" said Jimaboy, stretching his arms over his head, when Isobel got up to light the lamps, "isn't the credulity of the race a beautiful thing to contemplate? Let's hope this furore will die down as suddenly as it jumped up. If it doesn't, I'm going to make Hasbrouck furnish us a stenographer and pay the postage."

But it did not die down. For a solid fortnight they did little else than write letters and postal cards to anxious applicants, and by the end of the two weeks Jimaboy was starting up in his bed of nights to rave out the threadbare formula of explanation: "Dear Madam: The ad. you saw in the *Sunday Times* was not an ad.; it was a joke. There is no Post-Graduate School of W. B. in all the world. Please don't waste your time and ours by writing any more letters."

The first rift in the cloud was due to the good offices of Hasbrouck. He saw matter of public interest in the swollen jest and threw the columns of the *Sunday Times* open to Jimaboy. Under the rack-ing pressure, the sentimentalist fired volley upon volley of scathing ridicule into

the massed ranks of anxious inquirers, and finally came to answering some of the choicest of the letters in print.

"Good!" said Hasbrouck, when the "Jimaboy Column" in the *Sunday paper* began to be commented on and quoted; and he made Jimaboy an offer that seemed like sudden affluence.

But the crowning triumph came still later, in a letter from the editor of one of the great magazines. Jimaboy got it at the *Times* office, and some premonition of its contents made him keep it until Isobel could share it with him.

"We have been watching your career with interest," wrote the great man, "and we are now casting about for some one to take charge of a humorous department to be called 'Bathos and Pathos,' which we shall, in the near future, add to the magazine. May we see more of your work, as well as some of Mrs. Jimaboy's inimitable sketches?"

"O Jimmy, dear," said Isobel, tremulously; "you found yourself at last!"

But his smile was a grin. "No," said he; "we've just got our diplomas from the Post-Graduate School of W. B.—that's all."

ALL THINGS COME RIGHT

By Reynale Smith Pickering

ALL things come right, and be it soon or late,
 All things come right at last to compensate
 For all the petty heartaches of to-day,
 For all the little failures on our way.
 And all our seeming sorrows it appears
 Are really blessings in a mask of tears.
 So if success be tardy at our call,
 It is to test our courage, that is all.
 And in the end each heart will seek its rest
 Beside the one it always loved the best.
 The darkest hour holds the brightest light.
 And all things come right.

THE BLOOMING OF HELL'S HALF ACRE

By Edwin Carlile Litsey

THE dusk of a perfect summer day was creeping stealthily over Hell's Half Acre. The tops of the surrounding mountains were swathed in crimson mist, but the hollow wherein Hell's Half Acre lay was given up to twilight. From the stick and mud chimneys of the half-dozen cabins clustered together with noticeable irregularity, thin, wavering columns of pale blue smoke arose and became lost in the fog already overhanging the valley. These cabin homes were all alike; one room and a loft, with perhaps a shed built to the rear. The material which entered into their construction was beech logs, chinked with mud and small stones, and undressed oak planks for the floor—when there was a floor. There were hardly enough homes nor enough people to dignify the place by the name of town. It was merely a settlement in the Cumberland mountains. It had a bad reputation in a country where bad things were common. It seemed that God's mercy had passed over the spot, and that later the devil had found it, and claimed it. It was not designated on any map, but people thereabouts called it Hell's Half Acre, and it merited the title. The majesty of the law was unknown to the dwellers there, and human life was as cheap as a chew of tobacco. Near to forty souls found a home in the settlement. The heads of the respective shanties were all married, except Bal Garret, a kind of outcast, and race suicide never entered into their ideas of home government. Every night from eight to ten people lay down to sleep in the same room, and life in the fresh, pure atmosphere during the day kept off disease.

Wes Lawless was the recognized head of Half Acre. He was the biggest, the

meanest and the best shot, and his word went. He had killed his man—his men, to be quite correct—and the prestige this accorded him was respected by all. He was living at feud with three different families in other parts of the mountains, and though the rising of each sun brought the fair chance that he would never see it set, he came and went with impunity, years of reckless living and victorious ambush causing him to laugh at danger. He and his Winchester were as inseparable as he and his soiled slouch hat, and he could cut a turkey's head off at an hundred yards.

Sitting on the bench before his cabin with a black cob pipe between his teeth, and listening to the clatter of his "woman" in the room behind him as she prepared the evening meal of fat bacon and cornbread, he watched the glory of a mountain sunset unstirred. "Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox," to him Nature's miracles were a blank page. But when he saw something moving far down the valley, where it narrowed to a neck before debouching into a tiny bit of level ground, he turned his head, squinted his eyes in concentration of gaze, and slowly dragged the rifle leaning on the bench beside him across his lap. The object which had drawn his attention was too far off, and the failing light was too uncertain, for him to discern exactly what it was that was approaching. It seemed to be a white something, larger than a man and smaller than a horse. But it was coming his way, so he puffed at his pipe stolidly, and waited. Very gradually the oncoming shape took the form of a white mule, with a female figure upon its back. Wes's cabin was the first, coming up the valley, and presently the mule and the

rider came to a halt just in front of the burly mountaineer.

Wes took his pipe from his mouth, and his lower jaw dropped in sheer astonishment. The young woman smiling at him was a different type from any that he had ever seen. She was trimly but modestly clad in a serviceable suit, a rather plain hat rested upon her dark brown hair, and her hands were neatly gloved. A rather heavy satchel was hanging from the horn of her saddle. She was the first to speak.

"Is this the place called Hell's Half Acre?"

She swept her clear, steady eyes around as she put the question in a low, pleasant voice, and wondered in her soul how such a spot could be profaned by such a name.

"I reck'n ye air right," replied Wes, gruffly, resuming his pipe.

"Do— do you ever take strangers in for a few days? I am willing to pay for my board," she added, as the man was slow to answer.

"I've never heerd uv a stranger comin' here before, an' I've lived here most uv the time. People usually go t'other way. The fust thing we ax here is, Whut's yer business?"

"I'm a missionary," answered the girl, simply.

"Uh-huh," grunted Wes.

He dimly remembered of hearing this name once before, and it was associated in his dense mind with somebody that meddled with other people's affairs.

"We-uns don't 'low to have nobody mixin' up in our business," resumed Wes. "Kind uv a preacher, ain't ye?"

"Not exactly. But I have something I want to say to the people here. I'll promise not to worry you in any way, and I don't want to stay long. But I have ridden from Manchester to-day, and I am very tired."

"Whew—ew!" whistled the big figure on the bench. "From Manchester! That's twenty mile, I reck'n."

"Yes, I've been in the saddle most of

the day. May I not stay with your family while I am here? I will pay you well."

"Thar mus' be somethin' in a gal that kin ride so fur—but I don't want yer money! We-uns give whut we've got, but we don't sell it." Then turning his head toward the open door — "Lizy!" he called.

A woman in a dirty, loose dress, girded in at the waist with a string, came and peered from under dishevelled, stringy hair at the girl on the mule.

"She can't stay here, Wes," began his wife, who had evidently heard all that had passed outside. "The house is runnin' over with the kids."

"The loft, Lizy, ef she ain't too proud to take it," broke in her better half.

"Kin ye sleep in the loft?" queried the termagant, in a shrill, rasping voice.

"Anywhere," answered the girl, with a sigh of relief, sliding to the ground and lifting her satchel from the saddle with an effort.

"My name is Louise Sanding," she said, coming forward and holding out her hand to the man, for the woman had already disappeared.

"Mine's Wes Lawless," answered her host, taking the proffered hand clumsily, without uncrossing his legs, without lifting his hat, and without taking the pipe from his mouth.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Lawless—"

"My name's Wes,"—significantly; "an' my wife's name's Lizy. You'll hafter kind o' git on to the kids' names, there's sich a lot."

Quick to take the hint, the young lady answered promptly:

"Will you see to my mule, Wes? I think he'd like a drink and something to eat."

"I'll take keer o' him. You go in an' rest up. You rode a pow'ful long ways to-day fur a gal."

This speech was rendered with a degree of sympathy that surprised Miss Sand-

ing, but she did not reply to it, and passed through the low doorway into an atmosphere which struck her nostrils with a keen sense of disgust. There was that fearful odor which unclean bodies emanate, coupled with the smell from the miserable cooking that was going on. Mrs. Lawless was busy at the small stove.

"Will you show me where I might bathe—might wash my face and hands?" asked Miss Sanding, with some trepidation.

"The water an' the pan air under the shed," answered Lizy, nodding toward a rear door. "Ye'd better hurry up, too, an' git that bag o' yourn up the ladder. The kids air out after sarvices,* but they'll be back torectly, an' they'll have ever'thing in that bag out ef they git a chanct."

Refreshing herself with a long draught and with rapid ablutions, Miss Sanding laboriously mounted the crude ladder leading to the loft, dragging her satchel with her. Mrs. Lawless did not deign her a glance nor a word, but busied herself about the small room as though the domestic routine had not been disturbed by an entire stranger.

The place in which the missionary found herself was exceedingly bare. The sloping board roof prevented her from standing erect, and there was absolutely nothing on the floor but a shuck pallet. She crept to this in a tired way and lay down upon it, though not regretting the part she was playing, for she knew that she was doing right. If she could redeem even one of these erring souls, her task would not be in vain. Presently a scurry of feet and a babel of voices below told her that the children had returned. A little later the unpleasant tones of Lizy summoned her to supper, and she went down. With great difficulty she swallowed a little of the coarse food set before her. The children sat huddled together eating like young wolves, and regarding her with

*A small tree berry peculiar to the mountains, with a flavor very much like a raspberry.

wide-eyed and undisguised amazement. Wes was not present.

"The ol' man don't eat reg'lar," explained Mrs. Lawless. "I save a snack fur 'im w'en he ain't here."

"I'm afraid I put him to some trouble when I asked him to care for my mule," apologized Miss Sanding.

"La! no. He'll jist lead the critter down to the holler an' rope 'im out to grass. Where'd you come from, an' whut you 'low to do here?"

"My home's in Springfield, a long way from here. I'm a minister's—a preacher's daughter, and I have come up here in the mountains to tell the people about Christ."

"We-uns don't 'low He knows thar is sich a place as Hell's Half Acre."

"But He does!" broke in the missionary, in a sprightly way, seeing an opening which she was quick to take. "He does, and His loving heart aches for the misery and sin that is going on here. Have you ever heard the story of Christ, and what He has done for you?"

"Fur me?"

"Yes;—have you ever heard?"

"Naw." The word was spoken incredulously, though wonder lay back of it.

"Then let me help you clean up the dishes, and I'll tell you and the children. It's a pretty story, and I believe the little ones will like it as well as you."

"La! miss, don't put your han's on these dirty things!"

"This is what Christ has done for me," resumed Miss Sanding, smilingly, rolling her sleeves back over a pair of white, plump fore arms, and attacking the cracked china and the tin cups briskly. "He has told me to love my neighbor as myself, and to help anybody and everybody whenever I can."

"Ain't ye ever to git mad?—nur shoot?—nur kill?"

"We can't help getting mad sometimes, but we can help shooting and killing."

"Wes 'll jist laugh at yo'."

"I suspect he will, but I am going to try to show him that I am right."

"I never heerd sich chat," replied Mrs. Lawless, growing more and more interested. "Them things don't go in this place!"

"But they might, after a while," protested the young woman, wiping the top of the bare pine table with a rag. "Now let's go out under the shed, where it's cool, and I'll tell the story."

Mother and children complied with alacrity, and Miss Sanding, pulling down her sleeves, sat in the doorway which led to the shed, drew two of the wild little forms down by her side and placed her arms around them, and told as simply as she could that wonderful narrative which never grows old and which never ceases to enthrall. The mother sat to one side, humped over wearily and with lines upon her face such as a beast of burden might wear. Yet her attention was never diverted from the speaker. Her ragged brood, with the exception of the two which the young lady had captured, were huddled on the ground like a flock of frightened sheep, listening breathlessly to the words which fell from the missionary's lips.

"That's mighty purty to hear," ventured Mrs. Lawless, when silence at length fell, "but d'ye b'lieve it all, miss?"

"Yes," answered Miss Sanding, fervently; "every word is true!"

"D'ye 'low to say that sich as me 'll go to heaven?"

"If you believe in Christ and lead the best life you can, you will surely go to heaven."

"'N' ye say we mustn't cuss, nur kill, nur git even with a feller?"

"Christ teaches that all of those things are wrong."

"Who sent ye out here?" The question was irrelevant, but not unexpected.

"No one. I have a good home and plenty of money to live comfortably. I came because I am a Christian, and God

has told us to carry His word and His promise everywhere."

"It's the fust time it's ever come here," said the mountain woman, dreamily.

"Did you ever hear a song about Jesus?" asked Miss Sanding, after a moment's silence. She became aware that her audience was getting sleepy, and knew that it would not be well to keep them up too late.

Mrs. Lawless shook her head slowly. She was thinking.

"Then I am going to sing just one for you, and we will go to bed."

Straightway, in a clear, full voice which was wafted from end to end of the little valley where lay Hell's Half Acre, arose the notes of that sweet hymn—"Jesus, Lover of my Soul." The night was still and starlit, and the pure tones welled forth into the silence carrying the mercy of God with them in a place and to a people that had never heard it proclaimed before. Wes Lawless, sitting with Si Baker in front of the latter's cabin a quarter of a mile away, turned his hairy face in the direction of the sound.

"Wot t' hell?" asked Si, perplexedly, fumbling at his waist for the pistols he had laid aside.

"That gal, I reck'n," replied Wes, in low tones.

Then both men sat without speaking, forgetting even to smoke, until the song ceased.

"Huh!" grunted Si, groping in his pocket for a match.

"I 'low I'll bunk 'ith you to-night," said Wes.

The next day Miss Sanding went from cabin to cabin, explaining her mission and talking to all who would listen. For the most part she was treated with a brusque courtesy which the mountain folk accord a stranger, but small heed was given to the message which she told. The everyday needs of life were too pressing to waste time listening to a story like this. Un-

daunted, the young woman told one and all that she was going to give an open air talk in front of Wes Lawless's home that evening soon after dark, and asked everyone to come.

Just before sunset that day a man came staggering down the valley from the north, one side of his face smeared with blood and his eyes wide and staring. A bullet had gone through one cheek and torn off part of his ear. It was simply a brief scene in the great tragedy which was daily going on. Some enemy's aim was a trifle faulty, else the man would never have come back. He fell in front of his door, faint from loss of blood, and his friends carried him in and laid him on his shuck couch. Miss Sanding heard the news and she was quickly at the sufferer's side. Taking control of the situation, she cleared the house of all but one woman, and forcing some whiskey in the fierce mouth, soon brought the man back to consciousness. Then she bathed the wound with cold water, anointed it with some preparation which she had brought with her in view of such a contingency, and bound up the hurt with a clean cloth. After the first oath which accompanied the return of his senses, the man did not say a word, but lay and watched with bewildered gaze the cleanly clothed, trim figure as it glided noiselessly about, and accepted with mute thankfulness the gentle ministrations.

That night Miss Sanding had her meeting. There was no light except what the moon afforded. Her listeners were mainly women and children, and these did not come very close to her. When her talk and her song were over, the figures melted into the gloom. It was discouraging, but Miss Sanding persevered. Day by day she went among them, mingling with them, helping them, talking to them all the time in a quiet, unobtrusive way. Bal Garret, the man whom she was nursing, fell under her influence first. He listened to her primarily because he could not do otherwise, and while he did not under-

stand her in the least, he was patient, and asked questions. As he began to convalesce, some dim intelligence awoke within him, and in a shadowy way he began to realize the wonder of it all. And though full comprehension was denied him, he had faith in her, because of her good deeds, and so faith in that which she taught was born. Bal was unmarried, and he voluntarily offered his hut as a place where his good angel might bring the people together to hear her. His wound healed quickly, and when he was strong and well enough to go about, his friends wondered that he did not take his rifle and go on the trail of the one who had come so near ending his life. For instead of this, which was the natural thing to expect, Bal spent most of his days following Miss Sanding about with a meek and dog-like fidelity, hanging on her words and urging people to hear her. He undertook the task of getting her an audience, and he succeeded far better than she ever could have done. Gradually these meetings in Bal Garret's cabin increased in attendance; even the men began to hang about the door, and sometimes to slip inside when newcomers pressed them from behind. It was a strange Gospel they listened to—the Gospel of the Redeemer. To forgive their enemies; to live in peace; to respect the name of God; to lay down the rifles which were theirs by tradition and inheritance. The men shook their heads; they could never do this. And yet they came, and came again, giving respectful attention to the brave girl who had come in their midst on such an errand. The attitude and the words of prayer were what thrilled them most. Miss Sanding always asked her hearers to kneel with her, and while the women and the children obeyed, the men were slow to follow.

A strange and unaccustomed peace began to hang over the little settlement. The reckless oath and the drunken brawl were heard and seen less and less. The women began to appear in more decent

dresses, and their hair was combed and neatly tied with faded ribbons. The missionary organized a day class, and began to teach the children how to spell. Two weeks passed. There was not a soul in the Half Acre now but came to the meetings except Wes Lawless. He held rigidly aloof, more often striking off into the mountains alone as soon as night fell. Miss Sanding found him by himself one day, and asked him as a favor to her to come that evening and listen to what she had to say. He would not promise. "I 'low to live as I please," he said, and turned away.

In the midst of Miss Sanding's talk that night the crack of a rifle was heard in the distance, followed by a loud cry of agony. Quickly the room became empty. It was not long before Miss Sanding beheld, from the doorway, a shadowy group approaching. Then three of his friends bore Wes Lawless in and laid him on the floor. A mixed crowd followed.

"He axed to be brung to you, miss," said one of the men, taking off his hat.

Kneeling beside him, the young woman realized at once that the man had but a few minutes to live, for there was a ragged hole in his chest.

"They've got me!" said Wes, speaking with difficulty. "Is there a chanct fur me, miss?"

"The thief on the cross was saved at the last moment, because he believed and called upon the name of the Lord!"

She was bending over the wild face.

"Christ died for you, as well as for me," she resumed earnestly. "Do you believe that He can save you?"

"Ef you say so, miss, I—b'lieve He kin."

His eyes were half closed, and a spasm of pain contracted his lined face.

"Then ask Him, and He will hear."

"I—dunno—how, miss." His voice quavered from weakness.

"Say it after me: Jesus, I believe. Save me when I die. Say that."

The untutored lips moved again, and halted lamely over the strange words.

"Je-sus—I-b'lieve.—Whut else, miss?"

She repeated the words for him again, and he took them up.

"Save—save me—w'en I—die!"

A heavy silence followed, and presently the big body lying prostrate on the floor trembled violently, then lay still.

Thus the love of man and the fear of God found root in Hell's Half Acre.

GOOD LADS

By Witter Bynner

THERE'S many a good lad under clay,—
And I'm not sure but that's the way
Will keep them young and clean and good
And happier than living could.

There's many a good lad yet on ground
Who far has sought and never found,—
A thing you can not surely say
Of good lads lying under clay.

A FRIEND IN NEED

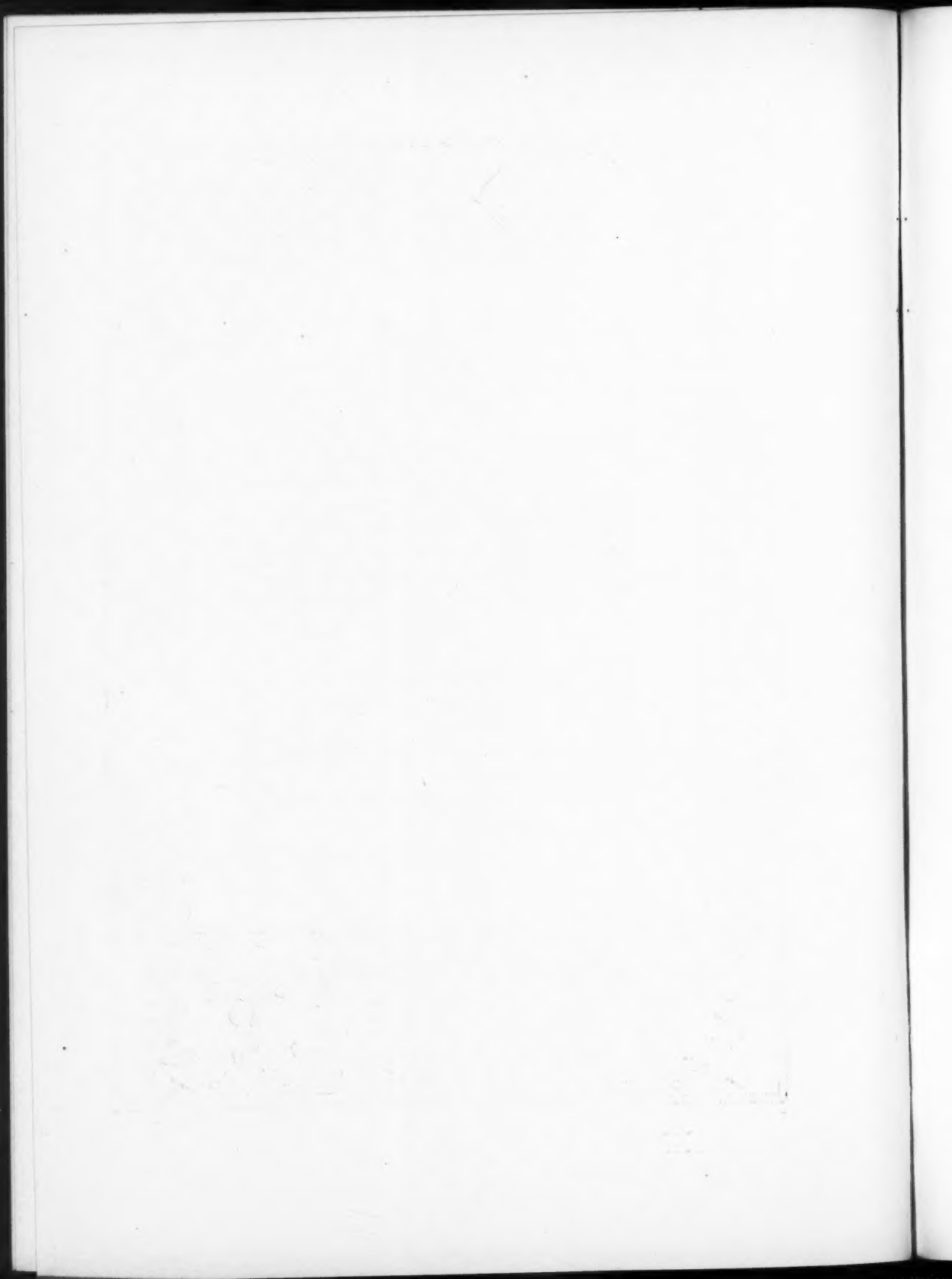


friend in need,"—my
neighbor said to me—
"A friend indeed is
what I mean to be:
"In time of trouble I will
come to you,
"And in the hour of need
you'll find me true."

I thought a bit, and took him by the hand:
"My friend," said I, "you do not
understand
"The inner meaning of that simple
rhyme,—
"A friend is what the heart needs all
the time."

HENRY VAN DYKE.

RALPH FLETCHER ILLUSTRATOR



THE TEAMSTERS' STRIKE

SECRET HISTORY OF CHICAGO'S LATEST LABOR TROUBLE. HOW
CORRUPT LEADERS CONSPIRED TO RUIN ONE MAN AND
USED FOR THEIR REVENGEFUL ENDS THE GREAT
MACHINERY OF ORGANIZED LABOR

By Jean Cowgill

One year ago, there was published in this magazine an article entitled, "Labor's Dishonor," by Jean Cowgill, which dealt with the Labor conditions of Chicago. Few articles attracted wider attention. None detailed so fully that remarkable conspiracy—the conspiracy between the powerful Teamsters' Union of Chicago and John C. Driscoll. This man for three years was a czar. He ruled labor and bulldozed capital, and flourished exceedingly. Because he could control the Teamsters' organization, he bled the employers of Chicago unmercifully.

While Al. Young organized the teamsters, John C. Driscoll organized the coal team owners. Between them they controlled the city and kept the employers on their business knees. If Driscoll said so, not a coal wagon would be driven on the streets. The story of these various teaming organizations; of the employers combining for protection; of Driscoll's rise and fall was told fully in *THE READER* just one year ago. During recent Grand Jury proceedings in Chicago the story was much read. The State's Attorney, Mr. Healy, perused it carefully. At the time of its publication, there were many denials of the conspiracy, but events have completely verified all the astonishing statements.

I

A CARAVAN of non-union wagons moved slowly up Washington Street. It was in Chicago that this happened. The date was April 23, 1905. On the side of each wagon was pasted a white paper injunction notice. Each wagon was guarded by four policemen. Armed men sat beside the drivers. The caravan moved slowly and carefully. The policemen looked at every inch of ground as they passed over it. There were a good many wagons in the line. They represented almost every important downtown firm. Some of them were loaded heavily and some were not loaded at all, but all were part of the strange caravan.

It was strange—there was no denying that. It was the end that the business men had sought for two years. Few words are needed to tell the story. For the first time since the teamsters had organized themselves into a union wagons were

driven through the streets by men who were not members of the organization. That the policemen watched was not strange. There was danger in every inch of the way.

On the wagons could be seen such names as Marshall Field, John V. Farwell Company, Carson Pirie, Scott and Company, The Fair, Mandel Brothers, every important firm on State Street. All these came in for their share of the hoots and yells and hisses as the caravan moved through the crowds of unionists who watched the procession. Yet it was reserved for one set of wagons to be received with more than the usual share of hisses and hoots. They were of all sorts and sizes, for wagons. The name on the outside was Montgomery Ward and Company. It was at this company that the teamsters aimed the first blow of the strike last April. For two years the men of business



CORNELIUS P. SHEA

had waited for the battle. The employers' association went at the breaking of the strike slowly and carefully, just as they had sent their wagons down through the streets. The end is in sight. To-day wagons are driven through the streets by non-union men. Riot and bloodshed, all the might of the law, all the ingenuity of man has been used to bring about the result. Whether it is good or bad only time will tell. That it is an industrial crisis of great moment is universally admitted. All progressive methods are experimental.

II

One day I went to find out the cause of the strike. Straight to the teamsters of Montgomery Ward and Company I went. None could I find who wanted to be on strike. That looked bad for some one. Yet if they did not wish to be on strike neither were they disloyal to their union. That is the feeling that made

the teamsters what they were in the way of organization. I have heard people who know say that they were the most compactly organized body of men in the world. Now that is changed. It is the employers who are the most solidly organized. What they did with the teamsters who struck has demonstrated this fact. When I asked the teamsters who worked for Montgomery Ward and Company why they were on strike their universal reply was, "Because we were ordered out." At this I pressed them for further reasons—for the reasons that lay deeper. If they knew they would not tell, save one, whose name I preserve in my memory, knowing well that it would be cruel to tell it. The teamsters have a way of attaining vengeance when it so pleases them.

It was in his home that I saw him. He held his baby on his knee. Another child of about three years of age stood by his side. In the kitchen, which opened out from the parlor at the back, I could see his wife ironing her week's washing. When he was convinced that I would not tell his name he talked frankly and well. He is an intelligent teamster. Many of them are, for the matter of that. The only trouble with them is that they are men of brawn more than men of brain. Physical strength counts for much with them.

"We did not want to strike," he said. "We can't afford to be out of work. There are the strike benefits, of course, but they are not wages. I never knew there was a strike of the garment workers on until us truck drivers for Montgomery Ward and Company was ordered out."

"The strike is sympathetic?"

"Sure! We ain't got no grievances. The firm was paying us a dollar and a half over the union scale. We never had no trouble with 'em to speak on. I don't know about the others, but I, for one, never heard of the garment workers' strike until we was told that we had to walk out."

"If you had it to do alone would you walk out?"

"You bet I wouldn't. It's this way, though—your union, right or wrong, but always your union."

Men have been heard to say the same thing about their country. It is dangerous doctrine. So much I said to the teamster. He could not see it. Like many another union man, he glorified what unionism has accomplished. "We done away with sweat shops and child labor and all sorts of bad conditions," he said proudly. I had to agree with him. So long as there are ungodly employers there will be organizations of labor to fight them. To the disgrace of capital let it be said that labor has had to fight every inch of the way that it has advanced. The most conservative employer will surely agree with this. As we talked I tried to get his real belief as to the cause of the strike. At that time it involved all the State Street firms and was about 3,500 strong. From fifty truck drivers directly employed by Montgomery Ward and Company, it had spread to all the houses that tried to transact business with that firm. The teamster looked at me strangely when he replied to my questioning.

"The real reason," he repeated. "Well, now," he sank his burly voice so low that not even his wife ironing in the kitchen could hear. "It's my belief that it's crookedness. The teamsters have become so powerful that they are drunk, that is the plain truth. They are drunk with their power. They think they can do anything. That won't work no good. There ain't nothing on earth that won't come to an end."

This circumlocution annoyed me. I pressed him for an answer. He leaned toward me and whispered. "There was dirt somewhere," he said slowly. He pondered every word. "There was dirt somewhere. There was no earthly reason why we should break our contract and strike. Good Lord, we didn't vote on it until two

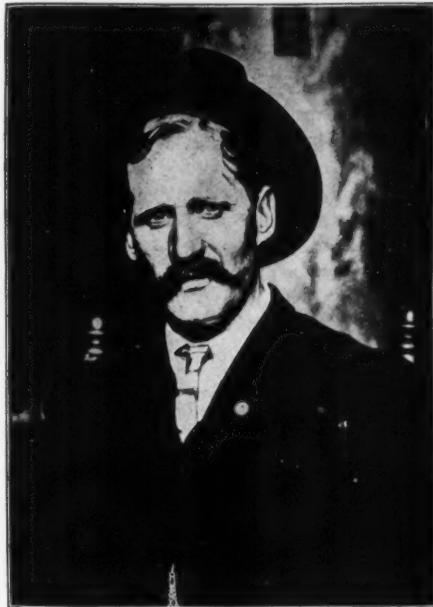
days after the strike was called. Then it would have been a coward's part to back out."

This was the thing that I had come seeking. "What was the dirt?" I asked him. He looked at me quizzically.

"It's between Shea and Al. Young and Driscoll," he said. "Before they get through with this it will be a nice mess."

"How is Driscoll in it?" the question was not elegantly put. I was after facts. Downtown on the streets of Chicago that afternoon I had seen a man shot in his tracks by a negro strike-breaker. Five hundred snarling, mouthing, maddened beasts of men about me, I had tried to make my way to a place of safety. There were hoots and jeers. Women joined in the mêlée. Suddenly from the wagons that they were jeering five shots rang out. A man lurched forward and fell. This was on Saturday. On Monday the man died.

When I asked the teamster the question



ALBERT YOUNG

concerning Driscoll, all this horror was in my mind. He answered readily enough now. "Al. Young and Shea and Driscoll is cronies. I seen 'em together only yesterday talkin' faster and thicker than anything. Driscoll ain't got no love for Thorne. Wasn't it him that let him out of his soft job as secretary of the associated teaming interests? Before they get through with Thorne he'll wish he'd never been born. About that time you'll see Driscoll gettin' out of town. It'll be time for the grand jury to take a hand."

All that evening I sat in his little parlor and tried to find out if he might have any ulterior motive in telling me that Driscoll was at the bottom of the greatest labor war in modern times. Not once could I find that he had any other reason for his beliefs than a logical deduction from circumstances. Over and over he told me that Driscoll was still the crony of Shea and Al. Young. Now we come to their identity and power.

III

Cornelius P. Shea is the president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters. Al. Young is the business agent for the coal teamsters of Chicago. Incidentally he is what may be termed "the whole thing" with the teamsters' joint council of Chicago. Once he was the national organizer and parent of the International Brotherhood. When he was away too long Driscoll sent for him to come back to his coal teamsters. They have been masters of the situation until now. Exactly as the teamster, who had struck with the rest of them, said: "Their power had made them drunk." They were itching for a chance to show it. Upon this feeling the leaders counted when they called the strike of April 6th. After Robert Thorne discharged Driscoll from the secretaryship of the associated teaming interests, which was an association formed to keep the teamsters sleeping, and was composed of representative business men, it was known that considerable personal

feeling arose. It was only natural to suppose that Driscoll would watch his opportunity. For almost a year he watched, and then came what might have been a humiliating disgrace to Robert Thorne.

IV

A word concerning this young man. He is the manager of the firm of Montgomery Ward and Company. From the first he has had charge of all their dealings with labor. A little story will serve to delineate his character. He told it to me himself.

"I was dumfounded," he said, "when my teamsters struck. There wasn't the slightest trouble with them. On the morning of the sixth they came in and said that they had been ordered out. I reminded them of their contract which called for 'no sympathetic strikes.' They replied that they had no contract with us. This was quite true. I depended upon their honor, knowing that there was a clause in their constitution which forbids sympathetic strikes."

"You had never had any trouble with them before?" I asked.

"Once. Their committee waited upon me. It didn't take me fifteen minutes to discover that the firm was all wrong and the teamsters were all right. I gave them everything they asked for. In this case if it had been any great question of principle I would have arbitrated it. But it wasn't. It was an outrage—nothing more nor less. Last November our garment workers struck. They didn't want to do it either. They told me so."

This was quite true. The fight of the garment workers was not with Montgomery Ward and Company at all, but with an organization of tailors known as the National Wholesale Tailors' Association. At the time of the garment workers' strike the firm was not a member of the association. Between the firm and their employes there was absolutely no difference in any union matter. As an independent house, Montgomery Ward and Company

had a separate agreement with Local 21, of the tailors' union, which forbade any strike settlement by any other than the arbitration method. For these assurances I have not only the word of Mr. Thorne but the assurances of the tailors themselves.

The complaint was that the firm was sending work from its own shop to be completed in an open shop. To be quite lucid, this means that the work was finished in shops where non-union men were employed. It is a fixed principle of trades unionism that no trades unionist will work alongside a non-union man. It is also a fixed principle that union men will not accept work from non-union men for consumption or completion. The thing which is not a fixed principle at all, because it could not in reason be fixed, is that unionists will not allow their unfinished work to go to non-unionists for consumption or completion.

The nineteen men who struck in November were members of the small branch of the tailors' union known as "cutters." This department is the most unimportant in the big mail order house. The sole reason why it has not grown larger is that it does not pay and is done more for the accommodation of customers than for any other reason. When the cutters struck Mr. Thorne had no idea that the members of the tailors' association were in any trouble with their employes. After waiting for some time to see whether the men would come back to work, he ordered their places filled with non-union men. This was done and nothing more was heard of the strike until April 6th, five months later, when the teamsters went out in sympathy. Through it all there has never been any question of real unionism. Probably it was this more than anything else which prompted the employers to fight firmly and radically.

V

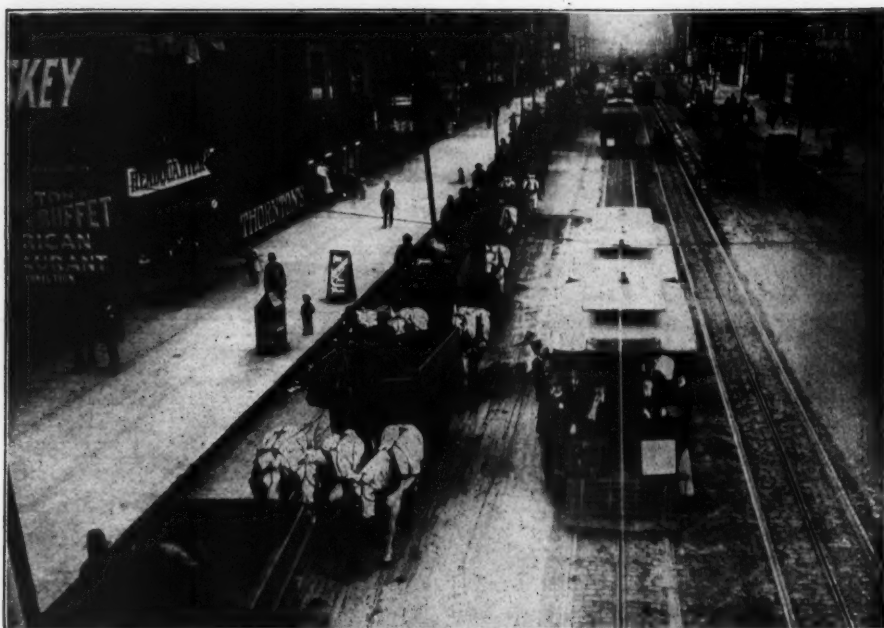
The teamsters have been wont to look upon the Employers' Association of Chi-



J. C. DRISCOLL

cago as something of a joke. One of their leaders told me no farther back than last January that when the teamsters pleased they could smash the association to splinters. Even then the teamsters were classed with the great organizations of the world. They had money in the treasury and fearlessness in their hearts. Caution was the thing they lacked. When it did come it was too pronounced, and became something of cowardice.

There are a thousand members in the Employers' Association. It represents more actual capital than any organization in the world. When it comes to action, the association is as one man. This was bound to be so. The men of business are banded together for one common purpose—to fight the unreasonable inroads of unionism. What most people do not know is that it is no part of its intention



NON-UNION COAL CARAVAN

to "break" unions. With the right sort of a union the association is eager to deal. The odd thing about it is that no one has yet made this plain to labor. From its incipency the association has been looked upon as the natural enemy of unionism. Mr. John G. Shedd, who is the manager of the vast Marshall Field wholesale house, said something of this to me.

"The only reason we secured Fred Job for the secretary of the association was because he was at the head of the state board of arbitration," he said. "We wanted a man who was thoroughly conversant with labor. We wanted one who would sympathize with its troubles. You can't blame Mr. Job for growing bitter. The moment he had accepted the position the unionists turned on him. Their very aggression made the tenseness of the situation."

There is no gainsaying this fact. All is discord between labor and the employ-

ers' association. Until harmony is restored, little progress can be made. There was never a machine that ran smoothly when one of its wheels was turning wrong or too fast or too slow. The most mighty purpose that the association serves is a bringing into cohesive order the warring classes. From first to last there has been little idea of the smashing of unionism, but rather of adjusting it to the requirements of the times. On one subject the employers have been agreed. That was the honorable maintenance of trade agreements. It was no wonder that the firm of Montgomery Ward and Company turned over the strike to the association.

Meanwhile they probed. Causes were what they sought. If they were deep and vicious, as they suspected, criminal action was likely to be taken. The firm is a mail order house, therefore it was the most vulnerable in the city. Its only competitor in business is Sears, Roebuck and Com-



UNION TEAMSTERS BLOCKING TRAFFIC AT STATE AND MADISON STREETS

pany, which does a mail order business, too. From an exterior view it might be supposed that there is competition between them. Perhaps there is, but it is of the most friendly kind. This I wish to emphasize. Members of both firms are authority for the statement. As they put it, there is plenty of business for both. Yet Sears, Robuck and Company were drawn into the strike and placed in a very unpleasant light. Between them and the other firm was John C. Driscoll.

VI

The strike progressed finely as far as the employers were concerned. They sent out envoys to secure men to take the places of the men who had left work. There was no difficulty in securing them. That they came from other cities is accounted for by the fact that it was the vengeance of the teamsters that the men of Chicago feared. From the east and west and south the men came. A hospice

was started where they were fed and lodged. Every Saturday the discontented ones were sent home. Few cared to return. To complete their organization, the employers went into business. They organized the Employers' Teaming Company. Guarded by policemen, they began to compete with the teaming concerns of the city. They have a barn and are incorporated under the laws of West Virginia.

It took capital to accomplish all these things. Riots and disorder became of hourly occurrence in the street. The association went into the courts and secured injunctions restraining the teamsters from interference. The next act was to present evidence of conspiracy to the May grand jury. When that body adjourned on the third of June it had voted true bills against the following labor leaders:

Cornelius P. Shea, president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters.

Michael F. Kelly, former business

agent of the market and grocery teamsters.

George F. Golden, business agent of the packing-house teamsters.

Jeremiah McCarthy, business agent of the truck drivers.

James B. Barry, business agent of the express drivers.

John Smyth, president of the coal teamsters.

Hugh McGee, president of the truck drivers.

Harry Lapp, president of the baggage and parcel delivery drivers.

Charles Dold, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor.

Steve Sumner, business agent of the milk wagon drivers.

Joseph W. Young, business agent of the baggage and parcel delivery drivers.

W. J. Gibbons, president of the Teamsters' Joint Council.

Albert W. Young, former president of the teamsters' national union.

The charge upon which each one of these men is indicted is criminal conspiracy to harm or ruin the business of Montgomery Ward and Company. Contemplation of the list brings out its humorous aspect. John C. Driscoll is not named in the indictments. Yet he was spoken of freely in the testimony.

VII

Half an hour after the grand jury adjourned I met Cornelius Shea in the Briggs House. As I advanced to speak to him he was approached by a deputy United States marshal, who read a warrant to him. As yet he had not heard of a new action which had been begun in the federal court against him. The suit is in behalf of Robert J. Thorne, and is for \$25,000 damages for defamation of character. A suit for a like amount was begun against Al. Young at the same time. At this writing he has not been found.

Shea turned a shade pale. Then he laughed. "That fellow Thorne said he'd

get me. He's got me, but I can't for the life of me see how he is going to hold me."

The stories of his testimony had been freely printed in the papers. Newspapers are not always reliable. They mean to be but they are not. It was because of this that I wished assurance of Shea's testimony from his own lips. Without pause I plunged into the questioning. The deputy United States marshal waited patiently.

"Did Robert Thorne offer you \$10,000 to call a strike on Sears, Roebuck and Company?" I asked.

"Driscoll offered the money—ten one thousand-dollar bills. Driscoll was the secretary of the associated teaming interests. Thorne was the president. You may draw your own conclusions."

"Was Mr. Thorne present when the tender of the money was made?"

"He was there that afternoon. Whether he was on the spot at that particular moment I don't know. Driscoll said it was for Thorne. He said that Thorne thought the firm of Sears, Roebuck and Company were making too great an inroad on their mail order business and that the teamsters could put them where Thorne wanted them."

"Are you sure it was Robert Thorne he meant?"

All this time the deputy United States marshal had been edging toward the elevator. "Sure!" responded Shea, "who else could he mean? Thorne was in that dirty alliance with him for a year and a half."

"Only to try to rid the teaming interests of him."

Shea laughed. "That will do to tell," he said. "I wasn't the only one present when Driscoll offered us the money."

It is for this same offense that, at the present writing, they are searching for Al. Young. Young corroborated the evidence of Shea in the matter of the bribery.

"Where is Driscoll now?"

"Out of town—where, I don't know. I haven't seen him for two weeks. Wish I



STRIKE PICKET "POOH-POOHING" FEDERAL INJUNCTION

did know. He knows enough to make some State Street merchants smart. See here, isn't a man that offers a bribe as bad as the one that takes it?"

"If he has really done it, yes."

Shea laughed again. It was a laugh that meant he would stop at nothing. They were at the elevator. When the boy opened the door they stepped aboard and I stood alone. Upstairs they were met by several men, among them a Democratic politician, by name, Robert Burke, who signed the five-thousand-dollar bond required before Shea could leave the polite custody of the marshal. With the attorney for the association to back him, Robert Thorne had taken drastic measures to clear himself of the stigma attached to the charge of corruption which the two labor leaders had made so glibly. The man who has charge of the strike is Levy Mayer, who is undoubtedly one of the most successful and learned lawyers in the United States. Assisting him is a

corps of twenty, all of whom are able men. Nothing is too small to escape their notice. Not a day goes by that some one of them does not appear to prosecute cases of personal violence in the courts, both low and high. The action for twenty-five thousand dollars damages was begun for a purpose. Neither Shea nor Young are worth that sum, therefore they are placed under arrest. If found guilty, in default of the amount they will be sent to jail until it is paid. It is the most strenuous action possible under the law. The position of the two labor leaders with these charges against them, as well as the indictments for conspiracy, may be imagined.

VIII

Violence is a common thing in Chicago now. A score of prominent men are constantly accompanied by an armed bodyguard. From three different sources it has come to the ears of Robert Thorne that

John C. Driscoll had made open statements that "I will have him before I am put under ground." Since the beginning of the strike Mr. Thorne has not gone about unless he was accompanied by a guard. Neither has the secretary of the association, Fred Job. The only man who has seemingly had no fear is the secretary to Mr. Job, Thomas B. O'Connell. He has gone about unarmed and alone. Several times he has gone to the headquarters of the strike-breakers, of whom there are now over three thousand, and paid them the money which he carried to headquarters in a cab. All of the office work has been in his hands. Something of its magnitude may be gained from the fact that within forty-eight hours after the strike was called seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars had been subscribed to finance the fight. Not one check has been issued that has not had the sanction of Mr. O'Connell.

IX

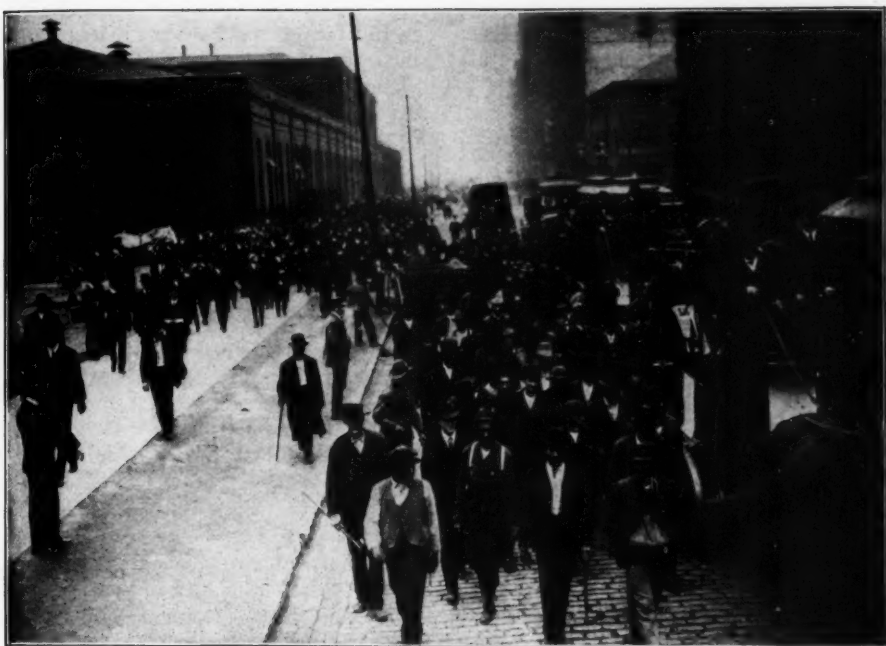
While the sensational charges were being made before the grand jury, John C. Driscoll lay low. His name was on every one's lips, yet no one was able definitely to tell where he was. It was a union man, an officer in the Teamsters' International, who furnished the final link in the chain that winds firmly around this arch conspirator.

On the evening of June first he told me the story. Minutely he detailed the methods by which the teamsters had made themselves solid with their organization.

"It's the wrecking crew that does it," he said. "There was four or five men appointed to follow up non-union men and put them out of business the best way they know how. Anything goes. Sometimes they pull them off their wagons in unprotected places and slug 'em. Then again they waylay 'em after they have finished work."



POLICE TAKING WEAPONS FROM NON-UNION DRIVERS



NEGRO STRIKE BREAKERS ON THEIR "PARADE OF DEFIANCE"

This conversation, it is well to state, was taken stenographically, questions as well as answers. For that reason it will be given verbatim.

Question. "What weapons are used?"

Answer. "Slung shots, bricks, hammers, fists, shot bags, anything that will put a man out of business."

Question. "Who pays for the slugging?"

Answer. "The union."

Question. "Do you find any record of it on the books?"

Answer. "It is charged to general expenses. Sometimes it is called 'committee expenses.'"

Question. "Who has charge of the sluggers?"

Answer. "There ain't any sluggers now. When the strike commenced the pickets were in charge of Tim Finn. He appointed captains and lieutenants. They chose two men apiece to work for them.

All these men were sluggers. Their wages was three dollars a day and extra when a good job had been done. There was a night crew, too. It didn't last long—only about two and a half weeks. The same thing was done in St. Louis. It has been done all over the United States."

Question. "Do you believe in that kind of unionism?"

Answer. "Well, you know the saying, 'All's fair in love and war.' A strike is war."

Question. "Do you think they will get Robert Thorne?"

Answer. "They will try to get him pretty hard."

Question. "What do you know about the strike that was to be called against Sears, Roebuck and Company?"

Answer. "I don't know anything directly. There was a plan to call out the teamsters for the garment workers. There was no reason why they couldn't go after

the Sears, Roebuck at the same time. Maybe Sears, Roebuck and Company offered them more money not to strike."

Question. "Do you know Driscoll?"

Answer. "I don't know him personally. I know him when I see him."

Question. "Do you think he is good friends with Shea and Al. Young?"

Answer. "Sure! I seen 'em together only last week. They was talking confidentially. You could tell by the way they talked that they was good friends."

Question. "Do you think Driscoll had a hand in this strike?"

Answer. "Maybe; he always managed Al. Young. It was because of Al. Young that Shea got to be president of the International. When the strike was called Driscoll was still the secretary of the Coal Teamowners' Association. It was only when it got too hot for Young and Shea that he resigned. He always knew that so long as Al. Young was the business agent of the coal teamsters, he could have his own way."

Question. "Does the Chicago Federation of Labor know that there have been hired sluggers at work for the teamsters?"

Answer. "Maybe not all of 'em knows. I think they do though. Maybe not the teachers."

(In Chicago the teachers' federation is allied with the federation of labor.)

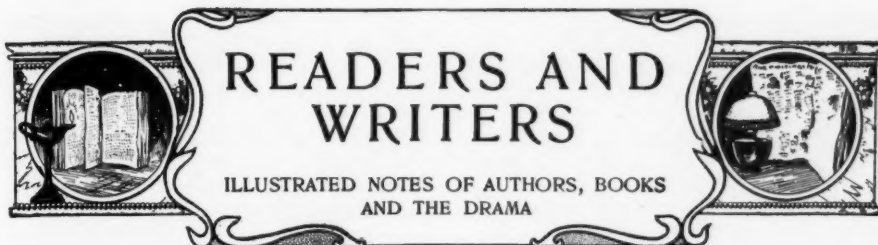
Question. "What do you think of the story that it was Thorne who furnished the ten thousand dollars to Driscoll?"

Answer. "Well, Driscoll was discharged by Thorne. It's human nature that he would feel sore. To tell that kind of a story on him would be an easy way of getting even."

X

As if they had never heard it before, the men of Chicago read the partial story of the conspiracy. It was late in the last week of the grand jury session before it was discovered that the evidence of John Driscoll would probably throw a little light on the proceedings. When the deputy sheriffs went in search of Driscoll he was not at home. Some of his friends say that he is on his way to South America. Robert Thorne is the man who wants him most. These same friends of Driscoll's say that he will not come back until after Young and Shea have been tried. Another thing which his friends insist upon is that he will not be allowed to go on the witness stand, no matter how much Mr. Thorne may subpoena him. "He knows too much," they say wisely. His end is still problematic.





READERS AND WRITERS

ILLUSTRATED NOTES OF AUTHORS, BOOKS
AND THE DRAMA

AN old and valued publishing house in this country prints on the loose paper covers to its books careful directions about "how to open a book." These directions are quite simple and sensible, and ought to be read by every one, for the physical care of a book is a matter which all fastidious persons are pleased to be particular about. But there are various directions anent "how to open a book" which are not to be given in a brief space, and which have not been so frequently set forth. It would appear to one who has opened a great many books, and who may therefore be pardoned for venturing some ideas in the matter, that the first requisite is to be in a liberal and courteous frame of mind. Politeness, in the true sense of the word, is not, every one admits, merely the trick of exterior manners. It goes deeper and involves the attitude of the mind. The true gentleman greets his guest with inner, as well as obvious welcome, lends a considerate ear to his ideas, gives him a chance to explain himself, laughs at his jests, is serious at the proper moment, offers him sympathy, as well as food, and a share of the hearth, and, if the visitor prove a man of quality and sincerity, bids him come again, and sees him safely on his horse—or in his automobile—and speeds him on the road with friendly farewells. Now an author makes a peculiar appeal to the courteous person, for he comes knocking at the door of the house with his brain and heart. He enters in his spiritual person, and dwells for a space, without such reinforcement as his physical presence would give. His back is turned, and he is entirely at the mercy of the reader, whom he has, since time immemorial, liked to think of as being "gentle." But what if the reader prove suspicious, hateful, given to deliberate miscon-

struction, obstinate and defamatory? It is quite an easy matter for a number of ill-natured and oppositional readers to ruin a book. Those who have noticed will have observed that books are as frequently traduced as neighbors, and any really new idea irritates a large number of readers, so that, consciously or unconsciously, they misrepresent the meaning of the author. This is a very discourteous business, and is quite as bad as turning a guest from the door in the dark and the rain. Such readers do not deserve to be on terms with fair-minded authors. When such perverse readers chance to be also critics with permission to publish their unsympathetic ideas in the public prints, and so libel the brain-stuff of a sincere author, the offense is very serious. They defraud the author past the power of reparation, taking from him friends, fame and money—three things of unequal but undeniable value, the first being incalculable. The self-respecting and fine reader, it would seem, must always open a book with expectancy. He must try to get into the mood of the writer, to set his step to his, and to read and reflect with a sense of amity and open-mindedness, to say the least. No man can write more than half a book. The other half must be supplied by the reader. It is a truism to say that appreciation is half of a work of art. So, to make a long moralizing brief, let it be said that the way to open a book is with courtesy. How to close a book is another question, and one which deserves separate comment. This requires, if the book be of the right sort, an exercise of will in which the true book enthusiast is liable to be deficient. One would hesitate to say all that the inability to close a book has involved, for what true and loving reader of books does not hesitate to slap together the

covers of his volume, thus rudely repulsing the characters, who, living in the printed pages, have established themselves on terms of pleasant intimacy with him?

MR. Julian Hawthorne has returned to New York after spending the winter in California, in the interests of *The Los Angeles Examiner*. With his headquarters at Los Angeles, Mr. Hawthorne spent his time in making a close study of the resources and development of Southern California, traveling along that beautiful coast in an automobile, from San Diego to Santa Barbara,



JULIAN HAWTHORNE

and stopping at all the points of interest by the way,—Coronado Beach, Oceanside, San Juan Capistrano, Santa Monica, Redlands, Riverside, the Ojai Valley, San Buena Ventura, Monte Cito, and the rest. He was everywhere honored as a distinguished guest and shown the greatest courtesy by the enthusiastic Californians. His impressions of his trip, published from day to day, make delightful reading,—with his delicate power of delineation, and that wonderful land and sea and mountain for a subject. Mr. Hawthorne has been an extensive wanderer, has lived in many countries, has always been an observer and a wise, kindly artist in life;

and he professes himself so in love with California that he hopes to go back in the fall and take up his residence there for a prolonged stay. Mr. Hawthorne is one of the out-door men; he has always been an athlete and a great walker; and now that he is climbing up in the fifties he retains all the strength and spring and enthusiasm of the golden thirties, with a capacity for work and a relish for exercise that would shame the great majority of ambitious young men. He is a man much endeared to his friends by his gentle courtesy and unfailing companionableness, and is a notable figure in a city, as he swings along the street in heel-less shoes, with space-devouring stride, a tall form, with a handsome iron-gray head strikingly like the great romancer.

RUMOR has long had it that Pegasus has been, at least once in his varied career, in pound, and indisputable evidence to the fact is forthcoming in the *Convict Verse Number* of the *Anamosa Prison Press* (Iowa), which, being established in 1898, has now attained to its XXXVII number. The verse number is not confined to recent contributions to the periodical, but offers thirty-two pages of verse selected from the large amount, sent upon solicitation, by "the Grey Brothers in the several Colonies of Detention"—in other words, by the inmates of the State prisons. The greater portion of the poems appear anonymously, or are signed merely by the number of the "Grey Brother"; a few venture initials, and one, J. Null, feels sufficient pride of authorship to sign his name to his numerous contributions despite the natural embarrassment from which he doubtless suffers in being one of the "detained." He writes the prologue in which he remarks pertinently:

There be music-makers sitting in the sun,
Writing of their longing, of their love and
fun,
But if night come on them, and the heavens
fall,
Could they utter music—would they write at
all?
We, the music-makers who have written
here,
Know of heavens fallen, and the hopeless
tear;

Sit we in the darkness, singing of the light—
Singing as if sunshine glowed in halls of
night!

J. Null and one who hides himself under the numbers 4713 are the most generous contributors to this curious publication, and both of them show themselves interested in much outside of prison walls, as well as observant of what is picturesque within them. "4713" writes:

"The sun-kissed walls reflect their borrowed
light;
Beyond them is the world; above, the
skies.
The sun-kissed walls are things of awful
might—
I may but look Beyond, Above, with eyes
That fill with tears."

Workmanship distinguishes his verse as it does that of a number of others. One Grey Brother, writing anonymously from the Charleston (Mass.) prison, has form, pathos, humor and good dialect in his work, as instanced in a really charming poem, entitled "Watchin' the Clouds Sail By." J. Null and 4713, the poets to whom reference has been made, have the courage to attempt the sonnet, and while the connoisseur might find plenty of fault with their productions, complaining here of unsustained quatrains, or there of deficient climax, still it is not too much to say that some of their poems compare favorably with those of writers more fortunate. Here is one by "4713":

"Starbreak is come. The magic veil of night,
Spun in the latter silence of the day,
Is over all. Thick shadows, edged with
gray,
Blot out the beauty of the heaven's light.
A myriad worlds agleam, like beacons
bright
That guide the storm-tossed ships to a safe
bay,
Shine out across the space where evils prey
On all, e'en those armed with thy might.
Sweet dreams are come. Behold, the weary
rest
Unfettered, lost to cares of earth and sky
And all that fills the day with misery;
Unconscious of the walls and bars—op-
pressed

By naught he feels whose doom it is to die
In gaol, as seems decreed by destiny."

Disappointing as is the sextet, it is not to be denied that here are some good lines, and an atmosphere of nobility. One is more moved, however, by verses less poetical, more direct, brutal and sincere. One long poem written by a woman convict contains lines both maudlin and impressive. The poem represents the old woman convict as being discharged again from the prison in which she has evidently spent numerous terms, and she regards her release with mingled feelings, in which dread of freedom bears a strong part. She cries:

"No, I'm not fit for liberty;
'Tis not a wholesome thing for me.
The jail takes care of me too well.
Better it is to be locked in a cell
Where all is clean and sleep is sweet,
Than roam the misery-haunted street.
Better the food they give me here
Than that which awaits me when I'm clear.
Better the silence we must keep
Than drunken cries and curses deep.
Better the dull ache free from pain
Than aching nerves and throbbing brain.
Better the quiet prison life
Than yonder city's desperate strife."

These are utterances from the utter depth, and in spite of their crudity, hold the power to move the reader. There are many such; and many others written for sheer love of writing and of picturing scenes in which the writers could entertain no hope of participation. They are works of the imagination, solaces for the dreary and discouraging fact of "detainment." There must be a certain gallant soul-stuff in men and women, who in spite of disaster, can make lines in celebration of life, love, laughter and nature, though they themselves are "shut in by walls of brick and stone."

DRAMATIC criticism of the present is largely a discussion of personalities. The press agents of the different theatrical offices are kept busy sending to magazines and papers, paragraphs telling anecdotes, and epitomizing the ideals of the different players in the public eye. Often a play is carried solely by reason of the personal

charm; readers like to know how this person studied his rôle; why that one went on the stage; what made this author take up literature as a profession; whether that author plays golf. These details are more interesting to readers than what an actor means to his art; what bearing an author's works have upon his age. Recently a well-known writer was approached regarding some personal matters to be incorporated in an article, and we are able to quote part of the reply: "That we Americans build our own monuments, and write our own inscriptions, is, perhaps, the reason we so constantly get the jolly gibe from abroad. It is curious that some one does not invent a better sort of 'appreciation' than 'Who's Who.' The sort which neglects the old red school-house, and pays a trifle more attention to one's 'works.'" In connection with authorship and playwrighting, it is interesting to note that Alfred Henry Lewis, Elliott Flower, Phillip Verrill Mighels and Frances Aymer Mathews all have plays in preparation for next year.

THE dramatic season practically closed itself this year. One by one plays disappeared from the boards until only "The College Widow" and "The Music Master," each with a record of over two hundred and fifty performances, remained. Gradually the musical comedy—a light form of summer froth—was substituted, and now, along with the Hippodrome and Luna Park, New York, the center of dramatic art, must rest content with "Fantana," "Sergeant Brue," and "The Rollicking Girl." The early close of the theaters is significant; it means that the material placed upon the stage did not contain sufficient vitality to last for any length of time; it likewise means that where so many revivals were given, as during this spring, the manager was uncertain whether or not a public would support an old play for more than three or four weeks. The season has given us little originality; it has been guarded in its experiments. It has, however, shown some hopeful signs that lead us to believe in the potential strength of the drama in America; a number of players have come before us with creditable repertoires; several American playwrights have written dramas that show skill in construc-

tion, and cleverness in situation. Never before has there been a more opportune time than now to advance the idea of a National Theater, for not in several years has the public been so discriminating about drama. A retrospect of the season means a summary of the character of plays managers have given us. Of Shakespeare, there has been "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Hamlet," "Othello," "The Winter's Tale," "Twelfth Night," "Richard III," "The Taming of the Shrew," while of old comedies there may be mentioned, "The School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer," and the praiseworthy undertaking of "The Misanthrope." There is not yet among us an actor who risks such characterizations as *King Lear*, or *Caliban*; the foregoing list is a conventional one, and reveals but small reaching out.

In the train of Madame Rejane with her ill-assorted repertoire, came a long list of translations that were unhappily Englished, and in many instances superficially suggestive. The last example was Marie Tempest in "The Freedom of Suzanne," minutely and exuberantly acted, but lacking any worthy note. Yet this French influx has left its mark. There is a movement on foot for next year, to devote a theater to the production of all great successes in France; a movement that will probably do for the French drama in America what Mr. Conreid has done for German drama.

We have had stray performances of Ibsen, Björnsen, Yeats, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Sardou, Browning, Thomas Bailey Aldrich; there have been revivals of Shaw, Jones, Pinero, Barrie, and many others; and following Boucicault's "London Assurance," which is out of date, came "Trilby," which, though spanning ten years, still shows all its former flavor and charm.

What there has been of the American drama has received American support; we have gone to see our home players in preference to English actors, until the latter, doubtless, have despaired of our taste; such pieces as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "The Music Master," "Sunday," "The Sho-Gun," "Leah Kleschna," "The College Widow," "Cousin Billy," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "Strongheart," and "The Heir to the Hoorah," have succeeded

more or less, because of our patriotic pride in cleverness.

There have been no brilliant achievements during the season; we have been standing in the desert crying aloud for originality—and by "we" is meant the actor and the public. In default of this originality we have rung down the curtain.

JACK London is to have a new novel, published in midsummer, called "The Game." It is, in a sense, a sequel to "The Sea-Wolf." That is to say, like the "Sea-Wolf" it contains a certain allegory, which, taken in conjunction with Mr. London's "War of the Classes," must interest those who feel that this eager young socialist has something direct and distinct to say, and the power to say it in a way original, and, after once it is comprehended, unforgettable. Since Mr. London has put us on the scent of allegories in his works of fiction, it may not be too much to inquire if "The Call of the Wild" did not also contain its hidden significance? It is easy to imagine that it does so. London is allying himself with socialism fearlessly, and recently ran for mayor of Oakland, Cal., on the socialist ticket, and was defeated. His "War of the Classes" has proved so popular a book that the Macmillan Company is about to issue a paper-bound edition. To add to London's many activities, he has taken up playwriting and has practically completed a play for Miss Ethel Barrymore. It remains to be seen whether Mr. London carries his progressive allegory into the drama. This method of subtle inculcation of ideas is one affected by socialists everywhere at this time. It is noticeable in the curiously simple editorials which amaze, amuse, fascinate and convert the people in Mr. Hearst's daily papers. Underlying the astonishing simplicity of these utterances is the pervading policy of socialism, as any one may see who gives them careful examination. Mr. Hearst, it appears, is about to start a magazine of his own, in which he will, probably, give full play to the writers whose radical articles are shut from the conservative old-line magazines. Among the recent publications which appear to convey a hidden meaning beneath the obvious tale, is a dramatic poem by Percy Mackaye, entitled "Fenris, the Wolf." *Fenris*, being the wolf-



JACK LONDON

god, the bastard of *Odin* and a hag, possesses the spirit of hate and revolt. He yearns for the beautiful *Freya*, the spirit of spring and joy, and she in turn yearns for him, moved by her compassion and her delight in elemental power. He is inarticulate, anarchical, without "one rational aim commensurate with his woe," and can be kept from the ravishment of *Freya*—that is, of innocence and happiness—only by being chained in the mephitic crater of a fearful volcano. Against him the edicts of *Odin* are powerless. No punishment can be discovered so condign as to conquer him. It is only the love of *Freya* that at last lifts him

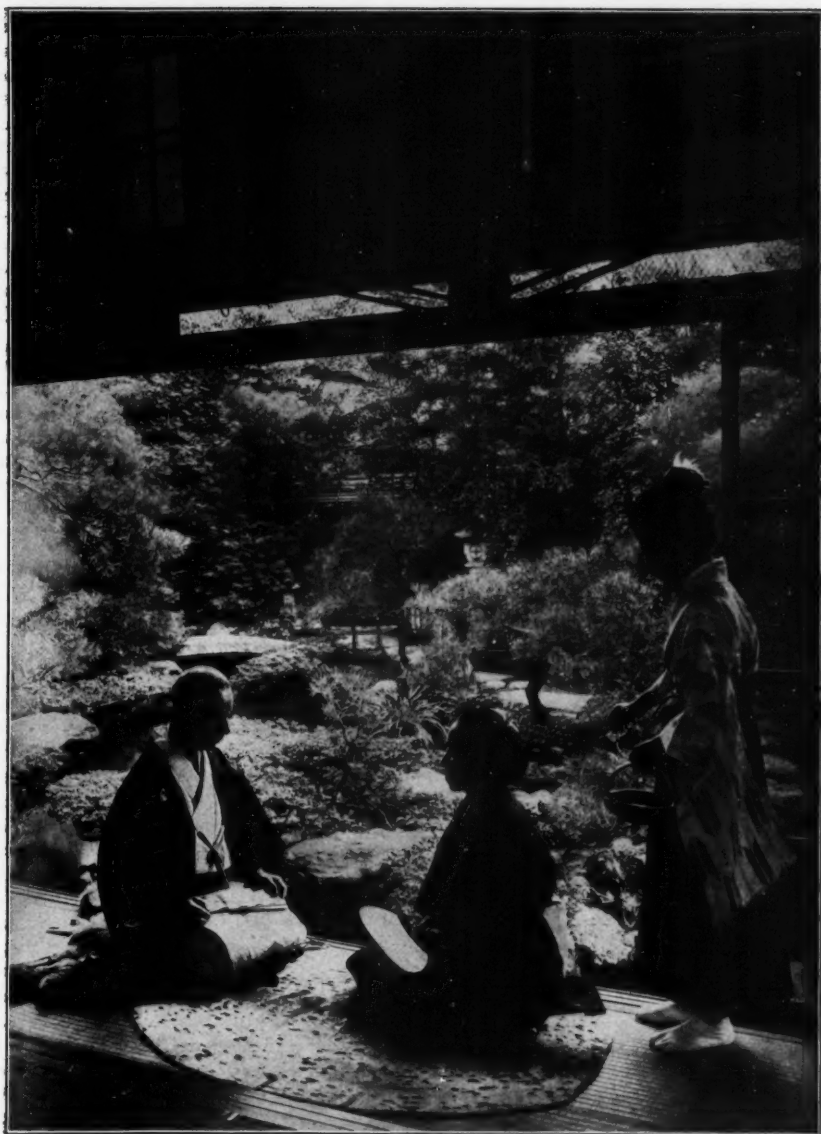
nobler than the noblest, and causes him to rise to a sacrifice beyond the imagining even of *Odin*, and so secure peace to the world. "The bolt of iron and scourge of brass" avail nothing. It is only when he finds his heart's desire and relinquishes it that he attains to manhood, representing thus the immemorial idea of complete sacrifice, from which modern philosophy finds itself unable to escape. Dying, he cries to his followers:

"Yorul! my men and liegemen! you—you
also
Conceived in chains and born in passion,
you
Also, who, from an immemorial brute,
Rage for emancipation, oh, forget not
Your brother, Fenris, him who was brought
forth
A glorious miscarriage of the gods,
To be exalted to a man."

In view of the fact that the current times seem to have launched upon us certain shapeless "monsters of the prime, who tear each other in their slime," it is not amiss to consider what exercise of compassion, love, or beauty may reach them who show, indeed, not "one rational aim commensurate with their woe"—their chief woe being, it would seem, the spirit of hate, suspicion and revolt which tears them, and puts from them those who would fain sympathize with them the most.

THE death of Judge Albion W. Tourgee removes a characteristic American from the country of his extraordinary activities. He was a man whose interest in life appeared never to flag, and who was always ready to act as advocate for his convictions. He was born in Williamsfield, Ohio, in 1838, spent his early youth in western Massachusetts, and in 1858 went to the Rochester University. His college course was interrupted by the outbreak of the war, and in April, 1861, he enlisted in the Twenty-seventh New York regiment, and received, at the first battle of Bull Run, the wound which made an invalid of him during the greater portion of his life, and from which he eventually died. After his return from the war he studied law, secured admission to the Ohio bar, returned to the front as the

first lieutenant in the One Hundred and Fifth Ohio Regiment, and continued in that office until imprisoned at Atlanta, Salisbury and in Libby Prison. At the close of the war he settled in Greensboro, N. C., where he practised his profession. In 1867 he was elected a delegate to the State constitutional convention, and a year later became a judge of the superior court, holding his office until 1874. During his term of service as judge the Ku-Klux Klan was exposed and broken up, largely through his individual efforts. In 1869 he was one of the commissioners appointed to prepare the code of North Carolina, and in 1875 he was again a delegate to the State constitutional convention. It is as a writer of fiction that Judge Tourgee won his celebrity, but he was the author of three law books. The books relating to his profession were a North Carolina "Form Book" (1868), "The Code, with Notes and Decisions" (1877) and "A Digest of Cited Cases" (1897). His first contribution to fiction was made in 1874, when, under the nom de plume of Henry Churton, he wrote "Toinette," which attracted a good deal of attention and aroused resentment in the South because of the expression of Judge Tourgee's opinions or observations concerning the social relations of blacks and whites. In 1879 Judge Tourgee published a second novel, "Figs and Thistles: A Story of the Western Reserve and the Civil War." This was followed almost immediately by "A Fool's Errand," which, relating, as it did, to reconstruction, and offering the first vivid picture of that painful experiment, aroused intense interest all over the country. The publishers were put to it to supply the demand for the volume. Other books by Judge Tourgee are "Bricks Without Straw," "Hot Plowshares," "Black Ice," "With Gauge and Swallow," "Out of the Sunset Sea" and "The Story of a Thousand." In addition to his literary work, he did efficient labor as a Republican speaker during the campaign of 1880, and in 1881 lectured on "The Ben Adhemite Era" and dramatized "A Fool's Errand." He was appointed consul at Bordeaux in 1897, and in 1903 was promoted to the post of consul-general at Halifax, returning later to his former office at Bordeaux. At the time of his death he lived at Mayville, New York.



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GARDENS AT HOME OF MR. Y. NAMIKAWA, FAMOUS LEADER IN
ART INDUSTRIES, KYOTO, JAPAN

THERE is one performance that stands out among the year's dramatic experiments. Not so very long ago, Miss Ethel Barrymore read for the first time Ibsen's "A Doll's House," and with her quick perception, she saw herself in the rôle of *Nora*. She began rehearsals amid doubtful press comments as to her ability to sustain the part; even a few hours before the opening night, this doubt was so persistent that Miss Barrymore would have gladly given up Ibsen had she not gone so far. But examined carefully, one may safely say that Miss Barrymore as *Nora* struck the highest note she has yet reached. It was more than a worthy attempt; it was a success due to intelligence and subtle art. If she failed to handle that sudden shift of *Nora's* character from doll to woman, it was because she herself is not ripe enough in experience as yet to give it the maturity needed. It was in the first two acts, where *Nora*, the ingenuë, dances through her life with inherited weaknesses, with childish actions, with irresponsible extravagances, with reckless lying, and with impulsive, blind love that Miss Barrymore excelled. There are those who turn from *Nora* with disgust; they can not accept the theory of marital duty which Ibsen makes *Nora* call the "miracle," in the face of a mother's love. They can not applaud the idea of a wife leaving her husband because he persists in being selfish and in treating her as a child, when that wife is likewise the mother of three children. The last act is Ibsen's Idea; Miss Barrymore, however, studied *Nora* not as an idea, but as a character—a human interpretation; much of the hardness, the angular distinctness was softened by Miss Barrymore's personal charm—by her frank and natural method.

ELIZABETH Robins was not considered, by her friends, to be the sort of a woman who could or would care to write a successful novel. They gave her credit for taking an interest in science, for being a traveler of uncommon penetration, for dramatic talent—though her stage career was not a long one—and for having large ideas on almost all practical subjects. They did not believe she could specialize in psychology, that she could write of love or that she

would dilate upon the complexities of modern society. When her fiction proved to be both excellent and popular, these friends were quite candid in their expression of astonishment. And now that "A Dark Lantern" has appeared, which is as fervid and intense a study of passion as has been made during the last decade, they will, inevitably, confess to their mistaken summing up of Miss Robin's mental quality. One has no hesitation in saying that, save for May Sinclair's "The Divine Fire," no book so fascinating, so essentially romantic, so charged with those qualities of charm—both sinister and delightful—which constituted the strength of Charlotte Brontë's work, has appeared for a long time. *A Dark Lantern* is the pseudonym bestowed upon a London physician of extraordinary ability and amazing personality, who is the "black-magic" hero of the book. He is offset by a heroine who, in spite of being lady-fine in her tastes and training, has the courage to go headlong against law and convention, and the spirit to take her punishment without whining, and her reward for sacrifice with humility. *Katherine Dereham* and *Dr. Garth Vincent* are indeed a surprising pair of lovers, and so weighted with fate do their destinies appear to be that the author's assurance that all ends well with them, meets with something like incredulity on the part of the reader, who feels a secret conviction that the author can hardly know as much as he does about the matter. Charlotte Brontë would have felt distinctly jealous on behalf of her redoubtable *Rochester* could she have read of the magnificent brutalities of *Garth Vincent*, who is certainly the rudest, most selfish, most autocratic and altogether insufferable boor that ever stalked through the pages of fiction—with his hands in his pockets—to the perpetual subjugation of all women in and out of the book. At one moment, when he threatens to strangle *Katherine*, he becomes positively irresistible. The reader lives in childish hopes of having his megrims explained. It is not too much to expect that the author will so far apologize for his outrageous behavior as to give some hint of the nature of his past. But though she makes his appearance as formidable as that of a lightning-struck oak, she says nothing definite about the lightning, and the heroine is

left in ignorance as great as that of the reader. The *Katherine* of Miss Robins may not have been a shrew precisely, but she was as difficult to tame as if she had been. She was a genius, a woman of pride, fastidiousness, accustomed to adoration, highly sensitized, very well born and accustomed to rule. Fancy the difficulty of subjugating a woman like this, who carried her delicate body as if a flame sustained it, and whose spirit could take flight at any moment, no matter what imprisonment the corporeality of her might undergo. Yet she was tamed, and not by circumstance, but by a man. This is romance as romance goes, in our time, and the book is worth the reading. It is not for younglings. It seems superfluous to say that; but one finds that it is a point of conscience in this country, when commending a work of fiction, to indicate whether it is or is not for juvenile consumption, since our young people have the reading habit fast on them, and yet are, it appears, to be kept to books which set their corporate limits close about the "golden milestone."

MR. Edwin Lefevre, author of "The Golden Flood," denies that Wall Street men are all material, sordid and grasping. It is their imagination that makes them successful, Mr. Lefevre avers, and their zest for the game that leads them on. "I believe," he says, "that the quality of mind—genius, you might call it—which makes a man successful in Wall Street is practically the same as the quality of mind which makes him successful as a poet, a novelist or an artist. At bottom it is high-powered imagination, guiding the captain of finance to see new channels for investment that his less capable brothers do not see, in the same way that it leads great painters to see beauties in nature to which other artists' eyes are blind. The plot of 'The Golden Flood' developed naturally in harmony with this idea, and when young Grinnell came to the Wall Street men and began depositing millions of dollars in gold he played upon their imaginative faculties. They immediately went further than ordinary men would have gone, and made up their minds that Grinnell was an alchemist and was making gold." Mr. Lefevre has been over six years the financial editor of one of the large New York dailies,

and his opinions are entitled to consideration when they relate to Wall Street and the quality of the men who operate on it.



MAY SINCLAIR
Author of "The Divine Fire"

THE matter of a repertoire is one of the oft-discussed points in connection with a national theater. A serious motive prompting the management of a theater does not mean somberness of choice; and a well-balanced choice does not mean devotion to one class of drama. The past season has witnessed several actors carrying repertoires of considerable scope. Mr. Mansfield appeared in six or seven characterizations, showing his versatility as well as his limitations; Miss Nance O'Neill acted some seven rôles, each with a power indicative of future possibilities; Mr. Robert Mantell brought his experience to bear upon three plays; while Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe went through the country with Shakespeare, and expect to do so again next year, and still the next. Mr. Willard, coming to America with weak plays, was forced into repertoire by reason of his initial failure;

Mr. Edward Terry came over with several dramas which he had taken with him around the world. This is alone sufficient to indicate the tendency toward repertoire; add to what has already been said the fact that vaudeville supports stock companies, and we may prophesy a partial return to the old régime. Everywhere we find recognized organizations playing good dramas; a notable example recently seen in New York was a company starring both Miss Haswell, an Augustin Daly product, and Jacob Adler, the Yiddish *Shylock*. The company gave a variety of repertoire, and was large enough in numbers to warrant the proper assignment of parts. The star system has come to stay, exclaimed a manager recently. This may be so, but both for the actor and for the evenness of his art, a permanent organization is to be desired.



EDWARD K. BOK
Editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*

NOTHING is more self-evident than that baiting is one of the chief diversions of man. The best of men will go to a bull-fight at least once in their lives; and

pious fathers have been known to enjoy bear baiting. At colleges, where men have not yet learned restraint or hypocrisy, hazing bears witness to the cheerful brutality of man. But in mature years, it is not by methods so simple or so physical that baiting is conducted, but by sarcasm, jest and anecdote, which make the sufferer ridiculous, which poignard his quivering memory and leave a fatal poison in it forever. One of the men who has been selected for perpetual baiting is Mr. Oscar L. Triggs, sometime of Chicago University, now editor of a radical periodical called *Tomorrow*. Fate must have been amused at Mr. Triggs from the first, or she would not have bestowed upon him a name difficult to reconcile with dignity. She went farther and made him short of stature, swift and facile of speech, bestowed upon him a sympathetic, dancing brain which glances from subject to subject and from simile to simile, and, to cap the climax, provided him with a sort of mental microscope, so that whatever object he looks upon becomes magnified out of true proportion. Kind of heart, enthusiastic about his time, concerned about the distress of the poor and the miserable, expectant of what the present and the future may have to offer in the way of literature, reform, and social opportunity, Mr. Triggs is filled and swayed by good and agreeable ideas. He is a man who lives to have friends, and who has a capacity for idealizing those friends. He wishes to stand in line with the advanced men—those who lead on into the Utopian fields where man is brother to man, and none dare oppress another for his soul's sake. With all these virtues to his credit, it is nevertheless the fate of Mr. Triggs to appear ridiculous. Reporters in Chicago used his classroom remarks without context, and in such a way as to give him an unenviable notoriety. The suit for damages which Mr. Triggs brought against a New York paper on the ground that its facetious criticism of him had been the occasion of his loss of a professorship at the Chicago University, has been accorded Mr. Triggs with six cents damages—and nothing more saturnine could have been devised. The scornful laughed deep in their throats; perhaps some members of the English Department with which the professor was once associ-

ated, laughed, too—they who had never been ridiculous, and knew not the torment of it! Probably the young men and women who used to crowd his class-room till there was hardly standing room, considered it worth a good guffaw. And now, in a current periodical, occurs a characterization, more clever and more cruel than anything that has yet been written about the little man. "A Triggs," says this writer, "if we may attempt a definition, is a man who aspires to an egregiousness far beyond the limits of his nature. He is a fugitive from the commonplace, but without means of effecting his escape." And the writer discovers in him something distinctly western. The West, he insinuates, is full of Triggses. As to Mr. Triggs' radicalism, he finds it of a feeble flavor. He speaks of the contributions to *Tomorrow* being written "in a tone of desperate valor, as if editor and contributors were hourly expecting each platitude to be their last. They nerve themselves by battle-hymns into saying the sort of things that we hear at a tea-table," and he adds, "The 'new thinker,' apparently, is merely a man who does no know what other people have already thought." Well, it seems as if that were about the last word! The good-natured little man who started out, trying to understand his complex time, trying to believe in contemporary events, trying to discover in modern tendencies ultimate goodness, and who, somehow, by a twist of tongue, or a caprice of thought, has been the prey of the absurd, seems done for now. He is cooked and browned, disjointed and served with sauce piquante. Another goose this way, please! Our appetite is still keen, and there's not one among us who would not quite willingly torment another sensitive, vain, pseudo-reformer, half-poet and half-fool! Such people will, no doubt, always appear ridiculous to us, even when they have broken hearts. And meantime, how brisk has been the crackling of our witticisms—like thorns under a pot!

WILL Payne, the author of a number of excellent novels, and until recently one of the editors of *The Economist*, has left Chicago and gone to a peach farm at Pawpaw, Michigan. Mr. Payne, like many of his fellow laborers, has long had a desire for rural life, and he is now putting his en-

thusiasm to the test. He has farmer's blood in his veins, and will probably know by instinct when the trees need pruning and when they need whitewashing. His definition of the simple life is succinct. "You work," he says, "eleven months of the year, rising at five and dropping at sunset with fatigue, and then Mr. Armour sends along his car on your sidetrack and takes everything you have." Mr. I. K. Friedman will spend the summer with Mr. Payne, and both of these keen and industrious gentlemen of the literary calling may be expected to provide something worth while for the autumn market.



ROGER POCOCK

Author of "Curly"

PLENTY of theories have been advanced for the caprice or obstinacy of poets who, like Whitman or Browning, choose to write without rhythm to their poetry; but the most remarkable theory has been offered by Mr. Paul Elmor More, the brilliant young scholar who holds the position of literary editor of the *New York Post*. Mr. More refers to Browning's page as not quite poetry and not quite prose, and says:

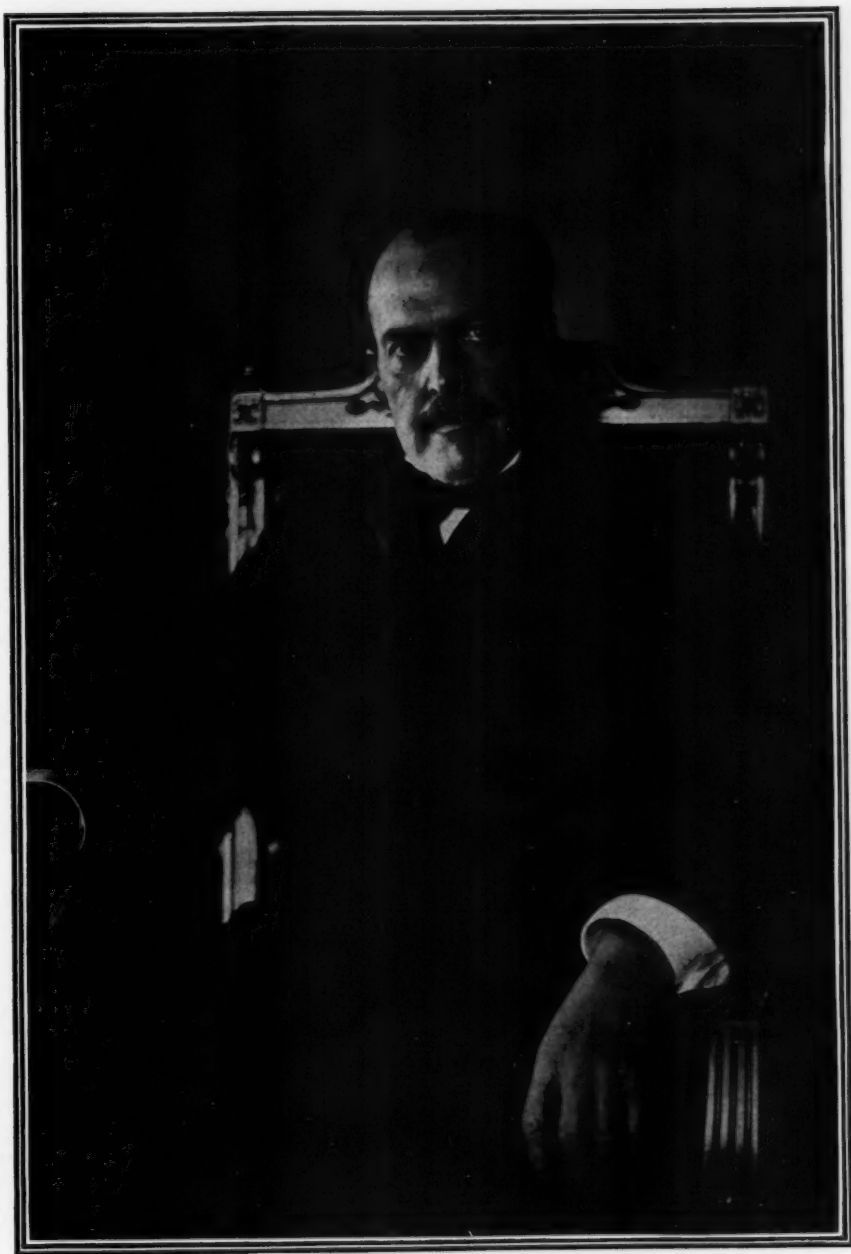
"Lady Burne-Jones in the Memorials of her husband tells of meeting the poet at Denmark Hill, when some talk went on about the rate at which the pulse of different people beat. Browning suddenly leaned toward her, saying, 'Do me the honor to feel my pulse'—but to her surprise there was none to feel. His pulse was, in fact, never perceptible to touch. The notion may seem fantastic, but, in view of certain recent investigations of psychology into the relation between our pulse and our sense of rhythm, I have wondered whether the lack of any regular systole and diastole in Browning's verse may not rest on a physical basis. There is undoubtedly a kind of proper motion in his language, but it is neither the regular rise and fall of verse nor the more loosely-balanced cadences of prose; or, rather, it vacillates from one movement to the other, in a way which keeps the rhythmically-trained ear in a state of acute tension. But it has at least the interest of corresponding curiously to the writer's trick of steering between the elevation of poetry and the analysis of prose. It rounds out completely our impression of watching the most expert funambulist in English letters. Nor is there anything strange in this intimate relation between the content of his writing and the mechanism of his metre. 'The purpose of rhythm,' says Mr. Yeats in a striking passage of one of his essays, 'it has always seemed to me, is to prolong the moment of contemplation, the moment when we are both asleep and awake, which is the one moment of creation, by hushing us with an alluring monotony, while it holds us waking by variety.' That is the neo-Celt's mystical way of putting a truth that all have felt—the fact that the regular sing-song of verse exerts a species of enchantment on the senses, lulling to sleep the individual within us and translating our thoughts and emotions into something significant of the larger experience of mankind."

Mr. More has the courage to dissent from the philosophy of Browning. "The secret of his (Browning's) more esoteric fame," writes Mr. More, "is just this, that he dresses a worldly and easy philosophy in the forms of spiritual faith and so deceives the troubled seekers after the higher life.

It is not pleasant to be convicted of throwing stones at the prophets, as I shall appear to many to have done. My only consolation is that, if the prophet is a true teacher, these stones of the casual passer-by merely raise a more conspicuous monument to his honor; but if he turns out in the end to be a false prophet (as I believe Browning to have been)—why, then, let his disciples look to it."

This essay, printed where it must needs have but slight recognition, is too valuable, in its earnestness and astuteness, not to find preservation in a book. This it will eventually do, no doubt. Mr. More's second book of *Shelburne Essays* has but now appeared, and is devoted entirely to literary subjects, chiefly estimates of poets and critics.

THAT "the orchard lands of long ago" are lovely to all of us, is borne out by the great popularity which the two books by Mrs. S. A. Shafer enjoy. Mrs. Shafer was not inclined to think of herself as a writer. She was a gentlewoman with an interest in the present, a loving memory for the past and a good hope for the future, and to beguile time pleasantly fell to setting down recollections of the time when she was young. Some one induced her to send these recollections to a publisher. She was reluctant to do so. She did not discover any real "story" in these casual, happy reminiscences of her girlhood, and she felt a sincere diffidence in offering anything so unusual, and, in a sense, so unconventional, to the bookmaker. Her friends overpersuaded her, however, and the result is two really lovely books, which continue to win their way in the regards of lovers of quiet reading. "The Day Before Yesterday" and "Beyond Chance of Change" are the titles of this personal memorabilia, which consists of nothing more nor less than scenes in a village of happy memory, in the days when every one of any account appeared to be under eleven. Nothing untoward happens in these pages, though clouds threaten the group of young pilgrims. Beautiful and all-powerful deities in the shape of Father, Mother and Grandfather guard from harm and, apparently, control the universe. Adventures there are, related with an excitement which the author has hardly been able



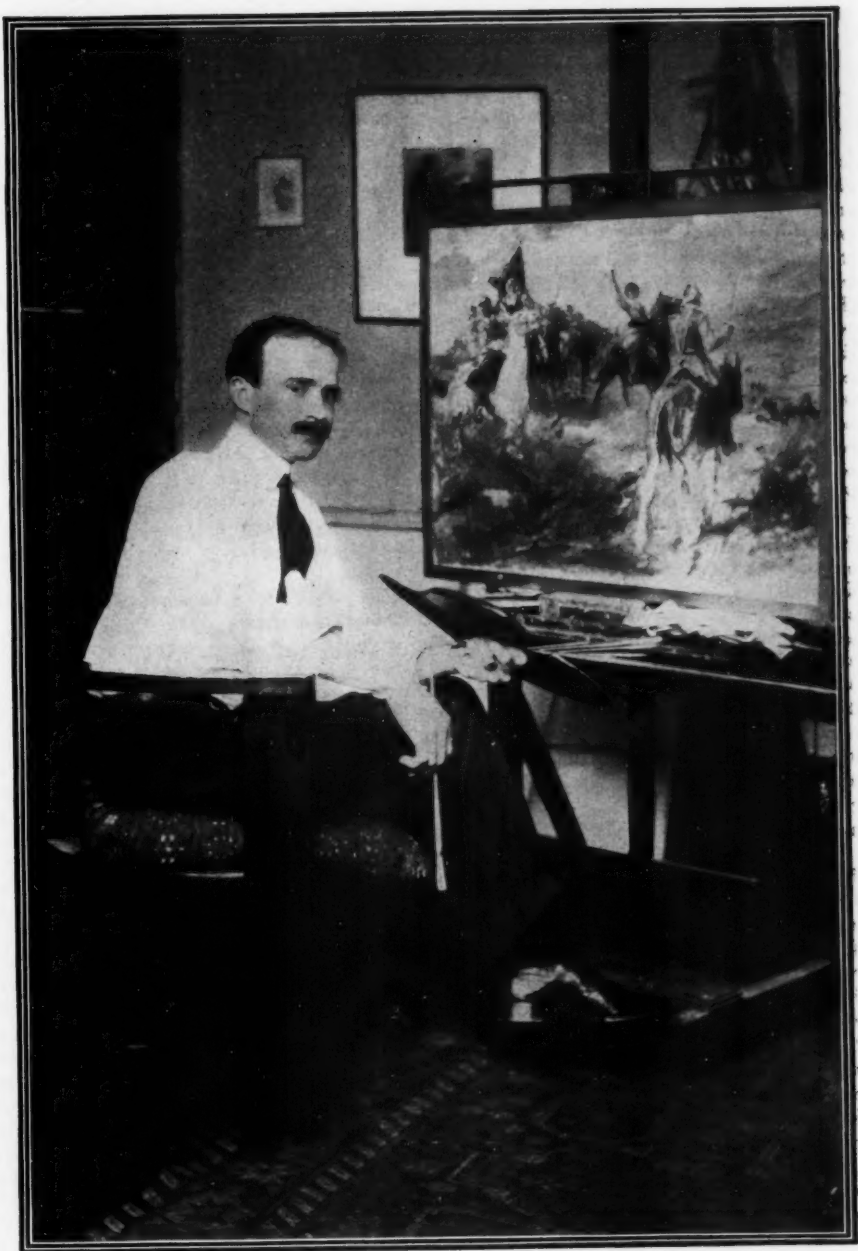
EDWARD F. DUNNE, MAYOR OF CHICAGO

to control in spite of having lived safely beyond the alarms of that tumultuous time. The family life depicted is quaint and beautiful, and the village life is inimitable. Mrs. Shafer has depicted a real family and a real village down in Indiana, and it is pleasant to reflect that after years of residence in a city she has at last returned to the scene of her childhood and is living there in undiminished enjoyment of old neighbors, kind ghosts, and familiar scenes.

NOT since Mr. E. U. Valentine wrote "Hecla Sandwith"—which, indeed, was only the other day—has there been an American novel containing more of the sturdy elements of old-time fiction than Mr. F. L. Pattee's "The House of the Black Ring." One would hardly venture to say that Mr. Pattee shows the same grace in the use of English as does Mr. Valentine, who is so fortunate as to have a distinct talent for fine writing, but Mr. Pattee, like Mr. Valentine, chooses a good background for his work, makes his characters dramatic, and keeps them consistent to their natures as outlined at the first. "The House of the Black Ring" has for its *mise en scène* a tortuous valley of the Pennsylvania mountains. Its characters are the descendants of the Dutch—people of no little picturesqueness, much industry, plenty of superstition, and those strongly developed characteristics which make them excellent lovers and loyal friends. The wild valley, shut in by hills, racked, on occasion, by flood and fire, made mysterious by underground caverns where the sandstone intrudes upon the granite, has provided an excellent background. The little world is shut away by itself, and a secluded kingdom has, from before the time of Shakespeare to the day of Anthony Hope, been a favorite theme with romancers. In this little kingdom there reigns one overman—one king—one little tyrant of the fields. None think of contesting his arrogant rule till another overman comes upon the scene. This second one is a man of mystery, and about him and his two sons suspicion and romance hang thick.

The hero of the story, *Jim Farthing*, is the son of the new-comer, *Al Farthing*. The heroine, *Rose Hartswick*, is, inevitably, the beautiful and truly good daughter of the

selfish autocrat, and Capulets and Montagues, according to their immemorial practice, fall into deadly disputes, while their followers bite their thumbs at each other as they meet. There are secrets in the story which are not told till Paris is slain, Romeo and Juliet safely wedded, the wicked king festering in his shroud and the new king entered upon a righteous rule. For to such immemorial springs of pure romance does this modern tale owe its beginnings. It is, however, localized most convincingly. These obstinate American-Dutch are true to the life. The reader has confidence in their capability, in their intense interest in life, and in their direct and simple point of view. He believes in the very topography of the valley, and in events as they are stated. He is even annoyed that certain phases of the mystery that shadows the book are left unexplained, and refers Mr. Pattee to "The Mysteries of Udolpho," where, it will be remembered, the perplexed reader is provided with a sort of glossary of shudders, in which each horror of the book is explained to the satisfaction of the dullest. Mr. Valentine's "Hecla Sandwith," it will be recalled, is also a story of central Pennsylvania, but his people are Scotch-Presbyterian iron-workers, proud, overbearing, rude, iron-framed and self-willed. His men possess more passionate natures, sin with more impulse, repent with more grief than do Mr. Pattee's. The book is keyed to a higher note. The resemblance between these two recent novels is to be found in their recurrence to the ancient themes of romance; to their artistic shutting out by a perfectly natural means, the incongruous world, and to the virility of their themes. Mr. Valentine chose a psychological development and dénouement, while Mr. Pattee selected one more melodramatic, but both show a healthy desire to create a substantial tale in which honor makes its way though opposed by many foes, in which character suits itself to environment, and in which the sins and the virtues are those which grow, spontaneously, side by side. The books are not echoes. They are strong American novels, both failing somewhat in the end to justify the excellence of the first idea, but both faithful to the laws of romance and original in that they found a new and good form in which to present it.



F. C. YOHN
Artist and Illustrator, in His Studio

NEVER was a man happier than is William Dean Howells when he delineates a vacillating feminine mind. He has such a one in *Miss Lillias Bellard*, the heroine of his new novel, "Miss Bellard's Inspiration." This young lady's inspiration is of a peculiar sort, and consists of nothing less than a fervent determination to study matrimony at second hand before giving her final answer to the very agreeable young Englishman who desires her for a wife. The *Crombies*, a middle-aged couple of the sort Mr. Howells knows how to paint to the life, have in their weariness at overmuch entertaining decided to retire into the most sacred recesses of the New Hampshire hills, to rest and enjoy each other's society. To them comes *Lillias Bellard*, none too welcome because she has intruded upon what was intended to be a very solitary Eden. About this same time *Mr. Crombie*, who is an incurable host, comes across an old school friend who is staying near, and invites him and his wife to be his guests. This couple, the *Meivisons*, are on the verge of separation, owing to the excessive and disturbing character of their infatuation with each other. *Miss Bellard* is therefore put in the way of beholding the various pitfalls of married life as understood by the complex and highly developed. The play of feminine mind upon feminine mind is touched up with indescribable humor and slyness, and the book resolves itself into one of Mr. Howells' most subtle performances.

MR. Frederick Trevor Hill has actually found a new way of presenting a story. In "The Accomplice," which bears the subtitle of a novel of mystery, he causes the reader to take the place of a jurymen, to sit, in imagination, in the court room, and to hear the unfolding of a crime, the mystery as to the criminal, and the swift and amazing discovery of the real criminal, all from witnesses, prosecutor and judge. Mr. Hill guards his criminal so carefully that not until the last quarter of the book may the most alert reader surmise who it is. Being himself an attorney who has borne his honorable part in a number of celebrated cases, Mr. Hill finds himself on sure ground, but it must be urged that it is fictional and not legal ability that has en-

abled him to set his story forth in a fashion so unusual and so clever. The story is told by the foreman of the jury. Mr. Hill is a graduate of the Polytechnic Institute and of Yale College. He studied law at Columbia, graduating in 1889. His first book was published in 1893, and since then he has written steadily. "The Web" and "The Minority" are the titles of his novels, and he has many good short stories to his credit. He is also the author of a legal volume on "The Care of Estates."

MADAME Bertha Kalich, the Polish actress whose performances in Yiddish have established her fame on New York's East Side, has appeared in English drama at the American Theater. Many of her admirers did not hesitate to prognosticate that she would bear comparison with Modjeska, Bernhardt and Duse—a heavy burden to put upon a young actress who has yet to familiarize herself with the tongue in which she has elected to play henceforth. Criticism, after the event, remained enthusiastic, though tempered from the extremity of praise to something more reasonable. The best critics complained of a lack of reserve, of an absence of subtlety. Madame Kalich's declamation was frequently melodramatic, they averred, and her methods too obvious and insistent. As she had chosen "Fédora" for her debut in English, she placed herself, of course, in line of comparison with the greatest of contemporary actresses, and suffered somewhat in consequence. But even the severest of those who reviewed her presentation of Sardou's impressive play were of the opinion that an actress of remarkable power and magnetism had appeared, and that schooling under conservative English stage influences would soon mitigate her excesses. The critics appeared to concur in the statement that at present she showed more nature than art, and one said that at present she might most fitly be compared to Mrs. James Brown Potter. Madame Kalich is still young, having been born in 1874 in Galicia. She made her first professional appearance as a singer, and by the time she was seventeen years old she was engaged for leading parts in operetta at the National Theater in Bucharest. It was there that she was heard by Mr. Edelstein, of

New York, who induced her to come to America, and to appear at the Thalia Theater in comic opera. Notwithstanding her success with Offenbach and other composers, she soon expressed her determination to attempt emotional drama, and bravely essayed one experiment after another, appearing in the Yiddish versions of "Honor," "Madame Sans Gene," "A Doll's House," "Magda," and "Fédora." She has won many friends among theater-goers, some of the most fastidious of whom continue to predict a brilliant artistic future for her.

IT is not often that Milwaukee contributes a book to the publishers' list. Milwaukee appears to be otherwise engaged—though it is not to be forgotten that Charles Lusk lives there and writes mightily well, though infrequently. One of Mr. Lusk's confrères in the newspaper business, Mr. William E. Kirk, has put out a slender volume of dialect poems called "The Norsk Nightingale." Simple pathos, crude tenderness, and a half-confessed love of the Norsk "lumber-yack" for the beautiful, make up the sentiment of the verses. Frank realism asserts itself in every line and confesses to the unpretentiousness of the little volume. It has its distinct place in that literature of locality which forms so considerable a part of the American product. To the residents of Min-

nesota and Wisconsin, where the "lumber-yack" thrives, the dialect will prove familiar enough. A good half of the book is given up to lumber-yack parodies of familiar poems, with results which even the most respectful admirer of poetry will be forced to enjoy.

IT is said that Emma Calvé has written the libretto for an opera, to be composed by Isidore de Lara, which is to be produced in London next season. Madame Calvé has also set in motion a charitable movement by which chorus girls, receiving sums insufficient to sustain them, shall be assisted by the prima donnas. Madame Calvé offers to head this list herself, and the impulse is indicative of her very good heart and warm impulses, but the idea is really worth little. It would be more to the purpose if chorus girls, like musicians, would form a union and protect their own rights. Benefactions are not pleasant in the mouth of the independent, but a living wage is a thing to which all laborers are entitled, and it appears that fifty dollars a month for seven months of the year is not enough for a chorus girl who must feed and clothe herself twelve months of the year, and much of that time must be in the great cities, where inexpensive living is almost an impossibility.



TO BE CONCLUDED

By Helen A. Saxon

I HAVE been observing how much less popular the time-honored "serial" is now-a-days than it was when I was young—or is it but another instance of that change in my own perspective which I find myself so often running up against of late? Perhaps it is only my contemporaries (from whom we are apt to glean our averages), who prefer to wait for their story in completed form, and who tell you so with that air of superiority we all feel in doing what we suppose to be different from others. However that be, though I never read the serial myself any more, I rarely see that little bracketed "To be continued," without a reminiscent thrill of the days when it used to spring up before my thwarted imagination like the closed gate of Paradise, its promise for the time quite extinguished in its denial. And what diabolical ingenuity it had for appearing at precisely the wrong place! Nor was the case much mended when, in the course of time, "To be concluded" replaced it, for then eagerness was shot through with regret, even though curiosity was whetted to know how the tangled threads could be straightened out in but one instalment more, and woven into the required wedding garment.

Was it the abounding appetite of youth that gave relish to a feast that now tempts but little? or was it ordinary hunger sharpened by lack?—our modern form of prayer and fasting, as Howells has it; for in those days of few books and fewer publications, the religious weekly with its religious serial was taken *con amore*, and not merely for the sake of maintaining family traditions and lighting the kitchen fire.

But there came a time when the stories of real life surpassed for us those of the

printed-page stories to which we were held, not alone by the unfolding plot and dramatic incident, but by our own ever deepening insight and comprehension. "A cat may look at the king,"—"True," says Ruskin, "but does it *see* the king?" We look first, but learn to see after. It is the one great advantage of growing old, the one redeeming compensation. We trace effect to cause, relate the final product to its source, see the hidden possibilities—the unrealized, or half-obliterated designs. Yes, and we begin at length to catch hints of a reconciling and satisfying harmony underneath the manifold discords. The sense of life's coherence and solidarity steals upon us slowly, almost stealthily, like the dim shadows on the developing negative in the dark room, but in their growing clearness we discern at last answers to many an old riddle, beauties we had overlooked, links we had missed. Character shapes itself under our very eyes, and the significance of things often flashes upon us by the most casual roads. Whole pages of human nature and of history, past and potential, are written for us in the timid glance, the officious smirk, the assertive bearing. At the beginning of this living book of surpassing interest all is new; the *dramatis personae* have not revealed themselves, they may be heroes or villains in disguise, but later we classify them and follow through their diversified fortunes with much the same sympathy, wondering at their superlative stupidity and complacent over our own superior wisdom, that we used to feel in the paler annals of the written page. Only in this later book the possibilities are infinite, the complications subtle and incalculable, the interest vital.

In the man who disappears from our

social horizon, submerged by the weight of his own misdoing, we recall the boy who, bright and vivid and affectionate, sometimes in the early days, stepped before us in the gay procession, harvesting the smiles for which we had sowed. Winning all hearts and grieving all hearts, his quick success brought quicker failure, and his portion has been as the fruit of the seed that fell upon stony ground. You felt in those first chapters that something was wrong with the world's logic. The sterling virtues were not of their reputed value. Long after, you realized with something like a shudder, how far wrong was this estimate.

There is the woman who was reared in a Puritan home where amusements were forbidden, and novels unheard of. Pretty and attractive, she lived in seclusion, knowing nothing of life or of herself until the feast for which she had no oil was past. Then left an orphan, and having little knowledge of worldly ways, her money presently disappeared, and she is now a dressmaker's middle-aged assistant, with the ashes of long-faded roses in her cheeks, and easily startled eyes that have the habit of pathos. Had she been a little less docile, a little less dutiful, you say to yourself, what then? but you say it under your breath.

Turn a leaf anywhere in memory and the stories come stealing out on its pages. There is poor Smith, as good a fellow as ever lived, who never cheated even at marbles (exasperating as it was when you had sides together), who built up a business on slow but sure methods, and who married, after waiting many years for the woman who proved the wrong one after all. Finding life impossible with her in the only home he had ever known and the one he had given his best years to making, he turned it over to her, while he, poor fellow, joined the army of the Unanchored in the far West to begin over again at forty-five, bankrupt in hope.

Not all the stories are so easy to read

as these, or as nearly concluded. There is Jones, for instance, who married a lady of impulsive and volatile disposition, and who is turning into a balance wheel under your very eyes. Incapable of enthusiasm any more, a type of cool impassivity, he meets every argument with one of equal weight on the other side, until you can hardly restrain yourself from throwing him over the fence, so that he shall not for everlastingly be on it.

On the other hand, there is John with his untempered college enthusiasms, mistaking his garden of Eden for the entire universe and himself for its chief inhabitant, and you read him with a glance between the rim of your glasses and the edge of your morning paper for at least ten years ahead.

You note the suave, conciliatory manner of your clergyman—the “drawing-room habit”—gaining on him with the years, and add that to the wrong side of your never-settled account with him. And some day you suddenly see that the marked attention with which your doctor listens to your list of symptoms, and upon which you have leaned with such confidence, bears the unmistakable trail of the habit, and you become sadly aware that you are only in the reception room of his mind, and that the passport to more hospitable quarters would probably be nothing less than an operation! There is no denying it is a shock to you, only partly alleviated by the contemplation of your own astuteness.

And then there is your own story! You look back upon those early, far-away years and see yourself moving amongst them with the detachment of a third person. The headstrong impulses that drove you contrary to all advice, you see now to have been even more irresistible than they seemed then. It was the Ishmael of your nature sending you to the wilderness. Later it gave way under the benign influence of a rightful heritage—a just and beneficent portion of life's good.

The great unfolding years that followed gave you insight and finer participation in what was worth while, and presently you discerned that the grief which had seemed so blighting and irremediable at first, had not been without its chastening effect, leaving you sounder and sweeter at the core. Then, later, you felt the dawning of a larger, more impersonal love. There came the sense of the great Family—the brotherhood of the world. You no longer wanted to kill things, nor did you like to see others killing them. You felt less and less annoyance when the poor invaded your summer retreat, and built a fire where they shouldn't; but the larger your love, the more thorough and decisive you found yourself to be with the real good-for-nothings, though your sternness was tempered at bottom with the feeling that you might have been just such a good-for-nothing yourself with probably less provocation. You could feel the irascible parts of your nature gathering themselves up, as it were, at certain definite points where they were harmless, and you vented your spleen upon such abstractions as the street-cars, or trusts, or trade unions, instead of upon your family, as before.

It was about this time that the young people began to show you the deference that would have been more welcome earlier, and that help in putting on your overcoat was systematically offered.

You hated, too, to get ahead of others going downstairs, feeling a little conscious of the bald spot which, like the fairies' ring, widened each year. Then you got your gold-rimmed eye-glasses, that you were at first inclined to explain about a good deal to your friends, and that later gave place to spectacles. With the softening of life's sharp edges came a softening of your philosophy. The evil is, after all, in bondage to the good. A blue mist begins to gather upon the hills, bringing all the colors of the landscape into harmony.

Standing upon the veranda under the vine that latterly has been putting forth fruit instead of making fresh growth, and that you planted with your own hand—you forget just how many years ago—you watch the young people at their romp with no envy; but with a long look into the golden West where the sun sinks slowly, you murmur to yourself:

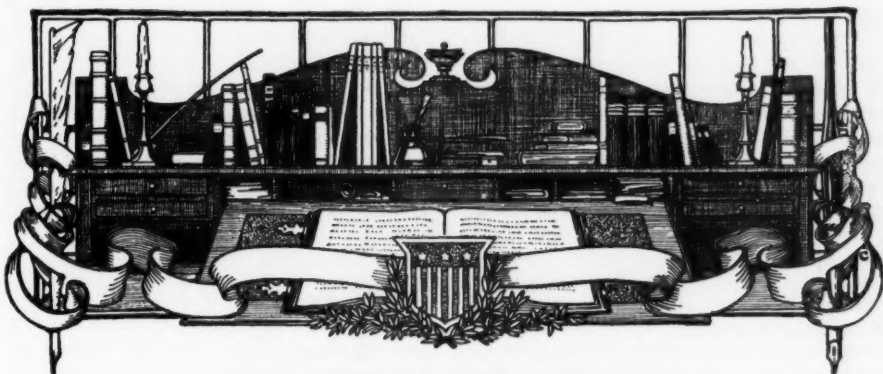
"The autumn leaves are dewless, dry,
But I have had the day!"

THE SACRIFICE

By Elsa Barker

BELOVED, in the space that lies between
Thy breast and mine these bitter separate days
Are measured all the tortuous dim ways
That sightless spirits wander through—the screen
That hides from mortal sight the soul's demesne.
Oh, I am lost, Beloved, in the maze
Of many windings! Taunting specters craze
Me—mocking the caresses that have been.

Come thou among the shadows where I grope
And lead me out with thee into the light.
Deny me love, but vesture me in white
And gird about my waist the knotted rope
Of sacrifice. Then guide me toward some height
Too lofty for this aching human hope.



THE READER'S STUDY

Conducted by Will D. Howe, Ph. D.

AMERICAN LITERATURE. X

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

By Edward Everett Hale, Jr.

"THERE are two ways of measuring a poet," wrote Lowell of Spenser, "either by an absolute æsthetic standard, or relatively to his position in the literary history of his country and the conditions of his generation. Both should be borne in mind as coefficients in a perfectly fair judgment. If his positive merit is to be settled irrevocably by the former, yet an intelligent criticism will find its advantage not only in considering what he was, but what, under the given circumstances, it was possible for him to be."

It is a matter of interest to think of Lowell—let us not be so precise as to say *measure* him—in both ways, absolutely and historically, not only as a poet but as a critic, as a scholar, as an essayist. From the historical standpoint, for instance, he is a most striking figure. As Irving is representative of American letters in the first generation, being one to whom all looked up with pride and self-congratulation that America could produce so perfect a specimen of the man of letters, so Lowell is the representative figure of America in the second literary

generation. He is not, and did not pretend to be, the voice of Americanism, the spokesman of the new world, the mouthpiece of democracy. It is not in that sense that he was representative: the America of that day, could she then have been given voice, would not have spoken in the words of Lowell. The America of the middle of the century would have spoken in no such refined and distinguished tone and with no such ripe and sure-earned wisdom. Lowell is not representative in any such sense as that. Nor is it even to be said that he is representative because his work was so especially a refinement and perfection of American qualities, his humor, his love of nature, his ideality, his democracy, for other men had these powers, one or another of them, to a greater degree, Emerson and Holmes, for instance. As a matter of literary history Lowell is the representative man of letters of his day, rather than Longfellow or Hawthorne, Emerson or Poe, because he was the man who chiefly made letters an active factor in the life of his time. In politics, in scholarship, in letters, Lowell

was a figure; he was really a public man; by him literature was not merely belles-lettres but a force in history. So it was in the works of others, but to a less degree. The historian of America, not of American letters only, will find in Lowell a representative figure of his time. He had, to use his own words, "the active co-operation of his time, of the public genius roused to a consciousness of itself."

If we further ask ourselves what we can say of Lowell according to an absolute standard, if we ask of the value of his work in comparison with the best of all times and ages, the question rather makes us pause. It is but fourteen years ago that Lowell died. He himself has written of the difficulties that we meet in forming a truly correct judgment of one who was famous in our youth. "Many a light, hailed by too careless observers as a fixed star, has proved to be only a short-lived lantern at the tail of a newspaper kite." Of course Lowell was never at the tail of a newspaper but his reputation in his own time was very great, and contemporary reputations are apt not to last, and, further, it may be said that the years just following the passing of a literary figure, even of a literary generation, are the most severe upon literary reputations. Things seem so old-fashioned: Shakespeare seemed so to the Restoration. People sometimes are so full of the literary fashions of the day that they forget the literary figures of a while ago, so that they have to be discovered again. Or sometimes a great literary influence so permeates its time that its source is half-forgotten, is even deemed commonplace. For whatever reason, the generation after a man-of-letters' death is not apt to be just to him. It may be doubted if we can be to Lowell. Those of his time remember his work with all the fine excitement of its first coming out. Those who came to literary manhood at the time of his predominance will find it hard to take an impartial view of what was to them either an inspiration or the reverse, and to those who hardly knew him as a living figure he has not yet the mellowing quality of age. Still, with all the difficulties, I venture to think that a volume of Lowell's essays may be collected which will stand with the best in literature. My choice would

be "Emerson the Lecturer," "A Good Word for Winter," "My Garden Acquaintance," "New England Two Centuries Ago," "Democracy," "Abraham Lincoln," or "A Certain Condescension in Foreigners," and a number of poems, too, seem pretty sure to stay by us, perhaps "Columbus" and some of the earlier lyrics with the note of freedom, the first series of the "Bigelow Papers," "The Commemoration Ode," and perhaps "The Cathedral,"—all these seem to have enduring stuff, and to be characteristic. And these will stamp him as an imaginative essayist of the first order. Not a poet who could create forms that gather into themselves great tides of human emotion and experience, nor a critic whose insight into great principles of life makes him a power with those who are sensitive to ideas. Rather one who has the power to present the best of the ideas of his time with unflinching happiness, honesty, humor, fairness, brilliancy and charm. No one who would know Lincoln or Emerson can afford to leave unread the lines in the "Commemoration Ode" or the essay on Emerson's lecture. No one who loves nature will—or rather, for they are an eccentric set, ought to—leave unread the "Good Word for Winter," or "My Garden Acquaintance." No one who loves a true personality will want to pass by that rich and loving character, growing more wise and mellow as it aged, that compelled the affections of two generations and two countries. We can not pretend that America has produced many men of letters of the very highest order: so far she would seem to have produced none. But of the indeterminate second class, she has, we may think, produced half a dozen, say, and of them Lowell is one. He gives us something redolent of time and place but also of lasting power and attraction.

But there is another form of criticism that Lowell does not mention in the passage which I quoted, nor does he, so far as I remember, ever give evidence that he thought or cared much about it. He speaks of literature in and for itself, and literature as the result of forces and circumstances; we may also think of literature as an influence and a force itself. Up to the beginning of the last century criticism was very largely of the first kind; a man was measured "by an

absolute æsthetic standard." Then in the course of the nineteenth century came the historical influence, and a man was judged relatively to his position in the literature of his country and the conditions of his generation. The great critics of the last half-century have rather tended to a third standpoint; they have asked not so much, What is it? nor How did it come to be? but rather, What has it for us? So Matthew Arnold presented culture as the aim of a study of letters, and culture was a guide to life. And later thought of "all works of art, and the fairer forms of nature and human life as powers or virtues." And we need not, surely, cite other instances, for it is plain enough that the real interest that one has not only in Lowell, but in anything else, lies largely in the effect that he (or it) may have on one. The absolute standard has its use, of course; but suppose (after due effort) you do not really like what is absolutely good, what then? You must be content to know that it is good, which means that you must keep it outside yourself. The historical standard is immensely interesting; but suppose a piece of literature became what it did become with the infallible logic of events, and yet that you do not care a button for it? Why, then, once more you keep it outside yourself. To be of any importance, it must affect you somehow; it must be a power, a force; it must be an active factor in your life, if but for a moment; it must in some way no longer be exterior to you, but must be your own.

If we want from literature or art, not external judgments or historical developments, but vital impressions, it does not follow that the judgments and the developments have no worth. They may help us to impressions,—indeed we may get very eccentric impressions without them. When we say that impression is the test of literary appreciation, that one true impression is worth a dozen judgments or developments, we do not necessarily mean any impression that anybody may have. I will confess that my own is that it is better to have one keen vital experience from a piece of literature, no matter what be its cause, than an accurate knowledge of the exact position of every dweller on Parnassus, or of just the path by which each one got where he did.

Still I understand that others will not think so.

It is true that to render an account of such an impression, or to give an idea of what such an impression may be, is not an easy matter. How shall we describe an impression from art? It is the most obvious temptation to give an account of that which impresses. Thus Lowell himself, in his essay of Thoreau, writes: "We have just been renewing our recollection of Mr. Thoreau's writings, and have read through his six volumes in the order of their production. We shall try to give an adequate report of their impression upon us, both as critic and as mere reader." Yet this essay does not differ in standpoint from others: it is an analysis of Thoreau's mind, not of Lowell's impression. Once only does he speak of himself. "His works," he writes, "give one the feeling of a sky full of stars,—something impressive and exhilarating; certainly, something high overhead and freckled thickly with spots of isolated brightness; but whether these have any mutual relation with each other, or have any concern with our mundane matters, is for the most part matter of conjecture,—astrology as yet, and not astronomy." And so in the essay on "Emerson the Lecturer," which is written more from this standpoint, he says: "If asked what was left [after a lecture by Emerson]? What we carried home? We should not have been careful for an answer. It would have been enough if we had said that something beautiful had passed that way." But Lowell does not often view matters from such a standpoint.

What can we gain from Lowell? That sudden leap of the heart with which one comes now and then upon some wonderful revelation? That silence that one feels after a view of beauty, as those who saw the youth Phosphorus? That tense, almost painful, excitement with which one turns the final pages of some great tragedy? The galloping joy with which Keats romped through Spenser? Probably none of these.

The first impression that one gets from Lowell is that general cheer that comes from humor and that mental stimulus that comes from wit. These qualities are almost invariable. Now and then he feels that they are not in keeping, as when he writes of

that great lover of wit and humor, Abraham Lincoln, but not often. It is a good-natured humor, if we may say so; not satirical, that is, or malicious, unless we think all jests at the expense of other people involves some slight malice. It is a good-natured spirit that guides the wit which ranges from epigram even to pun, the latter often most recondite and exact, as when he speaks of the neighbor who had found it two degrees hotter than he had himself, and adds, "I might suspect his thermometer (as indeed I did, for we Harvard men are apt to think ill of any graduation but our own)."

But wit and humor, as well as the charm of a richly poetic utterance, the imaginatively figurative style, are not the most important matters. They are but a part of Lowell's means, very attractive and amusing and quite enough to give Lowell position in his own day, according to his own criterion, "undoubtedly the power of entertaining." And it will long give him sure position with the general reader; we shall always find something amusing and gratifying in essay or generally in poem. And it is something that, in such perfection, we can find nowhere else. What else may we have from Lowell?

Why, various things. The scholar may

have an ideal of scholarship of the elder generation, when men read poetry and prose instead of grammars and dissertations, and knew what a man's ideas were rather than where he got them. The lover of letters will find in him that whole-souled joy in literature, that is now so quickly passing away under the weight of the superincumbent mass of fiction. Lowell loved Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and wrote of them. Without question they were the great glories of literature and therefore good. The poet or the reader of poetry will find in him the glowing enthusiasm for noble ideas that give it spirit, without query of why or wherefore. The American will find a fellow citizen certain of the power of democracy and never wanting in exposition of that power. In all a personality of powerful influence.

If we read Lowell for the greatest or the most purely beautiful poetry, if we read him for soundest or most incisive criticism, if we read him merely as a type of New Englandism in the nineteenth century, or as one of the standard American authors, then we read him amiss. But if we will keep the inward sense alive for just what he has for us, we shall get something from him well worth having and not to be found elsewhere.

SOUTHERN WRITERS

By William Peterfield Trent

AUTHOR OF "SOUTHERN STATESMEN OF THE OLD REGIME"

TO the general reader the title of this paper will probably call up the names of Mr. Cable, Mr. Harris, Mr. Page and a few other living writers of fiction, including, of course, Mr. Allen, although Kentucky has its plain affiliations with the middle west. To these would be added by many, at least one name from the past, that of Poe, which might be supplemented by that of Sidney Lanier, and perhaps by the names of Timrod and Paul Hayne, less probably by those of Simms and Kennedy. In other words, fifteen or twenty names of writers and a few less titles of books represent, for

thousands of educated Americans, the entire work in letters of the oldest and one of the largest sections of the United States.

The special student, although he would have to admit that any scale he adopted would necessitate a confession of the South's comparative literary sterility, would probably feel justified in protesting that the writers and books of the section are worthy of more credit than they have ever received, either from the reading public or from the historians of literature. The special student would in all likelihood be right in his contention, but it would not follow that the pub-

lic and the literary historians were wrong in their attitude toward Southern literature as a whole. The really significant authors and books produced by the Southern colonies and States in about three hundred years are exceedingly few in number, and practically not one of them has escaped the attention of the public and the critics. On the other hand, the number of writers and books interesting in one way or another to the minute student of literature is much larger than the general neglect of the field would lead one to suppose, and there are phases of southern literary activity of which due note has scarcely been taken. It is hardly necessary to add that the chief reason for this neglect lies in the fact that the South has produced few critics and has paid little attention to its own literary history, which, except for the past few years, has not been important enough to demand the attention of students not to the section born. It is equally unnecessary in a short article like the present to dwell upon slavery, the prevalence of agricultural pursuits, the lack of cities, the absorption in politics, and the other phenomena that have been assigned as causes of the South's failure to produce an important literature. A rapid survey of the field, with a glance here and there at a special author, is all that can be attempted.

During the colonial period the South fell far below New England and somewhat below the middle colonies in literary productiveness. It has to its credit a few interesting pamphleteers, two or three historians, an important divine or two. One sprightly diarist, however, Colonel William Byrd, gives his colony, Virginia, the distinction of having produced the easiest, the most genial, the most readable of American writers before Franklin, and Bacon's Rebellion in the same colony inspired an elegy upon that leader which some critics consider to be the best poem written in colonial America. With the opening of the Revolutionary epoch the South's devotion to politics found its justification in a group of important writers, none of whom, however, except perhaps Jefferson, can be justly accounted a man of letters. The names of Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Drayton, to say nothing of other Fathers of the Republic, will always be called upon to

perform a double duty, to figure in American political history and to lend a certain sort of luster to a very barren period of American literature, and the Southerner should be the last man to object to this procedure. He can point also with some pride to the facts that Chief Justice Marshall was a solid biographer and historian, that John Randolph of Roanoke was a speaker of exceptional literary flavor and an unrivaled master of extemporized invective, that John Taylor and Calhoun were political theorists of no mean ability, and that Stephens, Davis, and other political leaders of the Old South wielded their pens with considerable skill.

In literature proper, however, names of real consequence are long to seek. Dr. John Shaw and Francis Scott Key are remembered by a song apiece, while Washington Allston is credited to New England. Richard Henry Wilde lives by two poems and Mirabeau Lamar, poet, soldier, and president of Texas, has secured a precarious lease of life by one. A few other verse-writers have made their way into very hospitable anthologies, but perhaps of all the numerous poet predecessors of Poe, only Edward Coate Pinkney is really remembered. He is apparently the only one whose work reached a fair level of merit and gave promise of better things.

Of early Southerners who wrote in prose William Wirt is still remembered as an essayist of the Addisonian type and as the unreliable biographer of Patrick Henry. Schoolboys still declaim a passage from one of his florid speeches, but he and his cultured coterie of Richmond friends succeeded rather in keeping literary ideals alive than in producing literature. Much the same thing must be said of Hugh S. Legaré and his associates, who, a little later, established *The Southern Review* (1828-32) in Charleston. Legaré was a talented reviewer, diarist, and speaker, and a learned student of the civil law; but, while contemporaries like George Ticknor could appreciate his worth, posterity has refused to read the two thick volumes of his works. Of the numerous historians only Judge Gayarré, of New Orleans, who died ten years ago at the age of ninety, and perhaps Professor George Tucker, of Virginia, attained more

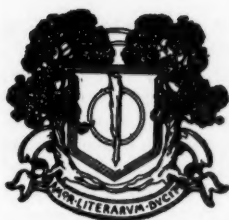
than local importance. If any name should be added to theirs it is probably that of the Rev. Francis L. Hawks, who was born and educated in North Carolina, but spent most of his mature years in the north.

In fiction the showing is somewhat better. Kennedy's "Horse-Shoe Robinson" is still somewhat read and his "Swallow-Barn" is readable, while the versatile William Gilmore Simms is not only occasionally read, but is remembered as, with the single exception of Poe, the one writer of the Old South who secured a fair constituency of readers throughout the nation. The best romances of these two authors and "The Virginia Comedians" of John Esten Cooke are far from deserving the contemptuous wave of the hand with which Mr. Howells once dismissed them before he had read them; but it must be owned that a generation fully supplied with fiction of its own producing is not likely to disturb the dust that gathers upon them. This is equally true of an allied group of writers, the Southwestern Humorists, headed by Judge Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, whose racy "Georgia Scenes" was popular in the forties and fifties. His "Ned Brace," William Tappan Thompson's "Major Jones," and Johnson Hooper's "Simon Suggs" delight few readers now, and even Judge Baldwin's genial "Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi" is much less well known than it should be. It should at least be remembered that our modern humorists, and especially those writers who like Mr. Harris and the late Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston have utilized rural and provincial oddities in their fiction, were in some respects forestalled by these forgotten purveyors of amusement.

Of the work of Poe in poetry, fiction, and criticism it would be superfluous to speak here. Although still the subject of much controversy, his fame seems to be steadily increasing, and perhaps in time interest in him will extend to *The Southern Literary Messenger* which he edited, to poets like Philip Pendleton Cooke, author of "Florence Vane," and John Randolph Thompson, who were his friends, and to other Southern writers more or less contemporary with him. At present it would seem that the only

Southern poets of the generation following Poe, whose achievements have not been cast into the shade by his, are Henry Timrod, Paul Hamilton Hayne, and the somewhat younger Sidney Lanier. The reputation of Timrod has slowly increased, though not so rapidly as his friends could wish; that of Lanier seems destined to endure, though its proportions are as yet undetermined; that of Hayne appears to stand in need of sympathetic, interpretive criticism. It is needless to add that while most of the fervid verse produced in the South during the civil war is now read only by the student, a few lyrics of the period have become national possessions, chief among them being James Ryder Randall's "My Maryland."

Peace had scarcely been declared before the literary sterility of the South became as much a thing of the past as slavery. Very few persons realize how many books were written and magazines established in the South during the Reconstruction Era, when poverty and political chaos seemed to be more blighting in their effects than the four years of actual warfare had been. Responding to the shock his mind and feelings had received, the Southerner expressed his thoughts and emotions in a surprisingly large mass of immature poetry and fiction as well as in more solid books of a polemical, historical and reminiscential character. Then, as schools and colleges were slowly built up and as social and business life began to follow orderly lines, one by one new writers who had taught themselves to write and to observe began to attract the attention of a public already somewhat trained to appreciate realistic fiction and decidedly curious to know what sort of a New South was growing up on the ashes of the old. The chapter of the South's literary history, which begins with the few signs of popular favor Lanier was allowed to experience and with the hearty welcome given to Mr. Cable's creole stories and the Uncle Remus tales of Mr. Harris, can not yet be written with adequate impartiality, but there can be little doubt that when it is written it will well compare in interest and value with any other chapter in the recent literary history of the nation at large.



REVIEWS



CONSTANCE TRESCOT

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

THIS novel deals with the difficulties of a young northerner and his wife who, directly after the Civil War, take up a residence in a southern city full of prejudice against its late enemies. As a picture of the South the book is not remarkable. Its interest lies rather in the case of the young wife, from whom the story takes its title. For *Constance Trescot* is "a case", an emphasized instance of a certain type of femininity in a much less masterly degree, of course, but exactly as *Anna Karenina* is a case. Beautiful, winning, with a personality especially attractive to men, *Constance Trescot* has been brought up without any well-defined religious beliefs, without sense of responsibility to God or man. All the passion and power of her nature goes into her love for her husband, a particularly gentle, conscientious man, who is shot down as a result of one of those passionate quarrels formerly so common in the south, so unbelievable in the north. The strength of her nature, unrestrained by religious conviction, centers on revenge upon her husband's slayer. Her persecutions, subtle and constant, result in his death by suicide, and in a complete petrification of her own moral nature.

The progress of the moral, mental, sometimes physical disease of *Constance Trescot* is worked out with the greatest care and delicacy. It is a searching and convincing delineation. It seems safe to say that only a physician could be its author. The moral is a bit more in evidence than, to our modern sense, seems artistic; by which one means to say that the author seems to have started for a given point and to have reached it with scarcely so many turns as life is apt to afford. The characterization, too, has something of the formality and

simplicity we associate with the school of authors to which Miss Edgeworth belongs. The author does not put himself inside the character he is portraying, because that would not be quite decorous and would violate the privacy which, one fancies him assuming, is the right of every human being. But while he does not write from the inside, he uses wonderfully, for purposes of discrimination, all his rights as a trained and wise observer. If his delineation lacks a certain warmth characteristic of the more intimate consideration, it is nevertheless a strong presentation of character. The skilful, keen, reasonable, kind, yet perfectly truthful attitude of the portrayer arrests the attention. *Constance Trescot* is "a case," individual yet typical, too, one likely to linger in the mind of the reader.

The Century Company, New York
Price \$1.50

ISIDRO

BY MARY AUSTIN

THIS leisurely romance of mission life in Alta California, demands leisure for its consideration and appreciation. One must linger over its pages to win its effects. Modern rushing methods of getting on with a novel won't do. One must travel slowly, to speak metaphorically, not by steam and electricity in the manner of the time, but on horseback, as does *Isidro*, the young sprig of Spanish nobility, destined at the outset of the story and in the spring of the year to become a monk in spite of his good looks and his love of the sweet gay world; as do the herdsmen, the good brothers of San Carlos Borromeo, Spanish grandees and other characters of this pleasing tale. The reader ambles along with these good people and he sees in their company much more of Madam Nature than might meet his eye at a speedier pace. Cloud pictures, hill

pictures, tree pictures, little flower sketches, —all these will be his if he is willing to be deliberate and attentive. In truth the background of nature is a non-detachable portion of the story. It takes a hand in the making of events, as is often the case in the story of lives lived close to Mother Earth.

How young *Isidro Escobar*, on his expedition from his father's house to the mission of the good Franciscan brothers near Monterey, meets with adventures which change the course of his life and make of him a happy bridegroom instead of a sorrowful monk,—this it were unkind to tell. In good conscience one can only imply that the *how* is worth finding out, both because of the entertaining quality of the particular events narrated and because of a certain quaint, mild charm, a sort of Castilian stateliness inherent in the manner of their telling. Aside from the considerable charm of the story, the account given of the relation existing between the missions and their converts, and of the breaking up of these religious settlements, is well worth while. The book, with its wide margins, with its ornamental letters at the head of each chapter, with its appropriate illustrations, is more than usually decorative in form.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston
Price \$1.50

RETURN

BY ALICE MACGOWAN AND GRACE MACGOWAN
COOKE

FROM a field famous in history but almost virgin in fiction, the MacGowan sisters have brought a story fascinating in atmosphere, crowded with dramatic situations and sparkling in dialogue. "Return" takes the reader to Charles Town, as the name of the old South Carolina city was then spelled, and to Georgia and the sea islands in the early part of the eighteenth century. It is difficult to conceive of a story in which the element of picturesqueness enters more effectively. On the pages of "Return" there pass in review the stately, handsome figure of *Oglethorpe*; the impassioned young preacher, *Whitefield*; a whole tribe of Creek Indians, with their royal queen, *Alata*, at their head—these in the background. Nearer to our view is high-stepping, haughty *Diana Chaters*, whose heart

story, capturing our sympathies at a single stroke in the first chapter, holds them steadily and warmly to the end; young *Robert Marshall*, wreathed with all the romance that hovers about the phrase, "Virginia gentlemen"; the strange *Silent Lady*, pitiful *Agnes*, *Lit Buckaloo*, half-Scotch, half-Creek, and wholly charming. "Return," with its short, unusual title of Anglo-Saxon strength and terseness, gives promise of a story out of the ordinary, a promise that it abundantly fulfills.

L. C. Page and Company, Boston
Price \$1.50

THE APPLE OF EDEN

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

OUGHT a book like "The Apple of Eden" to be written? This is a question that a good many readers of Mr. Thurston's powerful novel are bound to ask themselves. Their question is really part of a much larger question which might be framed something like this: Ought any book dealing frankly and emotionally with the relation between men and women to be written? Many would answer this question with an unqualified "no"; others would hesitate; still others,—the minority, certainly,—would say "yes." The question is much too large for discussion here, but it may be observed that the number of writers that dare to deal with this problem is steadily increasing. Time was when George Eliot's cool and almost wholly philosophic discussion of it in "Adam Bede" gave offense in high places; now, criticism of her on this score is confined to circles generally recognized as stupid and prudish. "The Apple of Eden" is a long way beyond "Adam Bede" in freedom of speech. It is the story—in brief—of a priest's love for a beautiful woman of whose feminine allurements he has by chance already learned through the confessional from the lips of her lover; of his struggle to keep his vow of chastity, the woman's love for him, and their final victory in renunciation. The single purpose of showing the unnaturalness of celibacy has guided the author throughout his book; he has certainly gained his point. He has treated his subject in a bold, firm, unhesitating fashion that lifts it above pruriency and the mire. The literary workmanship is

of first quality. Every scene, every episode, every page, paragraph, sentence and word, is marshaled to one end. There are exquisite touches of feeling. In the hands of the right persons this book will be recognized as an honest effort to treat dramatically a fundamental question of life.

Dodd, Mead and Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE BELTED SEAS

BY ARTHUR COLTON

A WANDERING that extends up and down the earth and to the far edges thereof—a log-book of thirty years compressed in its narration into the time between one o'clock in the afternoon and ten o'clock at night—this story of Mr. Colton's is crisp and delightful enough to make the reader wish its perusal might require at least as much time as its telling. Mr. Colton has struck a vein of humor that will stand much working; to adopt the language of the press agent, "The Belted Seas" has at least one laugh to every page. The chapters about the summer resort hotel in Portate are alone enough to make the book worth while as an eradicator of the blues, and the story of the German scientist and the domesticated whale is simply hilariously funny. *Pour faire rire*, "The Belted Seas" is a story that fulfills its mission.

Henry Holt and Company, New York
Price \$1.50

THE PERSONALITY OF GOD

BY LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.

THIS enlightened and beautiful address of Lyman Abbott is designed to overthrow the too prevalent conception of the Creator as "an absentee God" whose work was accomplished ages ago, and who can be "defined, described, analyzed, interpreted in creeds". Through history, through science, through literature, according to Dr. Abbott, we are coming ever nearer to an understanding of the personality of God, "to the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, an energy that thinks, that feels, that purposes, that does; and is thinking and feeling and purposing and doing as a conscious life, of which ours is but a poor and broken reflection." The combined simplicity and power of this ad-

dress are great. It is interpretative to a rare degree. One breathes "an ampler ether, a diviner air" while reading it. In but one respect can it be censured. Illuminating as are Dr. Abbott's reflections on the means by which one may discover the personality of God through the Divine Energy, there is little and that not so much to the purpose about the knowledge that comes from the personal relation of the individual soul of man to God. Certainly this comes within the scope of the subject.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company, New York
Price 30 cents

THE BURDEN OF THE BALKANS

BY M. EDITH DURHAM

THE author may be classed with Isabella Bird Bishop, as one of those hardy, adventurous Englishwomen, indifferent to discomfort, callous to fear and curious concerning the unexplored corners of the earth. As, in addition, she sketches like an artist, lives like a Spartan and possesses a sense of humor and of proportion and no small amount of previous experience, her equipment for observation could not well be better. Her sixth visit to the Balkans, of which the present book gives a full, unassuming and lively account, was undertaken as the agent for the Balkan relief committee. The first third of the volume is given over to an historical résumé of the five different races that are now being fused (?) in the caldron of Turkish misrule, and the remainder to incidents of travel, anecdotes of suffering, ignorance and superstition, some acute forecasts and some careful generalizations.

Miss Durham, whose portrait, by the way, resembles a handsome lad, mentions lightly the nights spent on a mud floor wrapped in a blanket, the bare rooms where the balcony is the correct bathing place, the racking horseback rides, the scanty, repellent food, the unending visitors and petitions; for the minor hardships that bulk so large in civilized lands are of small account before massacre, starvation and disease. Nor does she idealize these victims of oppression; she is very frank anent their stupidity and their tricks. A detestation of the vicious Turk and a preference for the untamed, acquiline Albanian peeps out. Miss Durham believes that "nationalities, like individuals, must

save their own souls. It is little short of impertinence on the part of others to pose as a Salvation Army to them." To her the Balkans are an enchanted land from which she tears herself with difficulty, and the closing sentence is a promise to return. Her enthusiasm adds to the charm and does not detract from the value of these descriptions by an intelligent eyewitness of little known conditions in obscure places.

Edward Arnold, London
Price \$5.50 net

SHINING FERRY

BY QUILLER COUCH

"SHINING Ferry" is one of those books that make one thankful for thoughtful parents who had one taught to read. It is a bit of reality about some natural folk in Cornwall,—a school mistress, a young sailor, some children, a pious hypocrite of a rich man, his kindly agent, who is the proud father of eleven, and about others lowlier than any of these. The story it tells deals with love and hate and fate, and paints these as they are, melting into and blending with one another. There is not a forced or a strained note anywhere. The people in the book seem not to know that they are in a story, and they go about their daily business without the self-consciousness from which characters in fiction mostly suffer.

These people are earth-born. Their author is no more afraid of making them so than is Mr. Hardy. He puts in all the homely details and spares not one, but the sum of these things amounts to something different from the component parts. Out of the humble earth of which these people are composed springs a flower, and this is character. And for the most prosaic or the most evil-minded in the book there is somewhere a moment in which the best of him is crystallized and he is shown to be a creature of aspiration and of spirit,—and this without any false lyric thrill, wonderfully with no break between the best moment and commoner ones. Thus, in spite of somber details, the book, unlike Mr. Hardy's productions, is optimistic in its nature. The essentially happy view of life exposed has, however, nothing shallow in it. It is based on truth. Its influence is that of a mental tonic, not an opiate.

In this story one sees the real stuff of life, and the way the threads are mingled and crossed to make the pattern is no less veracious. The refreshing little love story of the sailor and the school-mistress, sweet with fun and a sparse but true sentiment, occupies only its proper place in the horizon. It is jostled by every-dayness. It is complicated by other relations, by stories of a different sort. It is not even the main matter, but it holds its little candle up to cast its brightness over the darker places. The sense of proportion is everywhere evident in the book, so that when one closes it one is in possession of a little corner of the tapestry of life where not a stitch has been dropped.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York
Price \$1.50

THE RAVANELS

BY HARRIS DICKSON

IN this latest story by Mr. Dickson—or must he now be called Judge Dickson?—he has given us another of those pictures of Southern life in which a family feud is the *motif*; and to the analyses of the causes and effects of a murderous quarrel of this sort much of the book is devoted. There is little to be gained by a disquisition upon this phase of life south of the Mason and Dixon line—indeed, anywhere south of the Ohio River—and people of the North, as a rule, have little patience with the hypertrophied "honor" that even in this day makes it incumbent upon a Southerner to wipe out with blood the memory of a slight or affront of any kind. This thing of starting a guerilla warfare that often results in the extermination of whole families, over causes as trivial as the depredations of a worthless "shoat", or a careless, jesting word misunderstood, is a matter that, while common enough in the South, passes the understanding of men of cooler blood. A sense of "honor" as acutely sensitive as a neuralgic tooth, and which, on occasion, makes of its obsessor judge, jury—and hangman—must be an unpleasant possession, and one not to be desired by sanely balanced men.

Nevertheless, "The Ravanel's" is an interesting story, well told, which holds the reader's attention to the end. *Stephen Ravanel* is a strong character, albeit more obtuse than one would expect to find a

Southerner of Spanish descent. The picture of *General Grayson*, the old jurist, paralyzed by a bullet received in a duel, but still clinging to life and its everyday interests and carrying out for years the self-illusion of temporary indisposition has, perhaps, more of pathos and quiet power than anything else in the story. *Mercia Grayson*, with her horror of bloodshed and shedders of blood—so intense as almost to ruin the lives of herself and Stephen—is another well-drawn character. The story, with its beginning at Natchez in the times immediately following the Civil War, takes the reader down to the present day, and offers something strikingly new in the way of a study of the resultant mental effects of murder, even when committed suddenly and in self-defense.

J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia
Price \$1.50

SANDY

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

IT is a story either too long or too short that the author of "Mrs. Wiggs" has just written. If it is meant for a study—an analysis of the fine character of *Sandy*, and a setting forth of his excellences and his inherent good triumphant over environment that might well be expected forever to ruin him—it is too brief. If the book is an elaboration of a theme fitted for a short story it is too long. In a story as short as is "Sandy" the writer's whole attention, it seems, should be given to the central figures, leaving subsidiary characters to take care of themselves. Mrs. Rice has given too much attention to the outsiders in "Sandy," and the boy and girl who are the chief actors suffer.

Sandy is a "dock rat," whose name, *Sandy Kilday*, is Scotch, but of whom all the rest is Irish. A stowaway on an ocean liner, he finally drifts to Kentucky—lured thither by the memory of a beautiful girl he has seen on the ship—and, through trials and tribulations, wins an education, a place in his little world, and, of course, the girl. The story is sketchily drawn; too sketchily, the average reader will think. Much of a story may be left to the imagination, of course, but not too much; and it seems as if Mrs. Rice, in this case, has gone far into

the "too much." Nevertheless *Sandy* is a lovable character and "Sandy" is an enjoyable story; albeit those who look in it for the touches of homely humor and philosophy that placed "Mrs. Wiggs" in all the lists of "best sellers" are likely to miss the object of their search.

The Century Company, New York
Price \$1.00

THE OPAL

ANONYMOUS

THIS book takes its clever name from its heroine, a beautiful woman of quick intelligence and extraordinary charm, whose desire to please shows itself in a continual shifting of her point of view to meet the change in the character of her auditor. In the sun of society she shows every color of the rainbow, but has no permanent color of her own. What she seems to be is but a reflection dependent upon the company with whom she happens to be thrown. The nature of this woman and the sentimental complications consequent,—these form the story. The theme is rare, embodying, as it does, not only an account of the particular woman, but also a certain elusive reference to a large part of femininity. The treatment meets the theme but half way. Suggestive as the story is, it yet falls far short of the possibilities in the case. It ought to be a masterpiece and it is not. It is only a readable story, noticeably clever in spots and of temporary value. The author has been too matter-of-fact, too literal, a trifle too apparent in handling and dissecting her butterfly of a subject. It would have fared better in the hands of Mr. Henry James.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company, Boston
Price \$1.25

THE QUAKERESS

BY CHARLES HEBER CLARK

THE reader who is not captivated by the opening chapter of "The Quakeress" is lacking in sensibility indeed. There is a freshness of charm about the young Quaker lovers, to whom Mr. Clark (Max Adeler) introduces us, that must win even the blasé and cynical. It can not be said that the story as a whole is evenly strong, or that it realizes all of the climaxes that its plot affords. It is never dramatic, and it is often

amateurish. But there is a tranquil loveliness about *Abigail Woolford* and a manly fineness about *George Fotherly* that make them worth knowing. The story of their wooing and of their undoing is told with a direct naturalness that engages sympathy. For the Southerners, *Clayton* and *Dolly*, who help the plot forward—*Clayton* by his

love for *Abigail, Dolly* by her efforts to entangle *George*, the reader will not care greatly. The scene of action is Pennsylvania before the Civil War. The tone of the story is high and there shines through it a fine morning light.

The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia
Price \$1.50

UP LIKE A ROCKET

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

*"Up like a rocket, and down like the stick"—
But, "Up like a rocket" of fates is my pick.*

THE rocket! We wait in the darkness and hush,
Keyed up with expecting its glorious rush.
S-w-i-s-s-h!

It will rise, to the joy of our eyes,
Full-flaming and splendid as grandly it flies,
And roaring and soaring and boring the skies;
Behind it a shower of tremulous light—
No garland of jewels was ever so bright—
It blazes its way to the heart of the night.

The rocket! It hurries with marvelous swirls,
Bombarding the gloom with the missiles it hurls—
S-w-i-s-s-h!

And all of us wonder in watching its flight
To see its outflings of purple and white
That laugh at the dimmer display of the night.
It heads for a goal inconceivably far;
It drives with a might that will bend for no bar;
It seems to cry "Room!" to each quivering star!

The rocket! Spilled wine from the bowl of night's cup—
A cascade of glory, it reaches up, up!
S-w-i-s-s-h!

And then, when its mark it has gallantly gained,
We shout at the glittering colorings rained
That leave all the dark iridescently stained.
Then, soft as a whisper, the colorings die—
Again all the mystery creeps through the sky.
The hour of the rocket has swiftly gone by.

*"Up like a rocket"—But glory comes quick.
Let me be a rocket. Who cares for the stick?*

"THE PLUM TREE"

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOVEL OF THE YEAR— A BOOK STUDY

[From *The Arena*, June, 1905]

I

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS' latest novel, "The Plum Tree," is for Americans the most important story of the year, or, indeed, of recent years—by far the most important. Not that considered simply as literature it is so strong or so finished as many romances of recent decades. Not that it is so strong in plot or so dramatic in character as many works of fiction; for plot it has none, and though it contains some strong dramatic situations, there are many present-day novels that would rank far above it in this particular. Not that it is remarkable for wealth of background or the love interest, for in these particulars "The Plum Tree" is inferior to Mr. Phillips' preceding romance, "The Cost." And yet it is in our judgment far and away the most important novel of recent years, because it unmasks present political conditions in a manner so graphic, so convincing and so compelling that it can not fail to arouse the thoughtful to the deadly peril which confronts our people. Here as never before, with the fidelity of a historian and with the power of a man who is a trained journalist and a close observer of political life in all its aspects, Mr. Phillips has given the most faithful and vivid pen-picture of the overthrow of our republic and the establishment of a commercial despotism by the money-controlled machine that has been written. So true is it to the actual conditions that the historian of the future will find no more realistic portrayal of the present degradation of political life, from the municipality to the graft-permeated, corporation-owned and controlled state and national governments, than is given in "The Plum Tree"; while to Americans who have slept over-

**The Plum Tree*. By David Graham Phillips. Illustrated by E. M. Ashe. Cloth. Pp. 390. Price \$1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

long under the brain- and conscience-deadening spell of party fealty, it will come as a disquieting revelation that in many instances will lead to an investigation, and such an investigation can only show that in this instance the novelist is also the historian, and that he has not one whit overstated the facts.

The congressional, state and other authorized investigations and the authentic literature dealing with these, and the history of public-service companies, trusts and monopolies in recent years, are such as to establish beyond all cavil the accuracy of Mr. Phillips' pen-picture of American politics of to-day,—a fact which shows only too vividly how the great republic has been overthrown by a commercial despotism as absolutely and completely as was the republic of Florence overthrown by Cosimo di Medici. Here as in Florence the overthrow has been accomplished without any interference with the shell of republicanism. Ostensibly the republic is as it was before the privileged interests, or the "system," became the real masters of the nation. Indeed, by change of name and number, it would be difficult to find a more graphic description of the transformation that has been wrought in America than that given by the distinguished historian, Professor Vallari,* of the Royal Institute of Florence, in the following pen-picture of the overthrow of the Florentine republic through the subtle work of Cosimo di Medici:

"He succeeded in solving the strange problem of becoming absolute ruler of a republic that was keenly jealous of its liberty, without holding any fixed office, without suppressing any previous form of government, and always preserving the appearance and form of a private citizen."

**Encyclopedia Britannica*. Ninth edition.

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOVEL OF THE YEAR

The great importance of this book is found in the fact that it uncovers the evil conditions in so convincing a manner that it can not fail to appeal to the imagination of every thoughtful reader. With the power, genius and art of the novelist, Mr. Phillips has torn aside the mask revealing the real inside conditions of present-day American political life; he has shown the enemies of the republic at work under the panoply of democracy, the new despotism in its secret conclaves, with its puppets, its machines, its minions and its multitudinous agents through which it has become the master of the millions—the virtual or real autocrat in what was once the world's greatest and truest republic.

In this book we see the republic stricken in its vitals by corrupt wealth acting through money-controlled machines and venal bosses who for the lure of wealth or ambition for gold or place, play the part of lackeys to corporate wealth and traitors to their nation. Indeed, the shameful use of money in politics has never before been more impressively described in fiction.

But our novelist is not didactic in his method. He does little moralizing. He simply relates the whole story of the rise to absolute mastership of the nation of privileged wealth acting through political bosses and party machines.

To thoughtful persons the value of this book will be apparent, for nothing to-day is so necessary as such an unmasking of conditions as to arouse the conscience and reason of the American electors to a realization of the deadly peril that confronts our nation—a work that shows exactly how the people are being systematically exploited and plundered by trusts, monopolies and public-service corporations; for the history of the Anglo-Saxon race shows that when once the people are thoroughly aroused and are made to clearly apprehend the nature of the evil that confronts them, they become as strenuous as they have been apathetic. The spirit of justice and right finds temples in its Hampdens and Cromwells, its Hancocks, Otises and Adamsses, its Jeffersons, Henrys, Paines and Franklins. They become the high-priests of progress whose voices find answering chords in the mind of the multitude, who in turn arise in their

might and overthrow their enslavers. So to-day the first and most important thing is to show the dangers that confront the people and to make plain the methods by which the victories of the Revolution are being wrested from the people; and this is precisely what David Graham Phillips has accomplished in "The Plum Tree."

The tale is written in the form of an autobiography and considered simply as a romance is a capital story that is sure to hold the reader's interest from cover to cover, as it is written in that simple, direct and spirited style so characteristic of all this author's work; and its human, realistic and dramatic qualities are sufficient to meet the demands of the mere seeker after a good tale.

II

In the opening of the story we catch a glimpse of one of those heroic struggles that made the elder days of our republic so glorious—struggles against grim poverty, with everything seemingly pitted against youth, and with the lure of success offered and scorned because its acceptance could not be obtained without sacrificing the high ideals of ennobled manhood.

The hero who is the narrator of his life-story has an idolized mother to support, and he is deeply in love with a high-minded girl who has moved from the western town in which he lives to Boston, but of whose loyalty the youth entertains no doubts. The struggle for success and a livelihood grows desperate. Starvation confronts the mother and son. The pall of debt hangs over them. At this juncture an escape through politics is offered the young man, but he shrinks from the proffered life-plank, extended as it is by the corrupt and depraved boss of his party, and his mind reverts to a memorable scene in his early life, when his father, a high-minded statesman of the old order, was defeated by the corruptionists. He calls to mind the scene when in his father's office he witnessed the first crude beginnings of the money-machine in the politics of his native town.

"I can shut my eyes and see that courthouse yard, the long line of men going up to vote, single file, each man calling out his

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOVEL OF THE YEAR

name as he handed in his ballot, and Tom Weedon—who shot an escaping prisoner when he was deputy sheriff—repeating the name in a loud voice. Each oncoming voter in that curiously regular and compact file was holding out his right arm stiff so that the hand was about a foot clear of the thigh; and in every one of those thus conspicuous hands was a conspicuous bit of white paper—a ballot. As each man reached the polling window and gave in his name, he swung that hand round with a stiff-armed, circular motion that kept it clear of the body and in full view until the bit of paper disappeared in the slit in the ballot-box. . . . I was witnessing the crude beginnings of the money-machine in politics,—the beginnings of the downfall of parties,—the beginnings of the overthrow of the people as the political power."

He remembers that his father lost the election, and in commenting on this episode says:

"My father was defeated. He saw that, in politics, the day of the public servant of public interests was over, and that the night of the private servant of private interests had begun."

Politics had gone from bad to worse since then. A corrupt machine had been built up with one Dominick as master,—a low and brutal but masterful man. At length the respectables revolted, but the boss and his brother boss of the opposition party united (as have the bosses of New York and other cities so often worked together) and practiced such flagrant frauds (even such as are so graphically described by Mr. Blankenburg in the *May Arena*) that the corruptionist ticket was elected, but not before the opposition boss had been caught red-handed in his corrupt practices. The public compelled the prosecuting attorney to proceed against the criminal. He did so and the offender was convicted. But, "of course, following the custom in cases of yielding to pressure from public sentiment, he made the trial errors necessary to insure reversal in the higher court."

It is after this episode and while the hero, Harvey Saylor, is facing starvation, that he

encounters the temptation which he thus describes:

"Buck Fessenden appeared in my office one afternoon in July, and, after a brief parley, asked me how I'd like to be prosecuting attorney of Jackson county. Four thousand a year for four years, and a reelection if I should give satisfaction; and afterwards, the bench or a seat in Congress! I could pay off everything; I could marry!"

"It was my first distinct vision of the plum-tree. To how many thousands of our brightest, most promising young Americans it is shown each year in just such circumstances!"

The night Saylor repairs to Dominick's headquarters in a beer-garden in the lower part of the town. On entering he finds the boss surrounded by his creatures and those desirous of securing further favors and privileges from the people's servants. "On one side of him sat James Spencer, judge of the circuit court,—'Dominick's judge'; on the other side Henry De Forest, principal owner of the Pulaski Gas and Street Railway Company."

The boss is thus described:

"He was a huge, tall man, enormously muscular, with a high head like a block, straight in front, behind and on either side; keen, shifty, pig eyes, pompous cheeks, a raw, wide mouth; slovenly dress, with a big diamond as a collar button and another on his puffy little finger. He was about forty years old, had graduated from a blacksmith too lazy to work into a prize-fighter, thence into a saloon-keeper. It was as a saloon-keeper that he founded and built his power, made himself the local middle-man between our two great political factors, those who buy and break laws and those who aid and abet the lawlessness by selling themselves as voters or as office-holders."

After Dominick is satisfied that Saylor has no "reform germs" in his system and that he will be loyal at all times to the party—which was the euphonious way of expressing servility to the all-powerful boss—he sends him away with the expectation of be-

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOVEL OF THE YEAR

ing made prosecuting attorney. Later, however, the boss finds a more available man for the place and compels the impecunious young lawyer to accept instead the position of state representative. Saylor shows great disappointment at losing the four-thousand-dollar position and obtaining an office that will give him but a thousand dollars a year. But the boss' henchman thus consoles or rather seeks to enlighten him in regard to modern politics, since the money-controlled machine has come to rule the people:

"The pay ain't much,' confessed Buck, 'but there ain't nothing to do except vote according to order. Then there's a great deal to be picked up on the side,—the old man understands that others have got to live beside him. Salaries in politics don't cut no figure nowadays, anyhow. It's the chance the place gives for pick-up.'"

Arriving at the capital the young legislator is soon filled with disgust.

"I had not been long in the legislature before I saw that my position was even more contemptible than I anticipated. So contemptible, indeed, was it that, had I not been away from home and among those as basely situated as myself, it would have been intolerable,—a convict infinitely prefers the penitentiary to the chain-gang. Then, too, there was consolation in the fact that the people, my fellow citizens, in their stupidity and ignorance about political conditions, did not realize what public office had come to mean. At home they believed what the machine-controlled newspapers said of me—that I was a 'manly, independent young man,' that I was 'making a vigorous stand for what was honest in public affairs,' that I was the 'honorable and distinguished son of an honorable and distinguished father.' How often I read those and similar eulogies of young men just starting in public life! And is it not really amazing that the people believe, that they never say to themselves: 'But, if he were actually what he so loudly professes to be, how could he have got public office from a boss and a machine?'"

"I soon gave up trying to fool myself into imagining I was the servant of the people by introducing or speaking for petty

little popular measures. I saw clearly that graft was the backbone, the whole skeleton of legislative business, and that its fleshly cover of pretended public service could only be seen by the blind. I saw, also, that no one in the machine of either party had any real power. The state boss of our party, United States Senator Dunkirk, was a creature and servant of corporations. Silliman, the state boss of the opposition party, was the same, but got less for his services because his party was hopelessly in the minority and its machine could be useful only as a sort of supplement and scapegoat.

"With the men at the top, Dunkirk and Silliman, mere lackeys, I saw my own future plainly enough. I saw myself crawling on year after year,—crawling one of two roads. Either I should become a political scullion, a wretched party hack, despising myself and despised by those who used me, or I should develop into a lackey's lackey or a plain lackey, lieutenant of a boss or boss, so-called—a derivative name, really, when the only kind of boss-ship open was head political procurer to one or more rich corporations or groups of corporations."

At length he rebels, defies the boss, and returns to private life. Here the boss sets about to ruin him, and succeeds. Again starvation confronts him, while his mother has aged rapidly and is now in feeble health. At this juncture the tempter appears to him in the guise of an old college classmate, the son of a railway magnate. The father has recently died, and the son, Edward Ramsay, is now called upon to take charge of the great business. He, in company with his mother and sister has come to the town to look after some corporation interests that they have in the place. In the course of a conversation young Ramsay suggests that he will be able to secure for Saylor the law business of the Power-Trust. This corporation is one of the most powerful monopolies in America, with the great financier, Roebuck, at its head. Saylor is incredulous. He has been fighting the Power-Trust vigorously, and indeed has given it considerable trouble; and he is too young to understand that the corporation policy is to buy up those lawyers who show marked ability and who are persistent in their fight for the people's

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOVEL OF THE YEAR

rights. Young Ramsay explains that they have no lawyer in this town at the present time, as Mr. Roebuck had secured the circuit-judgeship for their former lawyer, feeling it necessary to have a safe and sane man on the bench to look after their interests. Saylor soon sees that Ramsay and his mother are desirous of bringing him into the family by having him marry young Ramsay's sister Carlotta. He does not love the girl, she does not love him; but she sees in him a brilliant, masterful mind, ambitious and destined to rise, and therefore she wants him. Without Carlotta, Ramsay's and Roebuck's support will vanish. Yet for a time Saylor shrinks from the proposition, as it would be one of those hideous, debasing unions of convenience that conventional society smiles on and the church winks at, and yet which is one of the most degrading forms of prostitution. For any union without love is a shameful form of prostitution which no priest or law can sanctify. But in the end the ideals and noble dreams of youth are sacrificed, and the rich daughter is taken as a wife, after which, naturally enough, the young lawyer launches out boldly upon the high seas of modern commercial piracy as a procurer of corporate wealth and a powerful political boss. He is soon guilty of far greater treason than ever blackened the character of Benedict Arnold. He poses as the people's friend and a master-spirit in a political party of moral ideals, while he conspires with corporate wealth to turn over the people's servants body and soul to the interests. He undertakes to secure for the "system" or for privileged parties and classes any and all special legislation they desire, though in so doing he knows that the republic ceases to be a government of the people and becomes in fact a despotism of corporate interests masquerading in the livery of democracy and in which a few men who for protection (knowing the magic of words) style themselves the business interests, plunder the producing and consuming millions at will in the most brazen and merciless manner, and secure from the purchased mis-representatives of the people in city, state and nation, franchises and privileges that by right belong to all the people and which are worth hundreds of millions of dollars, merely paying the bosses and

machine manipulators bribe-money, which is euphoniously termed campaign funds or "necessary expenses for party services."

On almost every page Mr. Phillips gives luminous pen-pictures of methods that have been pursued and the view-point of the exploiters, corrupters and plunderers of the nation—the real assassins of the republic. Thus, for example, when Harvey Saylor, aspiring to be a master boss, determines to undermine the old boss of the state, Senator Dunkirk, who while serving the people has become a multi-millionaire and who has been so avaricious that the greedy corporations are becoming restive under his rule, he goes to Roebuck, the typical colossal, money-mad trust-magnate, and shows him that Dunkirk is strong only because he is the master of the machine by virtue of the money the corporations give him, and being master of the machine, the voters follow his dictation.

"'Take Dunkirk, for example,' I pushed on. 'His lieutenants and heelers hate him because he doesn't divide squarely. The only factor in his power is the rank and file of the voters of our party. They, I'm convinced, are pretty well aware of his hypocrisy,—but it doesn't matter much what they think. They vote like sheep and accept whatever leaders and candidates our machine gives them. They are almost stone blind in their partizanship, and they can always be fooled up to the necessary point. And we can fool them ourselves, if we go about it right, just as well as Dunkirk does it for hire.'

"'But Dunkirk is *their* man, isn't he?' he suggested.

"'Any man is their man whom you choose to give them,' replied I. 'And don't *you* give them Dunkirk? He takes the money from the big business interests, and with it hires the men to sit in the legislature and finance the machine throughout the state. It takes big money to run a political machine. His power belongs to you people, to a dozen of you, and you can take it away from him; his popularity belongs to the party, and it would cheer just as loudly for any other man who wore the party uniform.'

"'I see,' he said, reflectively; 'the machine rules the party, and money rules the ma-

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOVEL OF THE YEAR

chine, and we supply the money and don't get the benefit.'"

The upshot is that a secret combine of a dozen big corporations is formed, with Harvey Saylor as the master spirit, though, of course, this is known only to the inner circle. Saylor finds an inestimably valuable aid in one Doc Woodruff, a man who burrows under ground but leaves no trail; a master as a lobbyist and corruptionist; a born general with keen and brilliant intellect, and innocent of conscientious scruples. These men soon gain complete control of the machine and the local bosses. Saylor is elected to the United States Senate and becomes *the* master spirit of the party. He then sets to work to make a president who shall be a puppet. One Burbank, a congressman, is selected and put in training. Finally he is made governor and as such, after satisfying the interests by the favorable consideration of many of their outrageous measures, at Saylor's command he calls a halt on the rapacity of corporate wealth and vetoes some of the most iniquitous bills, accompanying the vetoes with ringing messages calculated to thrill and enthuse the people, who are already so exasperated that they are turning their eyes to the opposition party whose master spirit, Senator Scarborough, is absolutely incorruptible, bold and fearless. Burbank's summersault makes him in a day the popular idol of the party, but the interests are enraged and seek to have a safe and sane man nominated in his stead. Then ensues a battle between two bosses, one seeking to secure the nomination of a man wholly acceptable to Wall Street, while Saylor pushes Burbank to the front. Southern delegates have been secured for the safe and sane Wall Street candidate, but Saylor buys them right and left and finally succeeds in nominating Burbank. Then the interests refuse to give money to the campaign until Saylor, working with several purchaseable opposition bosses, succeeds in gaining a general demand for Scarborough the incorruptible, and he is nominated by the opposition party; and inasmuch as the interests fear him more than any other man in public life, Saylor feels safe after this nomination takes place, being confident that he will be able to throw the Wall Street gamblers, the grafters and

the wholesale corrupters of the people's servants into a panic. This he does, largely through his controlled press, through adroit interviews, and by convincing the interests that Scarborough can not be bought or influenced. With an enormous corruption fund that alarmed Wall Street and the privileged interests have contributed, he buys the election of Burbank by turning the tide in a few doubtful states. Burbank, however, has become alarmed lest the interests may desert him, and has made his peace with a corrupt eastern boss, pledging many of the offices and practically mortgaging himself to the interests. He is therefore more completely under the thumb than Saylor intended him to be, and a rupture finally takes place between the once all-powerful boss and the president he has made. Saylor sails for Europe and leaves matters to take their course. At the next election Scarborough is chosen president.

Never before has our literature given a finer or truer picture of the maze of political crookedness, indirection and corruption which has marked the last quarter of a century of American history and by which the mastership of the republic has been gained by political machines managed by men like the Quays, the Hannas, the Platts, the Gormans, the Belmonts, the Hills, the Taggarts and the Cortelyous, all working under or eager to work under the direction of Wall Street and the interests, provided the latter furnish campaign funds sufficient to enable them to become masters of the elections and viceroys of the commercial despotism. On almost every page are to be found illuminating facts and details well known to newspaper men and all those cognizant of present-day political life. Here, for example, are a few quotations which illustrate this and throw impressive sidelights on the inner workings of the "system" which to-day is the real master of the republic. Roebuck, who often suggests Rockefeller, but who is in reality a colossal figure, a composite of Rockefeller and other well-known personages that have been baleful influences in American public life, is thus depicted:

"He appreciated that Roebuck was one of those unconscious hypocrites who put conscience out of court in advance by assuming

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOVEL OF THE YEAR

that whatever they wish to do is right or *they* could not wish to do it. He led Roebuck on to show off this peculiarity of his, —a jumbling, often in the same breath, of the most sonorous piety and the most shameless business perfidy."

When the corporations are alarmed they allow the bosses to make meaningless concessions to the people to catch the popular vote; for, as the boss puts it, "the people must have their way *before* election, Senator, if the interests are to continue to have their way *after* election."

Why are the people robbed and despoiled? Why have the railways and the trusts been able to fill the United States Senate with political bosses, railway and corporation lawyers, and other tools of the "system," so that it is impossible for the people to obtain relief from the carnival of graft and the reign of plunder and extortion carried on by the railways and corporations? This question is admirably answered in the following:

"The people are scattered; the powers confer, man to man, day by day. The people are divided by partizan and other prejudices; the powers are bound together by the one self-interest. The people must accept such political organizations as are provided for them; the powers pay for, and their agents make and direct, those organizations. The people are poor; the powers are rich. The people have not even offices to bestow; the powers have offices to give and lucrative employment of all kinds, and material and social advancement,—everything that the vanity or appetite of man craves. The people punish but feebly—usually the wrong persons—and soon forget; the powers relentlessly and surely pursue those who oppose them, forgive only after the offender has surrendered unconditionally, and they never forget where it is to their interest to remember. The powers know both what they want and how to get it; the people know neither."

Below we have a strong characterization of present corrupt political conditions and the incapacity of the average American citi-

zen to realize the extent of the prevailing moral degradation among the masters of the republic—the oligarchy of corporate wealth:

"And I have no doubt that to the average citizen, leading a small, quiet life and dealing with affairs in corner-grocery retail, the stupendous facts of accumulations of wealth and wholesale, far-and-wide purchases of the politicians, the vast system of bribery, with bribes adapted to every taste and conscience, seem impossibilities, romancings of partizanship and envy and sensationalism. Nor can he understand the way superior men play the great games, the heartlessness of ambition, the cynicism of political and commercial prostitution, the sense of superiority to the legal and moral codes which comes to most men with success."

Nothing is more amazing to thoughtful people than the continued lethargy of the voters in the presence of the systematic robbery of the people of franchises that are worth millions and hundreds of millions of dollars, by the corporations. For these franchises the real owners—the people—get nothing; but the traitors they have elected to represent them, and the bosses, are rewarded by fat bribes given directly or indirectly for betraying the interests of the public and robbing communities and commonwealths of legitimate sources of income, which, if enjoyed by the people, would reduce the taxes to a minimum. On this point the hero of "The Plum Tree," in describing a young man who happened to be the son of one of these modern commercial brigands, says:

"He had just succeeded, through the death of his father, to the privilege of levying upon the people of eleven counties by means of trolley franchises which the legislature had granted his father in perpetuity in return for financial services to 'the party.' It is, by the way, an interesting illustration of the human being's lack of thinking power that a legislature could not give away a small gold mine belonging to the public to any man for even a brief term of years without causing a revolution, but could and

THE MOST IMPORTANT NOVEL OF THE YEAR

does give away far more valuable privileges to plunder and to tax, and give them away forever, without causing any real stir."

There are many bright epigrams in the volume, of which the following are examples:

"Public sentiment,—so easily defeated if it be not defied."

"Our people always reason that it is better to rot slowly by corruption than to be frightened to death by revolution."

"I've won by playing on the weaknesses and fears of men which my own weaknesses and fears enabled me to understand."

"A man may lose his own character and still survive, and even go far. But if he lose belief in character as a force, he is damned. He could not survive in a community of scoundrels."

There are some bright lights. The glimpses of Scarborough at the convention and the wife who idolizes him, and the description of the incorruptible statesman's lofty and ennobling ideals as enunciated after he has been elected President of the United States, are among the most charming and inspiring passages in the volume and show in a true way how, even in the midst of a sordid night of materialistic commercialism, the great moral verities are the potentiality of eternal life, of true happiness and of enduring success and growth. So also, the fine, true character of Elizabeth Crosby, with which the story deals in its opening chapter and with which it is concerned in its closing paragraphs, gives not only a beautiful glimpse of a noble type of American womanhood, but also enables Mr. Phillips to impress again the fact that

only they who hold to their high ideals are the real victors or the really happy of earth. And scattered through the work are high, fine moralizings that shine forth effectively from the dark setting. Here, for illustration, is a typical example:

"No man of trained reasoning power could fail to see that the Golden Rule is not a piece of visionary altruism, but a sound principle of practical self-interest. Or, could anything be clearer, to one who takes the trouble to really think about it, than that he who advances himself at the expense of his fellow men does not advance, but sinks down into the class of murderers for gain, thieves, and all those who seek to advance themselves by injustice? Yet, so feeble is man's reason, so near to the brute is he, so under the rule of brute appetites, that he can not think beyond the immediate apparent good, beyond to-day's meal."

This book should be read by every parent in America, and every parent should place it in the hands of his son and discuss with him the vital truths with which it deals, while striving to show the boy the eternal obligations which patriotism, justice and manhood impose upon the American voter of to-day. He should strive to show him that a supreme duty devolves upon every young man in the republic—the duty not only of holding true to high ideals, but of working ceaselessly to destroy the domination of corrupt wealth through machine rule and to restore the republic to the people,—a victory that can be won peacefully and speedily through the adoption of the initiative, referendum and right of recall.

